

1607/2051.



Frontispiece.

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Frontispiece.

THE
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN;
OR THE
LIFE, MISFORTUNES,
AND
ADVENTURES,
OF
INDIANA.

Written by HERSELF.
In TWO VOLUMES.

Example is a living Law, whose Sway,
We more, than all the written Laws, obey.

SED.

In struggling with Misfortunes lies the true Proof of Virtue.
SHAK.

The FOURTH EDITION.
VOLUME I.

L O N D O N

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VIRTUOUS ORPHAN

AND A MAN

IN TWO VOLUMES



TO THE
READER.

AS this History might probably be suspected of having been purposely made to amuse the Public, it may not be improper to acquaint the Reader, that I had it from a Friend, who actually found it in the following Manner :

Six Months ago, says my Friend, I bought a Country House, some Leagues distant from *Rennes*, which for these last thirty Years has been successively in the Possession of five or six different Persons. As I was making some Alteration in the first

iv To the READER.

Apartment, in a Cupboard, that had been contrived in the Corner of a Wall, there was found a Manuscript of several Quires of Paper, containing the following History, all writ in a Woman's Hand. It was brought to me, and I read it to a Couple of Friends, who have continually sollicitated me to have it printed. I the more readily agreed to this, because no Body is characterized in it. By the Date, at the End of the Manuscript, it appears to have been written forty Years ago.

I think proper to close my Introduction of this History with relating what she herself begins her Life with, which runs on in Substance as follows:

WHEN I related some Particulars of my Life, I did not expect to make it a Book fit for the Press. It must be owned, that my History
is

To the READER. v

is very uncommon : But writing it myself will be of no Advantage to it, so defective as I am in point of Style.

'Tis true, the World once thought I had Wit ; but, I am of Opinion, that my Sort of Wit is only fit to be talked, and by no Means to be printed.

WE handsome Women, (for I was one of that Number) let us have ever so little Wit, it will be thought superior to that of the rest of the World : For then the Men do not know the real Value of what we say ; whilst they hear us they see us ; and our Discourse has the Advantage of being admired, for the Sake of our Looks.

I KNEW once a handsome Woman, whose Conversation was reckoned pleasing and delightful. Her Expressions were incomparable ;

vi To the READER.

Wit, Elegance, Delicacy itself. The best Judges were transported when she spoke. She was taken with the Small-Pox, and happened to be extremely pitted, but when she appeared again, the poor Woman's Conversation was mere Prattle and Impertinence; whence you may judge how much her Sense was before indebted to her Face. And it is not unlikely, that on the same Account I got the Reputation of a Wit. I very well remember my Eyes at that Time, and I believe the Wit was their's, not mine.

How many Times did I catch myself saying Things which, of themselves, would never have stood Trial! Had it not been for a little coquetish wanton Air, that accompanied them, I should never have been praised so much as I was; and to tell the Truth, I really believe,
that,

To the READER. vii

that, had all my Conceits been reduced to their intrinsic Value by the Small-Pox, they would have suffered very great Abatements.

For Instance ; some Years since, when the Company were so prodigiously diverted with my Sprightliness, I was a perfect giddy Thing. Nay, I frequently played the Fool, for no other Purpose, but to see how far Men might be our Dupes. None of my Snares were too gross to catch them ; and you may be sure, that the very same Extravagancies, uttered by a homely Woman, would have made her pass for one fit for *Bedlam*. And who knows but the Agreeableness of my Person was necessary to make the best Things, I could say, tolerable ? But now my Charms are vanished, I perceive my Parts are looked upon as ordinary enough, tho' I am

viii To the READER.

far better pleased with myself now than ever I was.

THERE are People whose Vanity creeps into every Thing they do, even into their very Reading. Lay before them the History of the human Heart, among People of great Quality, no doubt they will think it an important Matter, and well worth their Attention; but never venture to entertain them with what belongs to People in low Life; for they don't like to see any other Actors on the Stage, besides Kings, Princes, and Lords, or at least such Persons as have acted some great Part in the World. The Fancies of such nice and delicate People as these can be satisfied with nothing below themselves: No matter for all the Rest of Mankind: They barely allow them to live, but judge them worth no farther Notice.

They

To the READER. ix

They would even insinuate, that Nature might very well have spared the Production of such Creatures, and that Tradesmen and Commoners are but a Dishonour to her. You may judge then with what Scorn such Readers as these would have looked upon me.

MISTAKE not the Picture of these People; for you are not pointed at in what I said of them. I know the Meanness of my Condition will not affect your Judgment, with regard to my History. On the other Hand, my Style is perhaps not worthy to be called by that Name. The Beginning of my Life contains but very few Events; and who knows, but upon the Whole you will be very much tired with my Narration?



T H E
VIRTUOUS ORPHAN:

OR, THE
Life, Misfortunes, and Adventures,

O F
I N D I A N A.

THE Freedom allowed in the Episto-
lary Kind of Writing will give me
a Licence to set down whatever
Ideas occur to my Mind, and, as I lie under
no Restraint, I intend to follow my own In-
clinations, and be at Liberty, either to go on
with my Narration, or describe the Situation
of my Mind, as best suits with my present
Humour.

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I was absolutely unacquainted with every Circumstance of my Birth, and had never been informed whether I was of a noble or mean Extraction; a Bastard or Legitimate. I must confess this looks like the Beginning of a Romance; but I'll assure you, Reader, it is not.

I am going to relate the first Catastrophe of my Life, and which has been the Source of infinite Misfortunes: But it was happy for me, I was then too young to feel the Greatness of my Loss.

A Stage-Coach, on the Road to *Bordeaux*, was attacked by six Villains, about fifteen Years ago, in a Place fit for such black Designs. Two Gentlemen Passengers leapt out of the Coach and made Resistance, but being overpowered, were soon murdered, after having wounded three of the Assassins. Two Women in the Coach, with the Postillion and Coachman, shared the same unhappy Fate, and there only remain'd alive a Prebend of *Sens*, a City in *France*, and I, a miserable Orphan, who was then between two and three Years old. The Prebend fled, while I, who was fallen down in the Coach, was screaming and crying in the most dreadful Manner, being half smothered under the Body of one of the Women, who, wounded and unable to support herself, fell upon me, and in her







her expiring Agonies, almost crushed me to Death.

THE Horses stood as still as if they had been dead too, whilst I remained in this deplorable Situation, without being able to disengage myself.

ONE of the Persons killed in the Coach was young and beautiful, of about twenty Years of Age, and dressed like a Person of Quality; the other seemed to be forty, and had the Appearance of a Chamber-maid. If one of these was my Mother, it was certainly the Lady, because the Likeness between her and me, tho' disfigured by Death, and stained with Blood, was too apparent not to be taken Notice of by the Persons who saw her Corpse; and compared the Features of our Faces together.

I should have told the Reader, that a Footman belonging to one of the Gentlemen in the Coach fled across the Fields, 'till, growing weak with the Loss of Blood, he fell down at the Entrance of a Village, near the Place; where he died, without telling to whom he belonged. All they could draw from him before he expired was, that his Master and Mistress were just murdered.

WHILST I was struggling and crying in the Coach, five or six Gentlemen, who were riding by, seeing some Persons lying dead near it, and hearing the Cries of a Child within, stopped

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stopped at this terrible Spectacle, either from that Curiosity, which such shocking Scenes are apt to inspire, or from a charitable Design of giving me their Assistance. When looking into the Coach they saw the Bodies of the two Women, and where, by my Cries, they judged I was also.

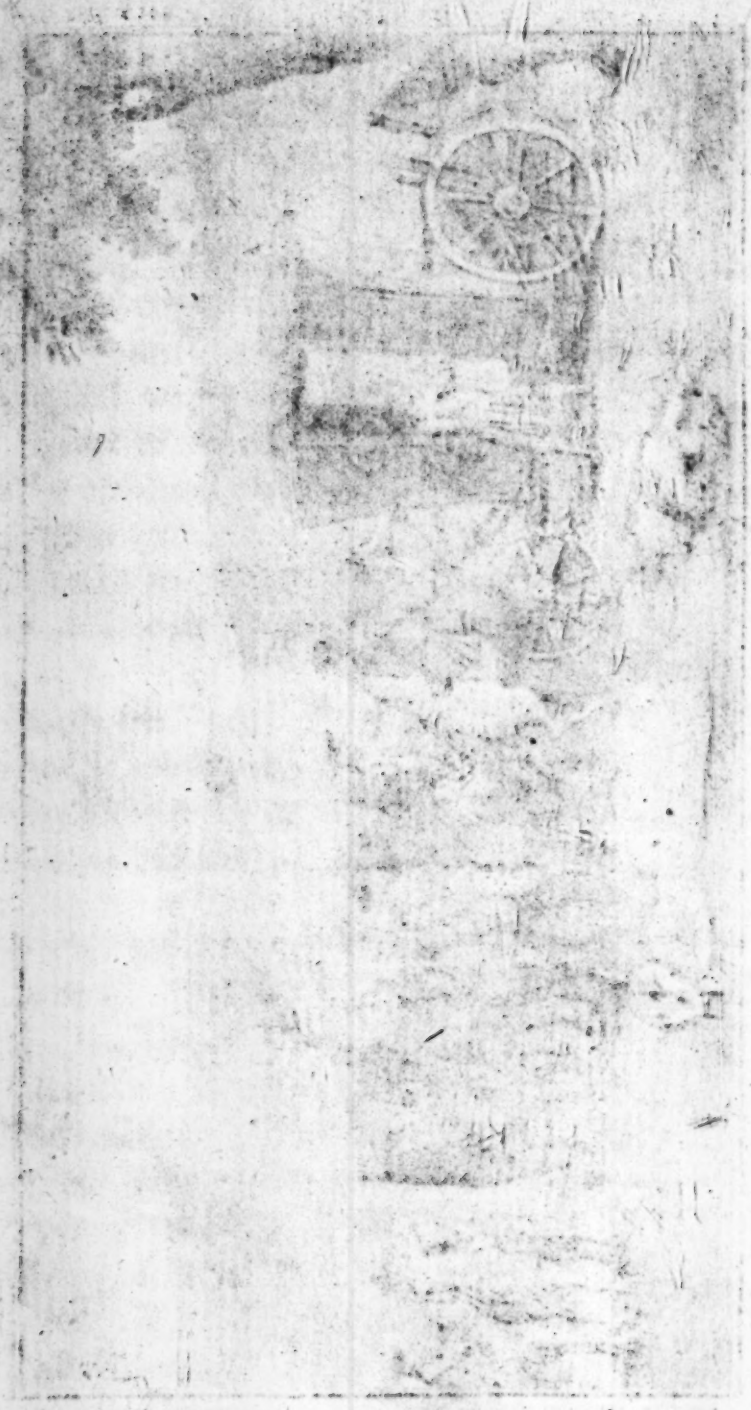
SOME of them, as they have since owned, were absolutely for going on, but the others, touched with Compassion, stopped them, and alighting came first to the Coach, while the rest followed. Here they were struck with a new Scene of Horror; the Lady with one Side of her Face upon mine, which she had bathed with Blood, one Arm pressed me close to her Bosom, while her Head, declining upon mine, seemed, as if she had been taking a last Embrace, and was loth to bid me an eternal Adieu. They removed the Body, forced me from her Arm, and took me out of the Coach almost drowned in Blood.

AFTER this they consulted what should be done with me. They saw, at some Distance, a small Village, where they resolved to take me; and gave me to one of their Servants, who carried me thither, wrapped up in his Cloak. Their Design was to put me into the Hands of the Vicar of the Parish, that he might seek out a Person willing to take Care of me. But this Gentleman, to whom all
the



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pl. 14.



the Inhabitants were ready to conduct them, was gone to visit another Clergyman, and there was nobody at home but his Sister and two Maid Servants. This Lady was a Person of great Piety and Virtue: She was affected with the dismal Story, took me into the House, and promised to persuade her Brother to take Care of me.

THE Gentlemen who brought me thither, contributed to raise a small Sum; which they gave to the Vicar's Sister for my Use, and took their Leave.

IT was from this Lady I received all these Particulars, the hearing of which filled me with great Terror. Sure never did any Person enter upon Life with greater Misfortunes; I had lost those dear Relations, from whom I received my Being, at an Age when their Care was needful to support my tender Frame, and sow the Seeds of Virtue in my Heart. But I was insensible of my Loss, and too young to know the dismal Situation I was in.

I need not mention what became of the Coach, or the poor murdered Travellers, since that is foreign to my own History. What added to my Misfortunes was, that the Villains found nothing either in the Coach, or the Cloaths of those they had assassinated; that could reveal the Secret of my Birth. In vain the Stage-Coach Register was searched,
it

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it could only inform, that a Gentleman and a Lady, whose Names sounded like those of Foreigners, had taken five Places in the Coach, three for themselves and a child, and two more for a Footman and Chamber-maid. Thus the Secret became impenetrable; and, deprived at one Stroke of every Person whom Nature or Kindred would oblige to assist me, the Charity of the humane became my only Support.

My Misfortune procured the charitable Protection of the good Vicar, who consented to keep me. People came to see me from all the neighbouring Towns; for I was become an Object of Curiosity as well as Pity. The superstitious were desirous to examine the Features of my Face; the Lines in my little Hands, and foolishly imagined they saw there my sad Adventures writ in legible Characters. Every body thought me pretty, and my Air engaging; and it cannot be imagined how much these natural Accomplishments were to my Advantage, or how noble and delicate it rendered the Tenderness which I inspired. They could not have caressed a little unfortunate Princess with greater Respect; the Ladies, especially, interested themselves in my Misfortunes, and were continually making me Presents of the finest and genteelest Dresses, in which they strove to outvie each other.

THE

THE Vicar often said that he never heard those Ladies, amidst all the Favours they heaped upon me, use the Word CHARITY: the Word was too harsh, and therefore shocked the Delicacy of their nice Sentiments. Whenever they spoke of me, it was in the politest and tenderest Terms ;---they never called me the *poor Orphan*, but it was always *that lovely Child*. If they mentioned my Parents; they were Foreigners, and, without doubt, of the first Rank in their own Country ;---it could not be otherwise,---and they were as sure of it, as if they had been Eye-witnesses of every Thing they were pleased to imagine. There was a Story given out about me, which had been very much enlarged by the extravagancies of every one that told it, and of the Truth of which they were afterwards as fully convinced as if they had not been the Authors of it themselves.

BUT all Things come to an End; and the finest Sentiments have their Period, as well as every Thing else. As the Nature of my Adventure grew stale, it ceased to strike the Fancies of those who had been the first and most generous Benefactors. A Habit of seeing me dissipated the Imaginations which had been so beneficial to me; their sublime and generous Ideas were forgot, and the tender Satisfaction they took in seeing, loving, and admiring

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admiring me, appeared no more in their Countenances. As these Inclinations took their Rise from a Love of Novelty, it is not very strange that, in six Months' Time, *this charming little Creature, their lovely Child*, should become a *poor unhappy Orphan*; to whom they no longer scrupled to use the Word Charity, for they said I had a Title to it. The Clergy in the Neighbourhood recommended me to them as a proper Object of their Concern; but the Religion of the Ladies was of much less Service to me than their Extravagance had been, for I made little or no Advantage of it: And had not the Vicar and his Sister taken the tenderest Care of me, I must have been miserable indeed! Their Affections increased as fast as the others cooled; and I have Reason to be thankful that, though robbed of a Father and Mother, I found in these two Persons all the Affections that could be hoped for from those dear Relatives.

MR. *Du Pont*, for that was the Name of my Benefactor, was a Gentleman of a good Family, and formerly enjoyed an Estate, which was exhausted by a tedious Law-suit: However, his Living brought him in a handsome subsistence, and he knew how to be contented without enjoying many of the Superfluities of Life. His Generosity, and the agreeable Gaiety of his Temper, in Spite of Age, in which he
was

was pretty far advanced, made him beloved by all who knew him; and he knew how to keep up the two Characters of the accomplished Gentleman and the judicious Divine.

MRS. *Du Pont*, his Sister, was a Lady of good Sense, free from Affectation, and though an old Maid, had such a sweet Disposition, such true Politeness, and undissembled Goodness, as abundantly recompensed the Want of those Charms which had been destroyed by the Small-pox.

THESE were the Persons to whom I owed my Education, and that Virtue which has supported me under all my Afflictions, and has raised me from the lowest and most miserable Condition to my present Station. We lived in great Harmony. Their Affection for me knew no Bounds, and I, in my Turn, honoured and loved them as my Parents. The House that we lived in was an ancient Building, and had for some Ages past belonged to the Vicars of the Place. We had behind it a pretty commodious Garden, which seemed rather the Product of Nature than of Art. There was Fruit in Abundance, of almost every Kind, which grew promiscuously amongst the other Trees that never bore any, so that they altogether formed a thick and shady Grove; for it was a Maxim with Mr. *Du Pont*, that Nothing but what is natural can be pleasing
to

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to the Subjects of Nature, nor can Art any farther delight than as it resembles it.

OPPOSITE the middle Door of the House was a long shady Walk, which extended itself to the Bottom of a Piece of Pasture Ground behind the Garden; and at the Foot of several of the Trees were raised Seats of Earth covered with Camomile. When fatigued with severe Study, Mr. *Du Pont* took Delight in working here, and acting the Part of a laborious Gardener; an Employment he chose to preserve his Health and recreate his Mind. He committed the Management of his Kitchen Garden and Vineyard to a poor Labourer in the Neighbourhood, whom he had released from Prison by paying a Debt for him; and whom, besides, he rewarded for his Labour.

THIS good Man began every Day with paying his Duty to God in Prayer; after Breakfast, the Sister and I worked with our Needles, played upon an Harpsichord, or amused ourselves with Reading; and in the Afternoon we walked in the Garden to see Mr. *Du Pont* work, and be entertained with his Conversation, and in the Evening he acted the Part of an Arbitrator in the Differences of his quarrelsome Neighbours, which he was frequently so happy as to adjust to the Satisfaction of all parties concerned; and after Supper concluded the Day in Prayer, as he began it.

THIS

THIS worthy Gentleman began early to shew his Zeal for my Happiness, by establishing in my Mind the nicest Sentiments of Virtue and Honour. He represented Religion in a Light which made it appear all amiable and lovely, and as the highest Happiness of a rational Being : He painted the substantial Pleasures of conscious Innocence, the exquisite Happiness of a Mind that can survey itself with Tranquility and Self-approbation, in such pleasing Colours as perfectly charmed me.

Mrs. *Du Pont* was not behind-hand with her Brother in her Care of my Education. She taught me every Thing necessary for a young Woman to learn. She loved me most tenderly, and I remember that many Times I have seen her look upon me with such a moving Softness in her Countenance, and then burst into Tears, at the Remembrance of my Disasters, that I have felt the same Emotion ; and, charmed with this Proof of her Friendship, have thrown my arms about her Neck, and with the tenderest Embraces mingled my Tears with her's. A country Vicar's Niece, or Sister, is commonly an awkward, untoward, unbred, country-like Woman : But Mrs. *Du Pont* was perfectly the reverse ; she was polite and virtuous ; her Behaviour free and easy ; in short, she had good Sense, good Breeding, and Abundance of Virtue. She was too much concerned for my
Happiness

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Happiness not to tell me faithfully of my Faults; and to consult the least painful Way of doing it, she did it always without any Witnesses, told me the Reasonableness of her Request, and in a Manner so friendly as, instead of disgusting me, heightened my Esteem and Affection for her. Happy would it be for Children if Parents would take this Method, and, instead of frightening them into their Duty, by gentle Methods fix it in their Hearts.

I was about fifteen, when one of the Vicar's Relations, who had no other Heirs than him and his Sister, wrote from *Paris* that he was dangerously ill, and intreated them, with the greatest Earnestness, to let him see at least one of them once more before he died, and to be as expeditious as possible, otherwise it would be too late.

As Mr. *Du Pont* placed his Delight in the Duties of his Function, he determined not to leave his Cure, and therefore he sent his Sister to *Paris*.

SHE scrupled at first to take me with her, but a Day or two before she set out for this Journey, seeing me look uneasy, and observing that I sighed, "Take Courage, *Indiana*, said she, since you dread so much my Absence, I won't be against your going with me, if I can prevail upon my Brother to consent to it. I have a Prospect in View for you; and have
Thoughts

Thoughts of putting you to some Tradeswo-
man, to teach you a Business that you approve
of; for it is Time to think of doing some-
thing. Our Lives are uncertain, therefore
we ought to look forward to Futurity: As
long as we live, we shall be ready to assist you
to the utmost of our power, not to mention
what we shall leave you when we die: But
that will not be sufficient to maintain you,
for we have not much to leave: I don't be-
lieve the Cousin I am going to see is rich;
and we ought to chuse such a Station for you
as will be a Settlement. I tell you this, be-
cause you are now at Years of Discretion;
and methinks, I would fain have the Comfort,
before I die, of seeing you married to some
honest Man; or, at least, in a Situation to
your Advantage, that will not make our
Deaths so great a Loss as it must be, if we
are snatched away before you are provided
for."

I was so touched with this Discourse, that
I threw myself into her Arms; I wept, nor
could she restrain the painful Pleasure of sym-
pathizing with me, and accompanying me
with her Tears. At this Juncture Mr. *Du*
Pont came in, and looking at me with an Air
of Surprize. "What is Matter, Sister, said
he, I believe *Indiana* is crying?" Upon this,
she told him the subject of our conversation,
and

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and the Design she had to take me with her to *Paris*. "With all my Heart, returned he; but if she stays there, I fear I shall never see her more: I love her, added he, most tenderly; we have had the Care of her Education, and have spared no Pains to fulfil the delightful important Task. Now I am grown old, and my grey Hairs tell me I must not expect to live long; perhaps we shall part never to meet again in this World."

NOTHING could be more moving than this Conversation: I could make no other Reply, but Sighs and Tears, the natural Rhetorick of an oppressed and afflicted Heart. The good old Man coming up to me said, "You shall go with my Sister, since it is for your Advantage, which I ought to prefer to every other Consideration. But, my Dear, never venture to do any Thing without our Advice; and if my Sister cannot place you well at *Paris*, you shall return back with her, and we'll try what can be done for you here."

I will not repeat what he said to me before my Departure. I must abridge, for these little Particulars of my Youth have, no doubt, tired the Reader; and besides, I have Things of greater Consequence to speak of.

THE Thoughts of seeing the World, and conversing with Persons of Wit and Fashion, filled my Mind, and displayed my inward Satisfaction.

tisfaction in the Vivacity of my Countenance: Blind to the Misfortunes I was soon to be involved in, I was impatient to leave that safe, that innocent, and peaceful Dwelling. But before we set out, this Pleasure palled and thickened upon my Mind, and these imaginary Satisfaction vanishes; I grew dull, and could hardly refrain from Tears. What a strange Contradiction we are to ourselves! We are frequently all Gaiety and Mirth, when in a Moment the Scene changes, and Grief and pressing Anxieties load our Spirits. I sighed, and almost without knowing what I did; I in Confusion, left my Friends who were almost ready to set out, and went into the Garden to indulge my growing Melancholy. As I was walking down the Visto, I heard the Vicar call me; when starting from my Révèry, I turned about and saw him coming towards me: Where have you been *Indiana*, said he? the Coach is ready; however, we may make them wait a little; then desiring me to sit, he uttered himself in the following pathetic Manner: "My dear Child, thou art going to leave me, I fear I shall see thee no more! My Heart is full — I am all Tenderness — I feel the Affection of a Father that is about to part with his only Child. Thy Education has been my greatest Pleasure. And which, though I should never see thee

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more, I shall always think on with Comfort. I found thee early to improve in Sentiments of Virtue, and with Delight embrace them. How vast my Satisfaction! I have endeavoured to make thee know thyself, have taught thee to search thy own Heart in order to form a just Opinion of thy Merit: Value thyself upon thy Purity, of Soul and conscious Virtue; esteem a tender Heart, easily moved with the Miseries of others, and apt to take the Impression of their Calamities, as a Blessing infinitely preferable to the greatest Affluences without these humane Dispositions. These Qualifications will render thee truly amiable. Thou art, indeed, lovely beyond Description! But, Oh! take care that these Charms are not a Snare to thee; for if these exterior Accomplishments should betray thee to lose thy Purity of Heart and inward Rectitude, thou wilt have Reason to wish thou hadst been as deformed as thou art beautiful. Penances and Austerities can never compensate the Want of moral Goodness; since, as I have often told thee, and now repeat it, it is all that is amiable in God himself, the perfect Pattern of spotless Purity and consummate Goodness. Never be ashamed to acknowledge thy Obligations to the Divine Being, nor to love him who is the most lovely of all Beings. May his Goodness surround thee; may he be thy

Guide

Guide in the slippery Paths of Youth. When thou art disposed to change thy State, prefer the honest, the worthy Man, who loves thee enough to tell thee thy Faults; but shun the Flatterer; and detest the Wretch that would rob thee of thy Innocence. I intreat thee, my dear Child, never to venture upon any Thing of Moment without our Advice, write often, but never forget to do it when you stand in need of our Counsel. Adieu, my Dear."

AFTER a tender Salute, and many Tears, we parted, and Mrs. Du Pont and I endeavoured, by a free and easy Conversation, to dissipate the Gloom that so affectionate an Interview had occasioned: We soon grew chearful and agreeable Company, and at last arrived at *Paris*.

As I had never seen a City before, my Surprise at the Sight of this noisy and populous Place, at the Multitude of the Streets, and the Magnificence of the Buildings, exceeds all Description. It was to me the Empire of the Moon: I was no more myself. I stared at every Thing with Astonishment in my Looks; but remembered nothing that I saw. However, the Length of the City made me come to myself; and I began to enjoy, with a pleasing Satisfaction, the Objects of my Amazement: And was glad to find myself

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situated in a world so new, and so different from my Expectations. The Air I breathed seemed to revive my Spirits; and there was a kind of Sympathy between my Ideas and the Objects that presented themselves to my Sight: And I could not help imagining, that in this vast Crowd of Varieties was contained an inexhaustible Source of Pleasure hitherto untasted. In fine, I thought every Delight centered here in its highest Perfection.

WHEN we arrived at the House we wanted, we found the Person we came to see had died about twenty-four hours before our Arrival. But this was not all; every Apartment in his House was sealed up; and though he had several Offices under the Crown, it was said his Debts far exceeded his Estate. How they made it appear, I cannot say, for it was an Affair above my Capacity to understand. All I know of it is, that we were not able to get Admittance into his House; that all his Effects were seized, and that after many Debates in the Compass of three Months, we were at last convinced that there was not a Penny to be hoped for.

MRS. *Du Pont* behaved with her usual Prudence and Moderation: She was concerned at our Disappointment, but it was purely on my Account. She had flattered herself, and me, with the Hopes, that this
Money

Money would contribute to settle me in a Station, which would be an agreeable Support after their Decease. But alas! what Misfortunes were about to befall me! This dear Woman, at this Juncture, was taken with a violent Fever; her Illness increased daily; and what at that Time added to our Perplexity was, that the Money we brought with us was almost exhausted, and Mr. Du Pont (who had nothing but his Living to depend upon) could not supply us with any more, without the greatest Difficulty. Her Sickness overwhelmed us both with Care, and was to me a most insupportable Affliction. --- What a moving Sight she was! How tender were the Sentiments of her Heart! Never had she shewn so much Affection for me before! For she had never seen me in so deplorable, so wretched a Situation. Though almost suffocated with Grief, I dried up my Tears, and interrupted her Sighs with a thousand tender Caresses, the natural Transports of a grateful afflicted Heart. My Soul overflowed with Love and Gratitude; and I entertained her, in the most melting Language, to lay aside her Concern for me, and consult only the Preservation of a Life, which then appeared infinitely dearer to me than my own. I sent to Mr. Du Pont, and informed him of the melancholy News of his Sister's Illness.

and the Streights to which we must soon be reduced: But there are Times when unseen Disasters fall upon us without Intermision; and we are overwhelmed in a swift Succession of Misfortunes. Thus it was at present, for this old Gentleman, going to see one of his Brother Clergymen, six weeks after our Departure, had the Misfortune to fall off his Horse, and was so terribly bruised by it, that he was not able to stir out of his Bed, when he received my Letter. This was succeeded by another fatal Event: This pious Gentleman was obliged to appear before his Superiors to vindicate himself from a Charge of Heresy, which was preferred against him; and though nothing was proved, except his having a fine Collection of the Works of the most celebrated Protestant Divines, he was obliged to resign his Living, and a Successor was named. Thus he was made a Sacrifice to the Avarice and Cruelty of a Priest, who made use of his generous Sentiments, his universal Benevolence and Love to Mankind, to ruin him and get into his Living.

In this Necessity several of his pretended Friends forsook him, in spite of all the Obligations of Gratitude. But a Set of Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, who delighted in doing Good, embraced this Opportunity to shew their Regard for his distinguished Merit,

by

by offering to contribute to his Support, and entreated he would make use of their Houses, 'till, by their Interest, they should be able to accommodate his Affairs, and place him, if possible, in his former Station.

WE had almost lost all Hopes of the Sister's Recovery, when she heard this News from her Brother.—At reading the Letter she gave a loud Shriek and swooned away; whilst I, drowned in Tears, ran to give her Assistance. She came to herself, but did not shed a Tear. From that Moment, I observed in her a courageous Resignation to the Divine Will, and her Heart was composed and steady. The uneasy Fondness she before had expressed for me, became instantly a virtuous Tenderness, and she resigned me into his Hands, who can make the most melancholy Events subservient to our Happiness.

WHEN she was come to herself, and we were alone, she, with a faint Voice, told me, she desired to speak to me. Give me Leave, gentle Reader, to relate here a Part of her Discourse, the Remembrance of which is still dear to me, for these were the last Words I heard her say.

' My dear *Indiana*, said she, I have no
' more a Brother, for though he is not dead
' to the World, he is so to you and me! His
' Friends, I doubt not, will contribute to his

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' Support while he lives ; for my Part, I shall
 ' soon be out of the Miseries of this transitory
 ' Life. I have placed my Thoughts on a
 ' better World. But in what Circumstances
 ' do I leave you ? Oh ! how distracted is the
 ' Thought ! How many the Cares in which
 ' thou wilt be involved ! But it is God's
 ' Will, and this comforts me under the di-
 ' stressing Circumstances, sad and frightful as
 ' it is. His Designs, though impenetrable, are
 ' doubtless more to thy Advantage than any I
 ' can propose. Perhaps I shall lie awhile in
 ' this lingering Condition, though, it may be,
 ' the first fainting Fit will carry me off. I
 ' dare not give thee the rest of my Money,
 ' thy Youth and heartless Innocence will
 ' render thee easily deceived. I will put it
 ' into the Hands of the Priest who visits me,
 ' and desire him to dispose of it to your Ad-
 ' vantage. He is a Cousin of mine. If he
 ' does not come to see me to-day, you shall go
 ' to him to-morrow, that I may speak to him.
 ' After this single Precaution which I shall
 ' take for you, I have only one Thing to re-
 ' commend, which is to be ever inflexibly
 ' virtuous and honest ; constantly remember
 ' your Education, and be assured you shall
 ' possess the noblest Treasure that could be
 ' left you, the Riches of the Mind, the pro-
 ' per Happiness of a reasonable Being. 'Tis
 ' true,

‘ true, my dear Child, it will not prevent
‘ your wanting the Comforts of this Life;
‘ nor thy being reduced to great Streights
‘ even to support it. Though it is not impro-
‘ bable, but God will reward your Virtue
‘ here. Virtuous Minds are scarce; but those
‘ who esteem Virtue are not; for there are a
‘ thousand Occasions in Life, wherein we
‘ need the Assistance of it. If a Man marries
‘ an honest and prudent, though a poor, Wo-
‘ man, no dishonour attends his Choice. But
‘ though she be beautiful, rich, and of noble
‘ Descent, and yet destitute of Virtue, Shame
‘ will be the Portion she brings to her Hus-
‘ band. Men will always be of this Mind.
‘ The Love of Virtue is natural to them; it
‘ appears amiable, even to those who have no
‘ Resolution to embrace it; besides, it fills
‘ the Heart with Comfort, and an inward Sa-
‘ tisfaction; it is the sweetest Repast to those
‘ who live in Indigence and Want; a Repast
‘ more sweet than the Luxuries of a Palace.
‘ But the Distresses of this Life are but short!
‘ The Scene, my Dear, will soon change,
‘ when oppressed Virtue will appear trium-
‘ phant! When immortal Glories, and un-
‘ fading Delight, will recompence their pain-
‘ ful Sufferings! The Scorers of Virtue,
‘ who boast of their Conquests, always con-
‘ demn the Women they seduce: They take

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‘ Advantage of their Weakness ; degrade,
 ‘ despise, and abandon them to Reproach and
 ‘ Miskry. It is only the Want of Reflection
 ‘ that any Woman grows lewd ! It will not
 ‘ bear a Moment’s Thought to chuse, whe-
 ‘ ther we would get rid of Poverty, at the
 ‘ Expence of our Virtue, or whether we
 ‘ should lose the fading Pleasures of this life,
 ‘ at the severe Fate of being despised.’

HERE she began to falter, and somebody
 that lived in the House coming into the Room,
 stopped her from finishing her serious and
 moving Discourse. I was not able to utter a
 Word ; her Discourse and the Thoughts of
 her Death had rendered me speechless : I
 pressed her Hand with Eagerness between
 mine, and kissed it a thousand Times, whilst
 my Eyes streamed with incessant Tears. How-
 ever, I lost not a Syllable of what she said, for
 it made such an Impression upon my Mind,
 that, I believe, I have repeated it Word for
 Word.

I must now come to the Use I made of it ;
 how many Follies have I to relate ; how sel-
 dom are we wise ‘till there is scarcely any
 Merit in being so ! Why do we say, that a
 Person is at Years of Discretion, when it is
 rather the Age of Madness and Folly ? How
 improper the Expression ! For when first we
 enjoy our Reason, it is a beautiful Jewel of-
 ten

ten looked at, and much valued, but of little Use; and its fine Lustre is thought only fit to be admired.

As Mrs. *Du Pont* had told me, she apprehended the next fainting Fit would carry her off, I was too much concerned to go to Bed that Night, and, therefore, sat up with her. She slept pretty well 'till two in the Morning, when I heard her groan. I ran to her Bed: I spoke to her; but she was no longer in a Condition to answer me: She took hold of my Hand, and seemed expiring, with a tender Smile upon her Countenance. I was then seized with a Fright, proceeding from the Certainty of losing her, and presently lost my Senses, which gave me a momentary Respite from the Agony in which I was involved; but my Reflection and my Misery returned together. Methought the World was a Desert, wherein I was left alone. I then found how affectionately I loved her, and recollected how tenderly she had loved me. Every distressing Circumstance was painted on my Heart in such lively Colours, that I was almost distracted. Oh! how much Grief can enter into the human Heart! How vast our Capacity for Misery! And how great our Sensibility!

My Cries and Lamentations awakened the Family. The Landlord and his Wife kneel-

at our Chamber Door, I opened it without knowing what I did. They spoke to me; but my Tears and Sighs were the only Answer I could make. They soon knew the Cause of my Affliction, and went to succour, if possible, the dear expiring Woman. She lay motionless, and they thought she was already gone! However, half an Hour after she expired. I fainted again, and when I came to myself, as if astonish'd with the Excess of my Misery, my Tears ceased flowing, and I was denied the sweet Consolation of venting my Grief, and by those friendly Drops assuaging the Anguish of my bursting tortured Heart.

Now I was left alone, with no other Guide than the Experience of a Girl of about fifteen. As Mrs. *Du Pont* had called me her Neice, the Persons of the House gave me a verbal Account of every Thing they pretended was found about her; Part of the Linen was stolen, and some Trifles; besides from four hundred Livres, which I knew Mrs. *Du Pont* had left me, they had the Conscience to take above half. I complain'd, indeed, but in such mild Terms, that it availed no more than my Silence would have done. My Grief made me insensible to every Thing else: I had no Friend; and I was destitute of the Consolation of any one to comfort me, or concern themselves

themselves with my Affairs ; I had regard to them myself. This Turn of Mind put me into a State resembling Tranquility : But, alas ! how lamentable is such a seeming Calmness ! indeed, the greatest Transports of Rage and Despair are less to be pitied.

EVERY one of the Family seemed to interest themselves in my Misfortunes, especially the Landlord and his Wife, who came with a dissembled Compassion to console me, under a Distress of which they had made their Advantage. A Kind of People the World swarms with ; for, generally, none express a greater Desire of alleviating our Troubles, than those who are to get by them.

I consented that they should sell Mrs. *Du Pont's* Cloaths for me, for which they gave me what they thought proper, and it was about a Fortnight since my dear Aunt, as they called her, (but I would fain term her my dear Mother, or rather my only Friend, since there is no Title but must yield to that) died, which I had passed in her Lodging without knowing or caring what would become of me. When the Priest, whom I have already mentioned, came again to see how Mrs. *Du Pont* did, he pretended to be very sorry to hear she was dead ; and as I was sensible he was the only Man my dear Friend had thought proper to intrust with the Secret
of



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of my Birth, I could not help feeling a kind of secret Satisfaction on seeing him come in.

HE was touched with my Misfortunes; the little Care I took of myself in these heavy Afflictions moved him extremely. He addressed himself to me in a very affecting Manner, and set before me the Dangers I ran in staying in that House alone, and without a Friend to advise with: He told me it was a Situation that exposed me to their Artifices, who might an Advantage of me, since I was in the Bloom of Youth, and free from Affectation. In short, he let me know, that, stupid with my Grief, I slept on the Brink of a Precipice, blind to the Dangers that ought to terrify me, and which should have employed all my Thoughts.

HIS Discourse took Effect: it roused me from my Lethargy of Thought: I saw my Danger, and trembled to think what would become of me. This Inquietude raised a thousand Terrors in my Mind. Where shall I go? said I, all in Tears: No Soul on Earth knows me: I am related to no Person living: To whom shall I apply for Help? or who is obliged to assist me? What shall I do when I leave this House? My Money will not last long; besides, it may be taken from me, and this is the first Time I ever had a Sum to spend.

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THE Priest did not know what to answer: He thought I was become a Burthen to him; and these are a Sort of People, who, when they have once given you their Advice, have done all they are able to do. To return into the Country would have been a Folly; I could have no Refuge there: My dear Friend, Mr. Du Pont, had sent us all his Money, which we received with his last Letter, and had nothing to do but to drag out a tedious Life in Dependence. There was then no Resource on that Side; and, indeed, my Perplexity almost made me distracted.

At last the Priest, after having racked his Invention, thought of a charitable and pious Gentleman, who was, he said, entirely devoted to good Works, and to whom he promised to recommend me the next Day. But the next Day would not do. — I could not support the Thought of staying any longer. — I wept. — I lamented my Condition. — He offered to go. — I held him fast. — I threw myself at his Feet. — I entreated him to take me with him immediately. — I could not bear the Thought of his going without me. Oh! cast me not into Despair! said I: “Whither shall I fly? Do thou, at least with charitable Goodness, assist me in the Pangs of my Afflictions. — What would you have me do here? They have already taken from me.

me some of my Money; to Night they will take the rest — They may convey me away — My Honour and Life are at Stake — I dread every Thing — Be assured, I can never have a moment's Repose here — I will fly at all Hazards: And, if you are indeed my Friend, will not this affect you?

THE Priest was terribly embarrassed, and finding he could not get rid of me, paused for a Moment, and then calling for a Pen and Ink, wrote to the Gentleman he had told me of. He read the Letter to me. It was wrote in a most pressing Manner, and he conjured him, by all the Obligations of Religion, to hasten to us with Speed. — God, said he, has reserved for you an Act of Charity, the most meritorious in his Sight of any you ever did in your Life. And to excite him more effectually, he mentioned my Sex, my Age and Beauty, with the fatal Consequence they might possibly have, either from my own Weakness, or the Wickedness of others.

WHEN the Letter was written and sealed up, we sent it as directed; and while we waited for an Answer, I kept the Priest in Sight, being fully resolved not to lie that Night in the House. I cannot tell what it was I apprehended, nor what was the Reason my Fears were so great. All I know of it is, that I took Notice of my Landlord's Face, which

which I had not observed 'till then, and in his Aspect I read the most terrible Things: That of his Wife, methought, was surly and gloomy, and even the Servants, both Men and Women, had the Look of Villains and worthless Creatures. In short, every Countenance there made me tremble. The most terrible Ideas crowded into my Mind, and I could not think of staying, without thinking too of Swords, Daggers, Assassinations, Robberies, being ravished and insulted by Villains, whilst my Blood froze at the Dangers which my Fancy painted to me.

I was amusing the Priest with these black and melancholy Thoughts, when the Man, whom we had sent with a Letter, returned, and told us, that the Gentleman's Coach was waiting for us below, and that he could neither write, nor come himself, because he was engaged in Business when he received the Letter. I packed up my Cloaths, and made haste to save my Life. I ordered my dreaded Landlord and Landlady to be called, and instantly discharged what was due. And, in Reality, their Looks were not the most engaging, and Imagination had little to do to render them perfectly disagreeable. This, however, is certain, that I have remembered their Faces ever since, and could even now draw their Pictures.

I went into the Coach with the Priest, and we soon arrived at the Gentleman's House. He was between fifty and sixty Years of Age, yet sufficiently genteel, very rich, and of a mild but grave Countenance, which was predominant over a good Complexion and a happy Plight of Body. He gave us a kind and free Reception, without Complement, or any other Ceremony than embracing the Priest, and then cast his Eye upon me, desired us both to sit down.

My Heart fluttered; and I was so out of Countenance, that I durst not even lift up my Eyes: Come, said the Gentleman, taking the Priest by the Hand, and pressing it with an Air of Devotion and Reverence, come, let us see what is to be done for this poor unhappy Girl: pray, Sir, relate more particularly her History. He instantly obeyed. Which done, the Gentleman resumed: How strange are her Adventures! How dreadful her Situation! You was much in the Right, Father, continued he, when you told me I could not do a more meritorious Action, than the serving this poor unfortunate young Creature; I am of the same Opinion, and think too that she has too a thousand Times more need of Help than any other of her Sex. I am obliged to you for having pitched on me for that Purpose. I bless the happy Moment
in

in which you was inspired with the Resolution of informing me with her Situation and Misfortunes; for I am sensibly touched with your Narration. But let us consider what method we must take to extricate her out of her Troubles. How old are you, Child? added he, with an affectionate Look. At this Question I could only sigh, being unable to make any Answer. After a short Pause, he resumed, don't afflict yourself; take Courage: I desire nothing more than to serve you: God, the sovereign Lord of all we enjoy, demands that we should supply the Necessitous, and feed the Poor with the Substance he has given us: Tell me then, how old you are. I am about fifteen, Sir, said I. Really, resumed he, turning towards the Priest, one would be apt to think her older: At first Sight one can't help observing something to her Advantage; the natural Innocence and expressive Simplicity of her Countenance give me a good Opinion of the Purity of her Heart; and even shew she is of a noble Extraction: But indeed her Misfortunes are very great. As you have no Fortune, said he, we must know what Sort of Employment you chuse. Pray, had your deceased Friend taken no Resolution on that Head? She had, said I, an Intention of putting me out to learn some Trade. Very well, replied he, I approve of her Design: But

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But do you likewise approve of it yourself; speak freely; There are, perhaps, many Things which may be more agreeable to you. For Instance, I have a Sister that is rich, and of a sweet Disposition, who has just lost a Servant, whom she had a great Esteem for, and to whom, if she had lived with her till her Death, she would have left something considerable. If you are willing to succeed her, I am sure my Sister will receive you with Pleasure upon my Recommendation.

THIS Proposal made me blush: Alas, Sir, said I, though I am destitute of every Thing, and though I don't know to whom I owe my Birth, or what Extraction I am of, methinks I would chuse to die, rather than to live with any Body in so mean an Employ; since, if my Parents were alive, to all Appearance, I should have Domesticks of my own, instead of being one myself. Liberty is one of the greatest Blessings that Heaven can bestow; a Blessing that appears to me infinitely dearer than Life itself. My Grief and Confusion here forced me to stop and wipe my Eyes, and give way to a Passion too violent to be restrained: However, I endeavoured to compose myself, and with a melancholy Air, resumed, but was frequently interrupted with Sighs: Since I am obliged to work for my Bread, I shall always prefer the meanest Employment,

ployment, provided I can be free, to the Condition you propose, even though I should make my Fortune by it. My Dear, said he, don't afflict yourself; I approve of your Way of thinking, and am glad to find your Sentiments are not so mean as your Circumstances, and that in spite of your Afflictions, you retain an Elevation of Mind, which raises you above them: A little of this Pride may be dispensed with, but you ought not to carry it too far; if you do, it will be very unreasonable. Let the Conjectures of your being born of noble Parents be ever so probable, it will give you no Estate, and you ought to regulate yourself according to your present Condition. Consider you have nothing. 'Tis true, it will cost more, because your Board must be paid for every Year. But no Matter you shall be provided for this very Day. I will take you to my Linen-draper, who lives but a little Way from this House, and is a very good motherly Woman, and there I know you will be welcome. Now are you satisfied? Yes, Sir, said I, and never will forget your Goodness. Be sure you make your Advantage of it, said the Priest, and let your Conduct recompence this Gentleman for the Care his Piety induces him to take of you. I fear, replied the Gentleman, in a devout Tone, I shall have no Merit in assisting her, for I am too

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too affected with her Misfortunes. He then got up, and said, don't let us lose Time, it grows late; we will go to the Gentlewoman I have mentioned. You may retire, Father, I shall give you a good Account of the *Deposition* you have committed to my Charge. Upon this the Priest withdrew. I thanked him for this Kindness with a timorous Voice; for I was extremely troubled; and my Benefactor and I stepped into the Coach that was waiting at the Door.

YOUNG as I was, my Temper was a little lofty. I had been educated with such a tender Indulgence, and had been always treated with such Respect, that a Conversation of this Nature was extremely shocking to me.

THE Favours we receive from some Men are accompanied with such an ill Grace, as render them extremely mortifying. They had sifted my Misery for an Hour together; and the Conversation ran upon nothing but the Compassion with which I inspired them; the great Merit it was to relieve me; and that Religion demanded their Care of me, as the greatest Object of Compassion, and the most forlorn and wretched Creature living. At last followed a Cluster of proud, tho' seemingly charitable, Reflections, and all the Airs of Persons puffed up with an ostentatious Affectation of superior Piety. In short, Charity

rity never made a more pharisaical and stately
 Parade of its Duties: I was overwhelmed
 with Shame; and all Self-Love, which is in-
 separable from the human Heart, seemed ex-
 piring. What greater Misery can befall us,
 than to be forced to depend on the Help of
 such Persons, whose tender Mercies are Cru-
 elty: Is that Charity which begins with tram-
 pling upon our Self-Love, and never relieves
 the Soul, 'till it has wounded it in the ten-
 derest Part? Oh! how unlike that Goodness
 they pretend to practise! How sublime, how
 transporting is the Pleasure of easing the ach-
 ing Heart! of diffusing Tranquillity and Joy
 through the tortured anxious Soul! for how
 can we help sympathizing in the Delight
 which we ourselves inspire; but how vastly are
 they mistaken, who applaud themselves, who
 who strut and swell with their imagined Libe-
 rality; who make a boasted Pageantry of a
 few external Acts of Charity, without the
 Principle of Benevolence rooted in the Heart?
 I would say to these Pretenders of this Vir-
 tue, when they so unmercifully insist on a
 particular Enumeration of all my Miseries;
 when you bring me Face to Face with the
 whole Series of my Misfortunes, of themselves
 almost insupportable; when the Ceremonial
 of your Questions, or rather of your burthen-
 some Examination, precedes the Assistance
 you

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you are pleased to afford me, you call that Charity; but I say, it is an Act brutal, barbarous, and uncharitable, and not the Result of any generous Sentiment.

To return; I was in the Coach going to the Linen-Draper's with this Gentleman. I remember he was much more inquisitive as we went along. Methought his Conversation was very much changed, that he softened and grew mild of a sudden, and that he instantly became more fawning than zealous, more generous than charitable. In short, he was quite another Man.

' You seem very much constrained; my
' Dear, said he, I can't bear to see you so
' reserved, since, if indulged, it would grow
' into an Aversion to me, though I am wholly
' at your Service. Our Conversation with
' the Priest has, no Doubt, disconcerted you.
' These Sort of People have rough harsh
' Way of expressing themselves, and we are
' sometimes forced to imitate them: But I
' have naturally a tender Heart, and wish you
' would look upon me as your Friend, and as
' a Man who interests himself in your Affairs,
' and entreats you would repose an entire
' Confidence in him. Do you hear? The
' only Right I claim, is to give you, when
' you need it, a little friendly Advice, which,
' I hope, will not keep you at any Distance.
' Suppose,

‘ Suppose, for example, I should tell you,
 ‘ that you are young and handsome ; and those
 ‘ two fine Endowments will expose you to the
 ‘ Artifices of the first giddy brained Beau that
 ‘ sees you ; that it would be very wrong to
 ‘ hearken to his Impertinence, because it could
 ‘ be of no Service to you, and would not de-
 ‘ serve your Attention. Let your Views be
 ‘ be only to raise your Fortune, and neglect
 ‘ nothing that will contribute to this great De-
 ‘ sign. I know very well, that the pretty
 ‘ Ladies, at your Age, are enchanted with
 ‘ the Thoughts of captivating every Beholder.
 ‘ I don’t doubt but you will be admired, whe-
 ‘ ther you endeavour to make any Conquests
 ‘ or not ; but never make it your Business to
 ‘ please every Body. You will find a thou-
 ‘ sand pert Fellows, whom your Situation
 ‘ obliges you not to mind. What I tell you,
 ‘ I’ll assure you, does not proceed from any
 ‘ Excess of Severity in me,’ continued he,
 with a fawning Smile, and at the same Time
 taking me with a free Air by the Hand. No,
 Sir, said I, and then observing I had no
 Gloves, I will buy you some, said he, they
 preserve the Hands, and that is worth mind-
 ing, when they happen to be so perfectly
 handsome.

UPON which he bid the Coachman stop,
 and bought several Pair for me, which I tried

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on, with his Assistance; for he would, by all Means help me. I let him do it, though I blushed at my Obedience; without knowing why.

ALL these little Particulars I mention, because they really are not so insignificant as may be thought at first Sight.

WE arrived at last at the Draper's, who seemed to me a good Sort of a Woman, as he had told me, and received me on Terms, which were soon agreed on for my Board. He talked a long while to her in private; but then I apprehended nothing: I did not think myself the Subject of their Discourse. When he went away, he said he would pay us a Visit in a few Days, and recommended me very earnestly to the Gentlewoman of the House, who, after he was gone, shewed me a little Chamber, where I put my Cloaths, and where I was to lie with another young Woman.

THE Linen-Draper's Name was *La Tour*; she was a Widow, and did not appear to be above thirty; she was pretty fat; and seemed at first Sight to be the best-natured Creature in the World. Her Family consisted of a Boy about six or seven Years old; a Maid, and one Miss *Toinette* her Journey-Woman.

SURE never a poor Creature looked wilder than I did at this Juncture. Persons, whose Sentiments are delicate, are sooner cast down than

than others; their Hearts are more sensible, their Souls more tender than the rest of the World; and those humane Dispositions, that make them more sensible of the superior, the God-like Pleasure of doing Good, here add an Emphasis to every Misery. A kind of stupid Melancholy hangs upon their Spirits; and with this Melancholy was I seized, which spread a constant Gloom over my Countenance.

MRS. *La Tour* did all she was able to disperse this Cloud from my Brow. 'Come, come, Mrs. *Indiana*, said she, (for the Gentleman that went with me had told her my Name) don't be so melancholy, you are with very good-natured People, I'll assure you; and I love to see People chearful and merry. 'For my Part, I no sooner saw you, than I took a Fancy to you; and if you spoil that pretty Face with crying so, you'll never get a Husband. Our *Toinette*, continued she, is a very good Girl; you must get acquainted with her; her Company, I hope, will divert you.' O lay, Madam, answered *Toinette*, Miss and I shall be pure Company; I will divert her, I warrant you, for really I don't love to see Folks look uneasy. This was the chief of our Conversation at Supper, to which I made no Answer, but an Inclination of my Head, and a Look, which sufficiently

ently expressed my acknowledgement. Their blunt Freedom appeared very disagreeable to me; and their Language was a kind of Jargon, whose Harshness offended the Delicacy of my Ears. I was already persuaded, that in the *Beau Monde* there was something superior to this, and formed, in some measure, to fill up the Loss, of my generous Benefactors, Mr. *Du Pont* and his dear Sister. I sighed after the Pleasure of a Conversation intirely unknown to me, and suitable to my own Ideas.

BUT what strange Whimsies sometimes possess our Minds: Though I had scarce seen the Streets of *Paris*, yet I could not help observing the Number of Coaches, and the splendid Ostentation of Grandeur which appeared among the Great; and imagining that this new World seemed not altogether unknown to me, and that I should here find what I so ardently longed for; methought there was within me a natural Inclination, which wanted only these Objects to exert itself upon; so that when I saw them, it was just as if I had met with something I looked for.

MR. *Climal* (for that was the Gentleman's Name who brought me to Mrs. *La Tour's*) had not left me above four Days before he came to see me. I was then in my Chamber with Miss *Toinette*, who was busy shewing me
her

her fine Cloaths, and who, out of Complaisance, left the Room as soon as he entered.

WELL, Miss, said he, how do you do? I flatter myself you like your Situation. I hope, Sir, answered I, I shall like it better, when I am become more used to it. I should be glad, replied he, to see you contented and happy, for I love you, my Dear, with all my Heart. The first Moment I saw you I was transported with Pleasure, and shall give you all the Proofs of my Tenderness which lie in my Power; but I must have your Friendship in Return. I should be very ungrateful, Sir, answered I, not to have a great Esteem for you. No, no, returned he, it is not for want of Gratitude that you don't love me; but because you won't take the Freedom with me that I could wish. I am too sensible of the Respect I owe you, said I. Nay, said he, it is uncertain whether you owe me any, since we don't know who you are. But, *Indiana*, continued he, laying hold of my Hand, which he gently squeezed, can't you be a little more familiar with one who loves like me? You should lay open all your Soul to such a Friend; tell him your most secret Thoughts; hide none of your Inclinations, and be always glad to see and converse with him. I insist upon it, that you shall make me your Confidante, and that you throw off

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all Reserve; or else I am afraid we shall have a Quarrel. But, hark ye, continued he, putting his Hand in his Pocket, I had like to have forgot to give you some Money; here are a few Pistoles. At first I refused them, telling him I did not want Money; I had not yet spent what Mrs. *Du Pont* had left me; nevertheless he forced me to accept them, and I could not receive them without Confusion. But it was not for me, with all my Stock of Pride, to refuse them, from a Gentleman who had taken me, a poor Orphan, under his Care, and to whom he resolved to act as a Father. As I received this Present I thanked him, and made my Acknowledgements with a dejected Air. My dear Charmer, said he, no more Courtesies, no more Ceremonies, I beseech you; shew me rather that you are pleased. Come let us see how complaisant you will be for the new Suit of Cloaths I am going to give you. I did not much mind the Suit he promised; but he said this with such an Air of Goodness, that I confess he won my Heart. All my Resolutions vanished, and were succeeded by the most lively Expressions of Gratitude, while my Eyes could scarce retain the Tears of Sensibility, that almost overflowed their Banks. Oh! my generous Benefactor, cried I, have I indeed found a Father! has the lost *Indiana*
some

some Room to hope that she may again lift up her Eyes with Comfort, and find the dear Name of Parent revived in you?

CHARMED with this sudden Emotion, he took my Hand, and kissed it very passionately, which, notwithstanding the confused State of my Mind, I could not help taking Notice of; but singular as it was, it did not alarm me; and I only looked upon it as a sudden, though odd, Expression of a good and honest Heart.

HOWEVER, from this Moment, my Conversation became more free from Constraint; and this Freedom gave me Charms, which he had not observed before. He frequently hesitated in his discourse, and then looked upon me with an Excess of Tenderness, which, though I took Notice of, I only attributed to the Delicacy of a virtuous and generous Soul, pleased with the Pleasure it communicates, and happy in the Reflection of doing its duty. I began to taste again the peaceful Joy, the inward Tranquility that I had formerly experienced. Though I saw him enchanted with Delight, I imagined my Youth, my Wit, and my Beauty might inspire him with a most innocent Affection: It is natural, said I to myself, for Men to have the most tender Sentiments for one of my Age placed under their Care: They are

C 4 pleased.

pleased with every Degree of Worth they observe in them, because it reflects a greater Lustre upon their Munificence, by shewing it placed on a deserving Object. In short, my Youth and Inexperience made me blind to his Designs; and though I began to think him an Original, I was not much more surprised at his Behaviour, than I should have been at the Caresses of a Parent. He took my Hand, and with a gay Air kissed it a thousand times. I admired his Friendship, and could not help thinking with Pleasure, and a secret Delight, how very unaccountable it was, that his Affection should at once arise to so great a Height; and this touched me more sensibly than all his Favours.

It was the Fashion at this Time to let the Hair hang in Curls upon the Shoulders. Mine was of a bright Chesnut, and fell down with a becoming Negligence. Mr. *Climal* praised its Beauty, and with a gallant Air took up some of my Locks, and twisted them round his Finger. Nature, my dear *Indiana*, said he, has been profuse of her Favours, and has denied you nothing that could enhance your Charms. That lovely Face would have been the most beautiful in the World without the Addition of these graceful Ringlets; these make your too lovely Form complete, and leave no Room for Addition. They will not
restore

restore me my dear unknown Parents, said I, or let me know to whom I owe my Being, nor revive my ever dear deceased Friend. Very true, returned he, but they will make you be admired and adored by every Body; for my Part, I shall never be able to refuse you any Thing. I make no Doubt of it, said I, I depend entirely on your generous and tender Heart. On my tender Heart! said he laughing. Oh then, my little Charmer, you can talk of the Heart, I find; would you give me your's in Return if I should ask it? Believe me, Sir, replied I, with an ingenuous Freedom, for I had no Notion what Returns he meant, you richly deserve it; and I would sooner chuse to die than be ungrateful.

I had no sooner made this Reply, than I thought his Eyes sparkled with Fire; which, like a Flash of Lightning, at once alarmed me, and put me upon my Guard; and I began to look upon him as a Man not altogether so disinterested as I had before thought him; and instantly feared all his Generosity and Friendship was degenerated into a criminal Passion.

HOWEVER, I did not take this sudden Suspicion for a Proof of the Baseness of his Views. I resolved to be better satisfied, and to take Notice of the minutest Circumstance

that might give me a Sight into his Designs. I believed, if it was true that he indulged an unlawful Passion, there was no Room left for Ceremony on my Part; that it was he, not I, ought to be embarrassed, and as the Guilt, so should the Shame and Confusion be his own. This reasoning ran from the same Source as the rest, it appeared subtle and refined, and therefore I approved of it, and thought it just.

It is true, that Men, against whom we reason in this Manner, have little to hope for from us; for it supposes, that with Respect to their prevailing Passions, we are thoroughly averse to them. On this Account Mr. *Climat* was perfectly indifferent to me, and this Indifference, if he had used me ill, would readily have given Place to Hatred. But I had hitherto only considered him as a pious Man, who had taken the Charge of me out of Charity; and I don't know any Light we can consider a Person in more unlikely to produce Love. We have none of the tender Sentiments for one who is introduced to our Thoughts in this Manner. The Humiliation, which the Mind has suffered, shuts up all the Avenues of the Heart from the soft Pleasures of the tender Passions, and we can never give a Heart freely, while it is expected from us as a Debt. And thus it was with Mr. *Climat* and me.

IF

IF Men knew how to oblige, I believe they might gain all that they could reasonably expect, for can any Thing be sweeter than Sentiments of Gratitude, when they are not opposed by Self-Love? Here the Mind is an inexhaustible Source of Tenderness. But to gain this, a Person must have two Virtues, which seldom, almost never, meet in the same Person; the one to hinder your being filled with Disgust and Indignation, at the Manner of conferring the Favours you receive; and the other to oblige you to be grateful by a genuine Benevolence, and unconstrained Liberality.

MR. *Climal* had spoke of Cloaths which he intended to give me, and we went together to buy them, that I might please my Fancy. I believe, I should have refused them, if I had been sufficiently confirmed in my Suspicions; for I should have had an invincible Aversion against making any Advantage of his Weakness, because I could not share it with him; for when Love is mutual, all these Affairs are adjusted; and we imagine the highest Degree of Delicacy consists in not being at all delicate about them. But I was still in Doubt what were his inward Sentiments. And supposing it was only Friendship, I concluded it must be a very extraordinary one, and one that deserved all my Pride to be sacrificed to

it. Thus I accepted of his Present at all Hazards.

THE Cloaths were bought, I chose them genteel and modest, and suitable to a young Woman not very rich: Then Mr. *Climax* talked of Linen, which I wanted, and which he bought at the same Time. Mrs. *La Tour* might have furnished us with the same Sort, but he had his Reasons for not buying it of her. He insisted upon having it some of the finest, and Mrs. *La Tour* would certainly have thought this an extravagant Kind of Charity: And though it might be expected she would not concern herself about it, because she would have judged it was no Business of her's, yet it was better she should lose her Profit by it, than that we should trust her with what she might be censorious enough to put no favourable Construction upon.

I was forced at last to open my Eyes, for his Behaviour relating to the Linen left me no Room to doubt what were his Motives. I wondered that the Cloaths, which were very handsome, had not at first taught me his Sentiments. For Charity is not extravagant in her Gifts. Friendship itself, whose highest Pleasure is to communicate Satisfaction and Delight, is substantially good, but not magnificently so.

I told him with a serious Air, that I could not accept of Linen so expensive; he only laughed, and said, Hold your Tongue, you little silly Rogue; you are young, and don't know what you'd have: Go to your Glass, and see if it is too fine for that beautiful Face; and then, without minding what I said, agreed the price and paid for it.

I found myself much embarrassed, for I saw he loved me; no, let me rather say, he indulged inclinations infinitely beneath that noble Passion, which exerts itself in the most ardent Desires after the Happiness of the beloved Object. I saw his Motives were ungenerous, and that his Extravagance was only intended to betray me into Misery. I thought that in accepting of his Presents, I gave him just Reason to think I favoured his Passion; I considered what I should do; I assembled a thousand Reflections, in order to excuse to myself the indeterminate State of a Mind, loth to part with what flattered its Vanity: By this Means I was unable to fix upon any thing, and thereby I deferred the Rupture with Mr. *Climax*, and kept his Presents.

HOWEVER, I was very much ashamed of his Views, and being shocked at his Hypocrisy, my generous and kind Benefactors, Mr. *Du Pont* and his Sister, came into my Mind. What a Difference is there, said I to myself, between

between the Assistance they gave me, and that I now receive! How excessive would be this Concern, did he know the Dangers to which I am exposed; and how great her Grief, had she lived to see me in this dreadful Situation! Methought my Behaviour in this last Adventure violated the Respect I owed to her tender Friendship, and unblemished Purity; and that it was a kind of sacrilegious Insult on her Memory. On this Occasion I felt a thousand Sensations, which, though sufficiently felt, are impossible to be described.

On the other hand, I reasoned with myself that I had no Place to reside at, and Mr. *Climat* had procured me one; I wanted Cloaths, and he bought them for me; besides they were rich and genteel, and in Imagination I had already tried them on, and found they fitted me exactly: But I did not take Care to stop at this Particular, which was intermixed with my other Considerations; for the Pleasure it gave me glowed in my Cheeks, and I was glad to indulge the delightful Idea, and to flatter myself I might do it without a Crime. What Artifices do we make use of, to seem innocent of Follies which we long to commit. Then, said I to myself, Mr. *Climat* has not yet declared his hateful Passion, and perhaps he may not venture to do it for some Time; and it is not for me to search into the Motive
of

of Actions so beneficial to me. I was introduced to him as a charitable man; and he has been so to Excess. If his Views are bad, it is the worse for him; I am not obliged to examine his Conscience, and I can never be an Accomplice in any of his crimes 'till he has explained himself.

HAVING made my Conscience so far easy, my Scruples vanished, and the Linen and Cloaths appeared lawfully mine.

WE returned back to Mrs. *La Tour's* with the Cloaths and Linen, and in our Way Mr. *Climal* discovered his Passion by Degrees; he unmasked insensibly, and the amorous Lover took Place of the grave and pious Devotee; I could see but half his Face, but I concluded that I ought to see him intirely, in order to know him, and therefore resolved to be very insensible, and not seem to understand him 'till then. My Cloaths were not yet in a Place of Security, and if I had shewn my Resentment too soon, I should, perhaps, have lost all. Persons governed by such Passions, as that of Mr. *Climal's* for me, are of a base and ungenerous Spirit, when they have lost their Hopes, and are unable to make an honourable Retreat. He is an unworthy and despicable Lover, whose Desires exceed his Love; and who had rather enjoy the Person, than the Affection of his Mistress.

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I resolved not to understand the fawning Expressions Mr. *Climal* made use of in the Way back to Mrs. *La Tour's*. I am afraid I shall love you too much, *Indiana*, said he; and if I should, what would you do? I would be still more grateful, said I, if it were possible for my Gratitude to admit of an Increase. Nevertheless, my dear Creature, said he, I am uncertain what you think, when you know all my Tenderness, for you can't easily conceive how great it is. How, Sir, returned I, can you believe that it is possible I should be insensible of your Friendship? Ah! my little Angel, replied he, don't change my Expressions, I did not speak of Friendship, but my Tenderness. What, said I, is it not the same Thing? Pray, where is the Difference? No, my Life, said he, looking upon me with Eyes that expressed the Difference sufficiently, it is not the same Thing; for I should be overjoyed to see the one appear more sweet and desirable to you than the other. Upon this, I could not help casting down my Eyes; and though I endeavoured to hide my Confusion, I was not able to do it, and it was impossible for me immediately to compose myself, in order to make him a Reply. What, my little Jewel, cried he, squeezing my Hand, not a Word? Don't you understand me? Really I am ashamed, Sir, said I, that I cannot.

cannot find Words to thank you for your Kindness.

THE Coach coming to the Door, cut off all farther Conversation for the present; however, when we parted, he whispered in my Ear, go, you lovely Girl; for the future be more apprehensive, and learn to melt your Heart into greater Tendernefs. I leave you mine to assist you in the Work.

THIS Discourse was plain and intelligible enough, and I was obliged to seem inattentive, in order to countenance my Simplicity, and that my Answers might the better be dispensed with; but a Kiss that he gave my Ear in speaking to me, drew all my Attention, for it was impossible I should be deaf to that, though I had Art enough to dissemble it: Sir, did I not hurt you, said I, with a natural Air, pretending to take the Kiss he had given me for a Jog of my Head against his? As I spoke this, I stepped out of the Coach, and I really believe he was the Dupe of my Artifice, for he answered most naturally, No.

I carried the Bundle of Cloaths into my Chamber, and locked it up, while Mr. *Climmal* stood in the Shop talking to Mrs. *La Tour*. I was down again immediately. *Indiana*, said he, in a reserved Tone (for it was now his Time to appear religious again) let your
Cloaths

Cloaths be made immediately, for I will come to pay you another Visit in three or four Days, when expect to see you dressed. Then turning to Mrs. *La Tour*, I have endeavoured, said he, to chuse her Cloaths suitable to the fine Linen she has shewn me, which was left her by a deceased Friend.

Mr. *Climal* had told me before, he intended to give it this Turn to Mrs. *La Tour*; besides, continued he, I think it proper that Miss should be genteelly dressed, because I have something in View for her, which may possibly succeed, and will be much more to her advantage. He spoke this like a Man of Worth and Honour: He was indeed a Contrast to himself: Mr. *Climal* alone with me was quite a different Person from Mr. *Climal* in Company with others: When I saw his devout Countenance I could not comprehend how it was possible, that he should ever appear in the Character of a Debauchee. He had good Sense, and a great Share of Wit; but then he had Hypocrisy to counterbalance it, and, in particular, had a Design to ruin me, while he pretended to be doing a Work of Charity. Good God! how many Talents hast thou given Men, to make them good for nothing!

HE retired after a short Conversation with Mrs. *La Tour* in private, and was no sooner gone,

gone, but she, to whom he had related my history, applauded his Generosity. *Indiana*, said she, it was a lucky Moment when you first saw this worthy Gentleman; you see he takes as much Care of you, as if you were his own Child; certainly, this Man has not his Equal in the World for Goodness; how very charitable he is! The Word Charity sounded harsh and disagreeable to me, for my Self-Love was too tender not to be sensibly wounded at it; but Mrs. *La Tour* knew no better, her Language was agreeable to her Understanding, vulgar and unpolished, and whatever she said, was ever without Thought, so she pleased or displeased without Design. However I took no Notice of her Expressions, as we had no other Witness than the grave Miss *Toinette*, who was much more disposed to envy my new Finery, than think me humbled in receiving it. Oh! Miss *Indiana*, said she with a jealous Air, *was wrapt in her Mother's Smock, she has such Fortune*: On the contrary, said I, I was born to be most unhappy, or else I should have been infinitely better provided for than I am now. So it is true then, said she, with an affected Toss of the Head, that you have neither Father nor Mother; and that you are owned by no-body living: That is pleasant! Yes, replied I, severely nettled, it is mighty pleasant! A joyful

ful Circumstance indeed ! and I wonder you, Miss *Toinette*, have not congratulated me upon it. Hold your Tongue, you Fool, said Mrs. *La Tour*, who saw I was vexed, she has Reason to sneer at you ; thank God for having preserved your Parents. Who ever tells People they are foundlings ? I had rather be called a Bastard.

Mrs. *La Tour*, touched to see me so affected, imputed it to the Impertinence of Miss *Toinette*, without imagining that she herself had been in the least instrumental to my Uneasiness. Her Concern made me tremble, for fear Miss *Toinette* should be again reprimanded ; the Tears trickled down my Cheeks, and I made haste to divert this Conversation by intreating them to change the Discourse. Miss *Toinette*, for her Part, at seeing my Tears, seemed quite confounded, for she was not ill-natured, and, I believe, had no Intention to make me uneasy. To make up the Matter, they made me a fine Compliment, and told me they sincerely begged my Pardon : And as I saw they had no Notion at all of my Pride, nor the Delicacy of my Soul, and that they did not suspect the least Part of the Confusion they gave me, I received their Caresses, and the Conversation turned upon my Cloaths, which they were impatient to see, and my Curiosity made me desirous to hear what they would say of them.

I fetched the Parcel, and brought it down to them. How giddy and thoughtless are young People ! and how hasty was I foolishly to indulge my Vanity, for which I was severely humbled ! The first Thing they saw in opening it was the fine Linen, the buying of which we had been at so much Pains to conceal, and which had cost Mr. *Climat* a Lie, and me the consenting to it. Mrs. *La Tour* instantly cast her Eyes upon it, and cried out, Ha, ha, see here is something else, Mr. *Climat* told us your deceased Relation left you that, when, I find, he bought it for you himself ! I must tell you, *Indiana*, it was ill done of you not to have it of me ! you are not more nice, I hope, than those Ladies of Quality that have honoured me with their Custom. I find the old Saint has got a Colt's Tooth in his Head ; I see how it is, added she, (drawing the Silk from under the Linen, for her Anger did not put a stop to her Curiosity.) I know the Reason why he deceived about the Linen, but I am not such an arrant Fool as he takes me to be, I know better ; out upon it, who would have thought it. Away, away with her Things, cried she, raising her Voice, and tossing them from her, with a disdainful Air ? marry, come up, this is very pretty indeed ; he has the Goodness to put his Miss to me, as a Boarder, but what he buys for

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for her he has elsewhere; I'll assure him! I must have the trouble, forsooth, and other People all the Benefit.

GOOD lack-a-day, said Miss *Toinette*, who would not be an Orphan! Come, be quiet, *Toinette*, interrupted Mrs. *La Tour*, I see well enough you only envy the Girl.

HITHERTO I had been silent, I felt so much Confusion and Vexation, that I knew not when to begin. It was a Situation entirely new to me, and I could not forbear shewing my Resentment. At last, I began to recollect myself, and my Anger, bearing every other Consideration before it, was expressed in the most lively Manner; but it was an Anger frank and natural, and which, as it sprung from my own innocence, could not have been felt by a guilty Mind.

IT is true, Mr. *Glimal* had pretended Love to me, but I was conscious I had not listened to his Passion, and was resolved to make no Advantage of it; and though I received this Present, when I knew at the same Time I should never comply with his Views, it was only owing to the little Reasons, dictated by my Wants and my Vanity, and which had not, however, stained the Purity of my Intentions; my Reasoning, doubtless, was erroneous, though not criminal; and, therefore, I did not merit the Insults thrown upon me

me by Mrs. *La Tour*, and I was certain she would not have been so very open in her discourse, had I been wise enough to conceal the fine Linen from her Sight. I made a terrible Uproar; threw the Cloaths and Linen upon the Ground, without knowing why I did it; it was only an Expression of the Violence of my Passion. At last I said, I was very unhappy in being placed among Persons who accused and insulted me, without any Reason for doing it; that I would instantly leave them, as soon as I had called a Coach and bundled up my Cloaths and Linen; that I did not care what became of me; and it was better that I should die in Want and Indigence, than live in a Situation so contrary to my Inclinations; that I would leave Mr. *Climal's* Present with her, since I despised his Love, and abhorred his brutal Passion. In short, I was like a little Lion; my Head was turned; every Thing that could aggravate my Affliction, presented itself before me: The Death of my dear Mrs. *Du Pont*, and the Absence of her Brother; my being deprived of their Tenderness and friendly Advice to support me under my Exigence; the fatal Loss of my Parents; the Mortification I had already undergone, and the dreadful Thoughts of being without one dear Companion to listen to my tender Complaints, and teach me to regulate

regulate my Passions ; unknown to the World, without the least Hint of my Extraction ; nothing before me but the Prospect of a Misery which knew no Bounds ; for I had only my Beauty to procure me Friends ; and what a dreadful Resource are the Vices of Mankind ! and I resolutely resolved to lose my Life rather than my Virtue. Which Way soever I turned my Thoughts, how dismal was the View that lay before me !

MRS. *La Tour* was frightened to see me in such a violent Transport , as it was quite unexpected ; for she only thought to see me out of Countenance, and confused with my Guilt : *Laud, Indiana,* said she, when she could find Room to put in a Word, any one may be deceived ; prithee, Child, moderate your Passion ; I am sorry I have said so much, (since my Rage was too great to proceed from a guilty Conscience) come, endeavour to compose yourself. But I would not hearken to what she said, and at all Hazards was resolved to leave her Family.

AT last, she pushed me into a little Parlour, where she shut herself with me, and there I gave way to my Grief ; my Tears, which before were restrained by my Anger, now began to flow plentifully, and to give Ease to my bursting Heart, which she seeing, bore me company, and cried too.

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AT this Instant Miss *Toinette* came in to tell us Dinner was ready ; and, as she was always of every Body's Opinion, she cried for Company : But after this Flood of Tears, being moved at their mild Words, I began to be appeased, and all was forgot.

WHILE we were at Dinner, Mrs. *La Tour* address'd herself to me, and said, that if Mr. *Climal* loved me, as to all Appearance he did, I ought to make my Advantage of it. Hark you, *Indiana*, said she, was I in your Place, I know how I would manage him ; for, since you have nothing, and are a poor Girl, who have lost even the Comfort of having any Relations, I would take whatever he would give me ; Ods bobs, I would get all I could, but he should never gain my Affection ; I would not love him the better for that, I would be hang'd first, for our Honour ought to be preferred before every Thing ; I am not the Woman that will say any Thing to the contrary of that, you see. In a Word, my Girl, for one Word is as good as a Thousand, there is nothing like being virtuous, and I shall die in that Opinion : But this don't argue, that you must throw away all the Blessings you meet with. These Things may be easily reconciled. For Instance, there is Mr. *Climal* and you : Well, must you bid him be gone ? No, surely. He loves you ; is that your Fault ?

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Fault? Let him love you; every Body must answer for themselves. If he buys you Cloaths, take them, Girl; are not they paid for? If he gives you Money, don't be silly, but accept of it freely; it is not for you to be proud and above it. If he asks you for your Love, *softly there*; play cunning with him, and tell him it is not impossible but you may in Time. To give your Word and retract it may go a great Way. First, you must have Time to bring yourself to love him; and then you must persuade him you begin to love him; then you should have Time to augment your Passion; and then, when he thinks you entirely his, is not your Honour a sufficient Excuse; Are there not a Thousand good Reasons to plead? Can't you preach to him of the Wickedness of his Intentions? Mean while the Time passes, and Presents come as fast as ever, without asking; and if he at last grows out of Humour, can't you be as ill-natured as he? Let him go and be hanged: Marry, what is given is given, and there is nothing like a Present; for when it is once given, it can't be demanded back; as nothing is more free than a Gift, so nothing can make a Present more secure to the Receiver; but if a Man don't make Presents, he keeps his Riches in his own Possession, and then there is no coming at it. Really, if one of these
Hypocrites

Hypocrites thought fit to pay his Respects to me, he should give to the end of the World, before I would bid him leave off.

YOUNG as I was, I could not hear her Arguments without an inward Ahorrence; and though she delivered herself with great Fervency, yet I thought that what she said suited but very ill with a Woman of strict Honour, as she pretended to be: And, indeed, was a Girl in my Circumstances sure of preserving that inestimable Jewel, her Chastity, yet the Practice of these loose Principles would forever be a Mark of Infamy upon her Character; for must not she want Honour, who can persuade a Man that she shall one Day forfeit it? Nay, the Art of deceiving a Man with these avaricious Views is, in my Opinion, more criminal, than even in some unguarded Moment to fall a Sacrifice to Guilt and Shame; for the most infamous Inducement, the basest and most ungenerous Motive to be vicious, is that which is prompted by Avarice, and terminates in Falshood and Deceit.

FOR my Part, I was too sincere ever to think of using those base Tricks. I would neither do ill, nor seem capable of doing it. Her Discourse made me blush for her, while she gave me Advice for her Advantage and my own. For Mrs. *La Tour's* Part, she would have been extremely glad to have the Profit of my Board

continue a great while longer, and pleased herself with the Thoughts of helping me to spend Mr. *Climal's* Money, in Feasts and Entertainments; and I knew she loved good Eating, and was a Glutton when at another's Table, but was very stingy at her own.

WHEN we had dined, my Cloaths and Linen were given to the Workwomen, whom Mrs. *La Tour* desired to be as expeditious as possible. She hoped, without doubt, that in seeing me well rigged and spruce (for these were her Expressions) I should be tempted to draw out my Adventure with Mr. *Climal* to a good Length. It is true, I had all the Vanity that can possess a giddy Mind: A Ribbon well chosen, or a genteel Suit of Cloaths, whenever I met them, were sufficient to make me stop short; my Fancy glowed, and my Agitation of Heart would continue an Hour after, nor did I fail to imagine myself equipped in all those Trifles. But in Spite of this Disposition, since I was certain Mr. *Climal* loved me, I absolutely resolved, the first Time he explained himself, to let him know how vain his Expectations were.

FOUR Days after, my Cloaths and Linen were brought Home. At the Sight of them both Miss *Toinette* and I were silent, but from very different Motives: A sudden Joy fluttered about my Heart, while she cast down her Eyes
with

with a fullen Discontent; she reflected upon the Difference there would soon be between us, and would gladly have changed her Parents, and have been the Orphan, for the vain Pleasure of enjoying my imagined Happiness. It being an Holiday, I was determined to make my Appearance in them, and began to dress myself to the best Advantage I was able.

I made as much Speed as I could to finish dressing myself, yet without being over hasty, for I was willing to have nothing imperfect, for all the Perfection of Dress that I was then acquainted with lay in very narrow Bounds. It is true, I began with admirable good Dispositions, but that was all.

INDEED, when I knew the World, I was a better Judge of these little Elegancies which our Sex look upon as necessary to complete the Charms of Nature, and shew that the Possessor has a good Taste. Men talk of Philosophy and the Study of Sciences, but what is all this Knowledge to that of placing a Ribbon with Judgment, or of deciding what Colour best suits the Complexion, and is most adapted to please!

If we knew what passes in a Coquet's Head on such Occasions; if we did but observe how delicate and penetrating her Soul is; how sharp in the Judgment she makes on the Fashions

she tries, then rejects, hesitates, and at last, when weary with Uncertainty and Irresolution, chuses; for she is seldom content, and the Effect always comes vastly short of her Idea. When she has found what pleases, it is but a very indifferent Discovery, for she must find out what is better, in order to carry it on to its last Perfection, and finishing excellence. And to attain this, she must read the Souls of men, that she may prefer what will please them most.

CHARMED with the Power of pleasing, she one Day appears gay and easy; and with an Air that insures Success; the next with a Countenance soft and languishing, adorned with all the tender Graces; and then with a Beauty modest, serious, and reserved. Thus with varied Charms she strives to retain the fickle Sex, and by Turns suits herself to the Inconstancy of her Admirers, by presenting them every Day a new Mistress.

How vain are such Snares, and how unlikely to hold a Man of Sense and Honour! 'Tis Virtue alone that is the universal Charm, to which all Hearts secretly pay an humble Adoration; but, when united with that sweet Complaisance, and open Freedom of Soul, which triumphs in the Countenance, and sparkles in the Eyes, of a Lady of Sense and
Good-

Good-nature, it needs not those empty Embellishments which the vain Part of our Sex are so fond of.

To proceed : I was soon dressed, and really I so perfectly eclipsed poor Miss *Toinette*, that I was ashamed of it. Mrs. *La Tour* told me I looked charmingly ; but Miss *Toinette* could not forbear finding Fault with my Cloaths, whilst I, out of Complaisance to her, approved of whatever she said : For if I had shewn my secret Satisfaction, she would have been more humbled still ; and I thought I ought to conceal a Pleasure that, if discovered, would give another Pain.

I was in Haste to go to Church, rather out of Vanity than Devotion. My Companion, Miss *Toinette*, who on Holidays was waited upon by her Sweetheart, went out before me, possibly for Fear the Gaiety of Dress should attract the Attention of her Admirer ; for with some People a new Suit has as many Charms as a pretty Face.

I went out alone, confused, and at a Loss how to behave, foolishly imagining that my Appearance required a particular Air of Distinction with which I was intirely unacquainted. I held up my Head, with the awkward Stiffness of a Country Girl, who endeavours to display all the smiling Graces which had lain concealed in a rustic Retreat.

AT the Entrance of the Church I found a Crowd of People, and I passed by them, without much Difficulty, to the upper Part of the Choir, attracted by the splendid Appearance of a great Number of Persons of Distinction, who were sitting with an Air of Indolence more than Religion. The Ladies were extremely well dressed. Some, whose Complexions were very ordinary, attempted to put on such an agreeable Air as might make the Hardness of their Features imperceptible; whilst others, too full of themselves to suspect they wanted those Charms which captivate all Hearts, displayed their Folly by a thousand Airs of Coquetry, in which their whole Souls seemed to be employed.

THERE were also several gay Gentlemen of the Sword and Gown, whose Behaviour shewed they were full of themselves, and well versed in all the Arts of the foppish Part of the World. One while they lolled upon their Elbows, then stood upright to shew their Snuff-boxes, bowed to the right and left, sighed, and put themselves into a thousand different Postures, to shew their good Mien, or display themselves to the best Advantage.

THE Place I had taken was in the Middle of this gay Part of the Audience; and I was scarce seated, before I observed the Eyes of all the Gentlemen fixed upon me. But this was not

not all; the Ladies soon found themselves deserted, and following the Eyes of the Gentlemen fixed upon me for their Rival, who had taken from them the Regard of all their Admirers. I was convinced that these were their Thoughts by a Glance they cast at me, which I perfectly understood, though they tried to do it with an Air of Simplicity and Negligence: But that Negligence evidently shewed it was designed; for, in Spite of themselves, it had a Touch of Disdain and Uneasiness. Here my Pride took the Alarm, and I felt an inward Triumph at the visible Confusion which the Ladies discovered. Oh! Vanity, thou Darling Foible of the Sex! When we indulge this strong Propensity to captivate every Beholder, what Follies are we not liable to? I had forgot my Devotions, which doubtless would have engaged my Soul, had I been dressed more suitable to my Circumstances; and was acting a Part very unbecoming the poor, the wretched *Indiana*, who had nothing to expect but either to exchange the gay Trifles she wore for Want and Misery, or to preserve them by forfeiting her Peace and Innocence.

AMONG the Gentlemen, I observed one who drew from me a more than common Regard, and to whom my Eyes seemed voluntarily to move: His Air was graceful and engaging, and something in his Mien so charming, that

it was impossible to look upon him with Indifference. I took a Pleasure in looking at him, and he, in his Turn, gazed upon me in a Manner very different from the rest; a modest and tender Respect appeared in his Looks, while, by our mutual Glances, a Kind of serious silent Intercourse passed between us.

THE Sermon being ended, I left the Church with Unwillingness, and I found a Vacancy in my Breast; my Heart seemed to want something, but knew not what; and I was incessantly turning my Head to see once more the amiable Gentleman I had left behind, yet could hardly believe it was he that induced me to it.

HE was talking to some Person who stopped him, and my Eyes continually met his. At last the Crowd hid him from my Sight, and I, with a dejected Mind, took the Way Home to Mrs. *La Tour's*, without taking the least Care how I went along; and I was so lost in Thought, that I did not hear the Noise of a Coach coming behind me, 'till alarmed by the Coachman's speaking aloud, *Have a Care! take Care there!* which made me start from my Revery; and the Danger I saw myself in frightened me so much that, in endeavouring to escape it by Running, I fell down, and with the Fall hurt my Foot in such a Manner that I was unable to rise. The People about lifted
me

me up, but it was impossible for me to stand. Judge, Reader, of my Astonishment, when amongst those who expressed the greatest Eagerness to assist me, I saw the young Gentleman whom I had left in the Church. The Coach I found was his; he lived just by, and would by all Means have me carried to his House.

I soon perceived that his Concern was alleviated by the Satisfaction of meeting me again, and that his Grief was mixed with the Joy of having it in his Power to serve me. *Take Care of the young Lady*, cried he to those that held me up; *carry her gently,---take Time,---there,---softly*. He forbore speaking to me on Account of my Condition, which would not permit him to express his Tendernefs in any other Manner than in his Care for my Safety.

For my Part, I likewise spoke to the other People, but not at all to him: I durst not even look upon him, which made him the more impatiently long for it. Sometimes, indeed, I could not avoid giving him a transient Glance, in Spite of all my Resolutions to the contrary. This made me blush, and put my Heart into such a Situation, that I was at a Loss how to act, and which I don't know how to describe. I felt a Mixture of Trouble, Pleasure, and Fear. I say Fear: For a Girl, who is unacquainted with the World, don't know how

far such an Adventure may carry her; she is involved in a thousand Difficulties, which overwhelm her; and, possessed by them, she is no more herself: Mean while, the Novelty of the Situation affrights her extremely. It is true, she finds a Pleasure in it, but it is a Pleasure that is dangerous and deceitful; nay, even her Modesty is alarmed, her Delicacy is shocked and frightened at the Apprehensions of an impending Danger. This was the State of Mind in which I found myself at this Juncture, and I believe it is the same with all young Girls in the like Circumstances.

I was at last carried to Mr. *Valentia's* House, for that was the young Gentleman's Name; who, eager to serve me, ordered a Surgeon to be sent for, who came in a few Minutes.

I pass over the Apologies I made during this short Interval, and spoke to the Gentleman with an Air of a Person sensible of an Obligation, who had nothing to do but to make Excuses for a Trouble which could not be avoided; and he answered in a Manner which prepared me for a more serious Conversation: Even our mutual Glances were a Kind of Prelude to it; he did not cast one at me which did not plainly say, *Madam, I love you!* nor did I know what to do with mine, because they would have told him the same.

WE were both in this silent Intercourse when the Surgeon entered, and who, on the Account Mr. *Valentia* gave him of my Misfortune, told us that my Foot must be examined.

I blushed at this Proposal, out of a Sentiment of Modesty : However, I composed myself with the Thought of having a very pretty Foot ; and that, if Mr. *Valentia* did see it, it was owing to my Misfortune.

I made some Difficulty of shewing it, and was willing to pull off only my Shoe : But this was not enough ; I must by all Means, said the Surgeon, see the Bottom of the Evil, I can do nothing without that. Upon this the Housekeeper was called, who was ordered to pull off my Stocking, while Mr. *Valentia* and the Surgeon retired out of Decency.

WHEN my Foot was ready, the Surgeon examined and felt it, to find out the Hurt. Whereabouts do you feel the Pain, said the Surgeon to me, touching it with his Finger, is it there ? Yes, Sir, said I, just there. I think, says *Valentia*, it looks a little inflamed here, touching it with his Finger. Come, come, added the Surgeon, the Damage will soon be repaired, it is only sitting still To-day ; a Linen Rag dipped in Brandy, and a little Repose, will cure it. After my Foot was bathed with Brandy, the Compress put
upon

upon it, and my Stocking pulled on, the Surgeon took his Leave, and left me with *Valentia*.

As you have conferred so many Obligations upon me, said I, may I be so bold as to beg you would add one more, Sir, and order a Chair or a Coach to be called, to carry me Home? No Miss, answered he, I can't conduct you Home for some Hours yet: Your Fall is but just over; and, besides, you are ordered to repose yourself a little, and I must on that Account insist on your staying to Dinner. All that is necessary is to let your Friends know where you are, that they may not be uneasy.

THIS indeed was necessary, for my Absence would doubtless have very much alarmed Mrs. *La Tour*; and, besides, what would *Valentia* have thought of me, if I had seemed to be my own Mistress, and had no Body to give an Account of my Actions.

PRAY don't make yourself uneasy, Miss, said *Valentia*, with a tender and pressing Air; and taking hold of my Hand, let me beg of you, dear Miss, to say but where you live, and a Servant shall go immediately and let your Friends know where you are. Why, my dear Charmer, do you hesitate? You will have nothing to reproach yourself with for staying here. No Body can blame you for it, since your Accident compels you to it. No, Sir, replied I, I intreat you would permit me

to

to retire. None can be more sensible of your Civility than I am ; but I can't abuse it. I don't live far from hence ; and, since I find myself much better, I beg it as a Favour that you will permit me to go. But, Miss, said *Valentia*, what can be the Motive of your Reluctance for staying in so natural, so innocent a Conjuncture as this ? As for Reluctance, I assure you, Sir, I have none, said I ; but it will be fitter for me to be at Home, since a Coach may be had. What so soon ! cried he, with a look full of the most tender Softness. It must be so, replied I, casting down my Eyes with a melancholy Air, which he seemed to understand ; for he took my Hand again, with an Air of such undissembled Tenderness, and with such a quick and rapid Transport, that if he had said a thousand Times, *I love you*, he could not have expressed it more intelligibly. It was impossible I should be mistaken. I saw a Lover before me, who shewed himself without Disguise ; so that, with all my Artifice, I could not seem to evade the Evidence of his Passion. He, full of Suspence, waited to see how I received this silent Declaration, and his Looks shewed that he had not much Reason to be dissatisfied. I remained silent and confused, which was a Proof that I was charmed too : For when a Man is indifferent or disagreeable to us, we acquit ourselves more gracefully,

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gracefully, and are never put into this Disorder ; we know in every Respect how to behave ; but it is only Love that softens our Souls, and throws us into this Confusion.

Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind ;
The softest Refuge Innocence can find ;
The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth !
The cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down :
On which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise.
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and blest'd his Pow'r in Love.

I was intreating *Valentia* to let me go with a grave and confused Look : Indeed, Sir, you surprize me, said I ; you see yourself it is not without the greatest Reason I resolve to retire, and that it is absolutely necessary I should do so. You shall, Miss, you shall go immediately, answered he, I am going to give orders that you may, since it is painful for you to continue here ; and I am afraid I am become quite disagreeable to you by a sudden Emotion which I could not help, for I own I love you, and could spend all the Time we should be together, nay, my whole Life, in making you sensible of it. What he had just said required an Answer ; but Joy naturally renders us silent, and this Sensation possessed my whole Soul.

Soul. I thought my present Situation of Mind not proper to be discovered ; and being so little acquainted with the Art of Dissembling, continued speechless with my Eyes cast down. Why don't you answer ? said *Valentia*. Won't you favour me with one Word, Miss ? Sure you do not intend to leave me in this Dilemma ? Has the trifling Liberty I have just taken made me so odious to you, that all the Actions of my future Life are incapable of making Reparation ?

IN the Midst of this tender Pleading, he again took me by the Hand, and with all the Warmth of the most passionate Lover kissed it every Moment, always begging Pardon for his Presumption.

WILL you then give me no Answer, said *Valentia* ? Must I have the cruel Mortification to think you hate me ? To which I answered with a Sigh, No, Sir, I don't hate you ; I have no Reason to hate you ; for you have never given me the least Provocation. Why don't you answer me then ? returned he warmly. I have told you already I love you ; I intreat you tell me frankly whether this Declaration is agreeable to you or not. Though I dread to ask, though the Happiness of my Life depends upon your Answer, I intreat you put me out of this cruel, this insupportable Suspence. What would you have me say, Sir,

Sir, said I? I am young, and scarcely know what Love is; and every Person disguises his Heart under that tender Name. While the Virtuous do Honour to this soft Passion, the Vicious make it a Cloak for every Villainy; the blackest Crimes, and the most complicated Guilt, ruined Innocence and bleeding Honour, and all the blackest Scenes that even Hatred and Malice could invent, are hid under this sacred Name, LOVE. But pardon me, Sir, I believe you are incapable of Deceit; at least my Heart persuades me to think so. This, however, I must acknowledge, that I am extremely obliged to you; and though it is probable it will never be in my Power to return the Obligation, I shall never forget the Service you have done me in so great an Emergency as this was to me. You will never forget it, cried he briskly; but how must I know, Miss, you will remember me, if this is the last Time I shall see you. I beg you will not let me lose you for ever. If it be true, you have no Aversion to me, don't make me miserable, by tearing from me the better Half of my Soul. If we part now, perhaps I may never see you more. It was a mere Chance that brought you to me To-day: But how shall I be again blessed, if you will not let me know where you live? I own it will be in vain, Sir, said I, with a Freedom and Look that seemed to pity

us both. Well, Miss, continued he, putting my Hand to his Mouth, (for that was now become a Trifle) let me know who are your Parents or Guardians; tell me what I must do to make myself agreeable to them: I earnestly beg you will not deny me this Consolation before you go.

HE scarce had finished speaking, when a Footman came in. Order the Horses to be put to the Coach, said he, to carry this Lady Home. Madam, said he, as soon as the Servant was gone, I intend to wait upon you Home myself, attended with my Housekeeper. I fancy this Precaution is more than necessary on my Part, after what has happened; this I am bound to out of Civility. It is a sudden Thought I have happily fixed upon, which I hope will be agreeable to you. O Sir, cried I, what do you propose to me? to be conducted Home by you! No, Sir, I can't be guilty of such Imprudence. You don't think what People would make of this inconsiderate Action. The World is very censorious; it takes a Pride in tarnishing our brightest Virtues by foul Imputations: How careful should we be then of giving the least Room for this ill-natured, unfriendly Vice to triumph and display its barbarous Eloquence! Though I have too good an Opinion of you, Sir, to be at all afraid of trusting myself with you, yet,
on

on this Account, I must beg to be excused. I had rather, Sir, attempt to go Home on Foot, and limp thither as well as I can, than accept your Offer.

THIS Discourse would not admit of a Reply, though it seemed to touch him very sensibly. You shall go, Miss, said he, in his Turn, rising up hastily, with a Countenance that expressed the sharpest Grief and Despair. You must be obeyed. You are resolved never to see me more; never to let me know where you may be found. What vain Pretences, what unaccountable Fears do you make use of? No, my dear Insensible, there is not the least Appearance that this can be the Motive of your Refusal: You can't have such a groundless Scruple. You are hurt by a Fall at my Door: I am there myself, and, with a Crowd of Spectators, am a Witness of your Misfortune. I order you to be brought into my House, in order to send you Home. Nothing could happen more simple and natural, nothing more innocent, than that, finding you in these Circumstances, I should carry you Home to your Friends, and take this Occasion of making myself known to them. But you are against it. Doubtless you have Reasons for it; I am either disagreeable to you, or else you are pre-engaged.

UPON

UPON this, without giving me Time to reply, vexed at the silent Melancholy which I still preserved, he stepped hastily to the Parlour Door, and called very loud to one of his Servants, who came in soon after. *Jonathan*, cried he, call a Chair, and if one can't be got, a Coach; the Lady won't accept of mine. Then returning to me, Be satisfied, Miss, you shall have your Wishes; you have nothing more to fear from me, for both you and your Parents shall be eternally unknown to me, unless you tell me your Name, and this I have not the least Reason to expect.

To what an Extremity was I reduced! rudely to leave *Valentia*, without Regard either to Gratitude or good Breeding; to banish myself from him, as from one with whom I intended to break off all future Acquaintance! whom I should for ever regret the Loss of, and him too who had taught me to feel I had a Heart (for we only know we have one when we begin to love).

BEAUTY in Distress finds an easy Passage to the Soul; the innocent Sufferer naturally raises Compassion in every generous Mind: But where Love has taken Possession, it adds an additional Charm to every Grace, melts every Passion into Tenderneſs, and every Thought into Love.

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THE generous *Valentia*, quite disconsolate at the Thought of my leaving him without any Hope of seeing me again, was ready to give Vent to his Despair; but my Tears soon gave a Turn to his Passion, and my Grief in a Moment made him forget his own. Bless me! Madam, what means these Tears? cried he, throwing himself at my Feet with an Air of Surprize. Why, my dear Charmer, do you weep? Sure, I have not been so unfortunate as to offend? If I have, it is without any Design. Pray speak, and deliver me from this Perplexity. What! silent still! answered he, kissing my Hand. Tell me, oh! tell me what disturbs you. Can you hesitate a Moment whether you shall open your Heart to him, who has given you his own; to him, who swears to be for ever yours; to him, who loves you more than Life; in a Word, who loves you as you deserve to be loved? Sure, my Dear, I have a Right to a little of your Confidence; for it is impossible I can see your Tears without impatiently longing to remove your Uneasiness; And would it be just to give me so great a Concern, without putting it in my Power to ease myself of Part of my Anxieties by removing yours?

If you would know me, cried I ingenuously, Sir, you must send to Mrs. *La Tour*. To Mrs. *La Tour*, said he, the Linendraper? I suppose,

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suppose, Miss, she is to inform your Parents, who I suppose deal with her for Linen, where you are. Pray whom must the Man say he comes from. At this Question I was again confounded for an Answer. *Valentia's* Want of Penetration gave me the greatest Confusion; for I had sillily imagined that the bare naming Mrs. *La Tour* would have informed him that I lived there, and here would have been an End of every mortifying Question. I made no Answer; but my Silence had such a remarkable Air of Confusion in it, that at last *Valentia* found out what I had not the Courage to tell him.

WHAT, Miss, said he, do you lodge at Mrs. *La Tour's*? Yes, Sir, said I, in a Tone of Humility; I was not born to this State, but the greatest Misfortunes have reduced me to it. Pray, my Dear, returned he, dry up those Tears, presenting me his Hand, with an Air that had something in it so honest and respectful, that it was a Kind of Reparation for the Uneasiness I had just endured.

My Misfortunes, upon which we were entering, would have been the Subject of a long Conversation, if we had not been interrupted by a Noise at the Parlour Door, where a Lady appeared leaning upon Mr. *Climal*, (Uncle to *Valentia*) who immediately fixed his Eyes upon the poor *Indiana*, half reclined upon a Couch,
her

her Eyes wet with Tears, and in Conversation with a young Man, whose humble Posture declared the Subject was Love, and that he was saying to me, *Madam, I adore you*; for he was kneeling at my Feet. But what was still more unlucky was, that at this Moment his Head reclined upon one of my Hands, which it might be thought he was kissing. *Valentia* in rising up, with a low but surprized Voice, cried, O Lord! here is my Uncle.

I could not help blushing at the Sight of *Mr. Climal*, but his Relation to *Valentia* increased my Confusion. The Looks which I cast at him shewed a Consciousness of having listened with Pleasure to the Discourse of *Valentia*; for I had the Air of an Accomplice visibly in my Countenance. We were, in Fact, three confused Figures. The Lady who entered with *Mr. Climal* did not seem to take Notice of our Disorder; for my Youth and Beauty, and the Posture of *Valentia*, took up her whole Attention. She opened the Conversation with an agreeable Air of Gaiety: I can't blame you, Sir, said she to *Valentia*, you are in good Company, but I believe it is a little dangerous; I don't think your Heart is safe. He answered with a Smile, for Want of having something to say. *Mr. Climal* smiled too, and his pretended Piety forbade his discovering the least Degree of Jealousy or Love;

but

but they appeared in Spite of all his Endeavours to hide them ; and seemed entirely undetermined what Part he ought to take in the Adventure, whether he should know me or not.

ON the other Hand, I, being equally at a Loss how to behave to him, observed his Conduct towards me, that I might conform myself to it ; but, as his simpering Air could give me no Light to his Intentions, my Manner of saluting him was not more decisive, and left him in as great Uncertainty as his Countenance had done me.

VALENTIA observed this unintelligible Behaviour ; for he afterwards told me he was struck with it. He had for some Time suspected his Uncle was not that religious Person that he was willing to appear. He had learnt from his Conduct to question his Religion, and to suspect his Appearance of Piety to be all a Farce, and put on only to hide the Immorality of his secret Vices.

I forgot to tell the Reader that I seemed as if going to rise, in order to pay my Respects to them more decently. No, Miss, said *Valentia*, pray keep your Seat ; this Lady, I am sure, won't allow it, when she knows what a Misfortune you had in hurting your Foot : And as for that Gentleman, turning to his Uncle, I believe he will dispense with it, because you seem to know each other.

I think I have not that Honour, said Mr. *Climal*, with a Colour which seemed to revenge his Breach of Truth, in Spite of his Assurance. Pray, Miss, have you seen me any where? continued he, with a Look which begged me to be secret. I don't know, returned I; but I think your Face is not quite unknown to me: I believe I have seen you, Sir, somewhere. Very likely, replied he: But what is the Matter? Has the Lady had a Fall?

To this Question *Valentia* made no Answer. His Inquietude so took up his Thoughts, that he did not seem to hear him. Yes, Sir, said I, I had a Fall just by as I was coming from Church, and was brought in here because I was unable to walk Home.

BUT, said the Lady, you ought to have some Help, if you got a Strain; it may be of ill Consequence. Are you alone, Miss? Have you no Body with you? Neither your Footman, nor your Woman? No, Madam, said I, ashamed of the Honour she did me, for which I reproached my Dress as the Cause: I don't live far from hence. Well, added she, we will conduct you Home after Dinner.

WHAT! said I to myself, sure the whole World is in League to mortify my Pride: Must every Body be for carrying me Home, for no other Reason but because I have no Home but what I am ashamed of.

MR.

MR. *Glimal* and I were at a Loss how to escape the Danger into which this Lady's Civility had cast us, in offering to wait upon me Home. He turned pale, and I remained silent, while his Eyes said, draw me out of this perplexed Affair ; mine said, draw us out yourself : And our Silence began to grow remarkable, when a Servant came to tell *Valentia* that the Coach, which he had sent for, was at the Door.

THIS saved us : But the old Gentleman began to be so confident, that he was even bold enough to abuse the Security we were in, and carried his Assurance so far as to say, We don't want the Coach now, you may send it back. No, Sir, answered I, I won't give you so much Trouble, since the Coach waits for me ; and if you, Sir, continued I, turning to *Valentia*, will call some Body to help me in, I shall be at Home immediately. I believe these Gentlemen, said the Lady with an Air of Gaiety, will be proud of that Honour ; there is one, pointing to *Valentia*, who will not regret the Trouble ; is it not true ? said she, looking at him with a Smile. But as we are going too, continued she, I must tell you what brought us hither : Have you any News of Madam *Valentia* ? (this was the young Gentleman's Mother) What, is she leaving the Country ? Shall we see her before the Holidays ?

days? I expect her here, Madam, this Week, said *Valentia*.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Coldness I had observed in *Valentia*, after having answered the Lady's Questions, he came to help me up, and supported me with his Arm; but as he saw Mr. *Climal* coming to us, he prevented him by saying, No, Sir, don't attempt to carry this Lady, you are not strong enough; for I question whether she can set her Foot to the Ground: It will be better to call some Body else. Upon this Mr. *Climal* retired; for a guilty Conscience made him distrust his Assurance. On this *Valentia* rung a Bell, and two of his Servants came immediately. Come hither, said he, and carry this Lady to the Coach.

I had no Need of all this Ceremony; but I was so confused and disconcerted, that I let them lead me as they thought fit; and they judged me worse than I really was.

MR. *Climal* and the Lady followed me, and after them came *Valentia*, whom, as we passed through the Court, I observed, by a side Glance I gave him, whisper to a Servant.

I was soon in the Coach; and the Lady, before she got into hers, insisted upon adjusting me herself, that I might sit easy and not hurt my Foot. I returned my Compliments for her obliging Civility, with an Air of confusion;

sion ; but what I said to *Valentia* was with a worse Grace still, and which he only answered by a low Bow, accompanied with a Look that said many Things, which I perfectly understood.

AT last I parted, with my Thoughts in a strange Kind of Suspence, without either Joy or Grief, Pain or Pleasure. What will all this come to was all I could say in this astonishment, which left me unable to exercise any of the Faculties of my Mind.

IT was in this Situation I arrived at Mrs. *La Tour's*. I found her sitting at her Shop Door, impatiently waiting for my coming Home, because Dinner was almost ready.

So, *Indiana*, cried she, I wonder how you could stay so long ; I did not expect you'd have come Home in a Coach. What, was the Way from Church too far, or too dirty for you ? No, Madam, said I, but it was impossible for me to walk ; for I have had a Fall, and have hurt my Foot : Be so good as to help me into the House.

WHILE I was speaking the Coachman opened the Door : Come, Madam, said he, I'll carry you. I was very fearful that he would hurt me ; but he took me in his Arms, carried me into the Shop, and set me in a Chair.

I was no sooner seated than, casting my Eyes cross the Street, I saw at some Distance one of *Valentia's* Footmen, who seemed to have been running to keep the Coach in Sight; and this, probably, was the Result of his whispering to him as he went out.

THE Sight of this Domestic, placed as a Spy upon me, revived all my Sensibility: I blushed to find him a Witness to the Meanness of my Condition; I knew that, as he had seen me treated by his Master like a Lady of Quality, he must be in the greatest Surprise to find me carried into a Shop, and to discover that I was a Servant there. It is true it was only a Footman, but Pride will not suffer us to sink in the Esteem of even the lowest without Pain.

As soon as I was seated, I took my Money out of my Pocket to pay the Coachman; but Mrs. *La Tour*, like a Woman of Experience, said, Let it alone, I'll pay the Man myself. Where did you take the Coach? Near the Church, said I. Oh, that is but just by, returned she. Here, hold your Hand, honest Man, there is your Fare. That my Fare! No, Mistress, said the Coachman, returning her the Money; I'll not take it. Here take your Money, and be easy; we have known what a Coach-fare was before To-day. Well, and you may know what it is To-morrow,

for

for what I care; what does all that arguify? Give me my Fare, I desire no more, and don't make any Words about it. Can't you mind your own Business? Is it you that I carried? Did I ask you for any Thing? Nay! the the Duce take the Woman and her Money too! She thinks she is hagling for a Bunch of Carrots. I'll assure you, cried she; I think, Fellow, you grow very impertinent.

BAD Examples are catching; and Mrs. *La Tour*, who had hitherto kept pretty well within the Bounds of that Air of Dignity she had just assumed, could hold out no longer. This last Insult of the Coachman made her lose all Patience; and she instantly abandoned the Part of a fine Lady, which could be no longer of Service to her, in order to let the Coachman see she was not many Degrees above him. She gave a Loose to her Temper, and fell into her usual Way of Squabbling, repeating all the common-place Raillery of a Shop-Gossip.

A great Mob was gathered about the Door, and both their Voices were so very loud and abusive that, to end the Dispute, I took some Money out of my Pocket, and paid the Coachman his Demand, who went away satisfied.

HERE has been a fine Uproar indeed, said Mrs. *La Tour* to me; 'tis mighty pretty! The Villain was very lucky not to find *Toinette* here: I'll assure you she would not have

let you made Ducks and Drakes of your Money as you have done. Truly she is a better Manager than you ; but then, poor Girl, she has nothing ; but you, thank God, are rich, and have the best of Treasures, provided it does but last.

OH ! Madam, said I, with some Impatience, I know I am poor, but don't rally me upon it, I beseech you. 'Tis ungenerous to insult the Miserable, and betrays a Meanness of Spirit, that every good Person ought to be ashamed of. I am sensible of the Supplies I have had, and of my own Indigence ; but I had rather renounce them all ; and throw myself, friendless as I am, upon Providence for my Support, than to stay with you, exposed to such unkind Expressions. Pray what makes the Girl think I rally her now, said she ? Is it because I said People made her Presents. Well, what if they do, where is the Harm of that ? They make you Presents, and you take them ; you would be a Fool if you did not. Why, are Gifts to be refused ? No, to be sure ! But well meant, well taken. And when any Body has a Mind to give me any Thing, I shall take it ; but I am afraid I shall not have such good Luck : I am sure, however, I meant no Harm ; but you are very touchy. Come, come, let's go to Dinner ; it will soon be Time to go to Church. While we were at
Dinner,

Dinner, she said, What is the Matter, *Indiana*? What makes you so silent and dull? Does any Thing make you uneasy? Yes, Madam, said I, you have mortified me to the last Degree. What! do you think of that still; returned she? Lack-a-day, how childish you are! What is that I have said to you? I don't remember any Thing of it: Do you think, when Folks are in a Passion, they mind every Word they say? Bless my Heart! when People live together, must they be so touchy, and be affronted at every Turn? 'Tis true, I said a Word about Mr. *Climax*, but should you be uneasy because he takes Care of you, and buys you what you want? I'll lay a Wager, that because you have neither Father nor Mother, you thought I hinted at that: You are really very jealous, and, as *Toinette* says, are always watching People's Words; and so because you don't know who were your Parents, you persuade yourself that we have nothing else to think on. And so, as we were talking Yesterday, by Chance, with a Neighbour about a Child that had been dropped and found in an Alley, you was in the Parlour and overheard us; and so, I suppose, thought we had been talking of you all the while? I saw it plainly by your Looks: And now you begin again To-day; but I wish I may never eat another Morsel as long as I live, if I thought of either

Father or Mother any more than if there were never such Persons in the versal World. Besides, is not a Foundling like other Children? We don't chuse our Station in this Life before we are born; but since God is the Father of the Fatherless, Charity is not quite dead. Now is it not a good Providence that has given you Mr. *Climal*? It is true, his Designs are not over good; but no Matter, God has the Care of every Thing: But if the Man's good for nothing, his Money is good; ay, that it is, and better than a good Christian's, who would not give half so much. Come, come, Child, I would only make you a good Manager, not that I would have you stingy.

WHILE she was in this Part of her Lesson, some Body knocked at the Door. Who is there, cried she? I believe, said I, it is Mr. *Climal*. On which she started up, went and opened the Door, and it proved as I had said.

UPON his Entrance into the Room he said, How does your Foot do, Miss? Pretty well, Sir, said I, I feel hardly any Pain; it is weak indeed, but I hope To-morrow it will be perfectly well. Have you done Dinner, said he? Oh, Sir, yes, replied Mrs. *La Tour*. Have you any Thing to say to *Indiana*, Sir? Yes, said he, I want to speak to her in private. Be so kind then to walk into the Parlour, Sir; and as *Indiana* and you will be engaged, I'll
 slip

slip on my Hood and go to Church ; Sir, you will excuse my going. If any Body, *Indiana*, asks for me, tell them I shall not be long : Do you hear, Child. Sir, your humble Servant.

WHAT an everlasting Talker is Mrs. *La Tour*, said he. Yes, answered I, she loves too well to hear herself speak ; and besides, she, perhaps, can't imagine, that you could have any Thing to say to me, that you would scruple to say before her. What think you of our Meeting at my Nephew's ? resumed he sighing. Nothing, said I, but that it was an Accident. You acted very prudently, to pretend not to know me, said he. It was because you seemed to wish I should do so, answered I. But, Sir, why are you glad I did not call you by your Name ? and what was the Reason why you pretended you had never seen me before ? I always thought a Person of your Character was never afraid of having his Actions examined, and that, conscious of his own Merit, he scorned to do any Thing in private, which he was ashamed to do in the Face of all the World.

WHY, said he, with an insinuating Air, it is much more proper, both upon your Account and mine, that they should be ignorant of the Engagements which are between us, which will not be soon over ; and we should

be very much to blame to give them an Opportunity of criticising upon it ; for, my dear Child, thou art so very charming, that they could not help thinking I loved thee. Pish ! Sir, they could never think of any such Thing, returned I, they know you are a Man of unblemished Honesty. Yes, yes, said he, they know it, and have Reason to think so ; but, *Indiana*, one is not less honest for loving a pretty Girl. When I said honest, returned I, I meant a good, pious, and religious Man ; one who is above being a Slave to Vice, and has learnt to set Bounds to his Passions : In a Word, one who delights in doing Good ; who does Honour to himself, and obeys his God. This, Sir, I have been told is the Picture of every good Man, at least, it is a Height of Virtue that he ardently aspires after ; but how is this consistent with a vicious —.

HOLD, my Dear, interrupted he, you don't take me for a Saint I hope ? I would not have you view me in that Light : You do me too much Honour ; indeed I don't deserve it ; however, it would be very difficult for a Saint to continue so with you. I have no Wife to whom I owe my Affection : I have not been able to resist the powerful Force of so many Charms ; but we will talk of this by and by. Let us return to your Accident. You fell down, and was carried to my Nephew's, who
is

is a giddy young Fellow, and, no doubt, was entertaining you with all the fine Things he could say, when the Lady and I entered; but there is nothing surprising in that; he found you charming, and beautiful as an Angel; in short, what every body else must think of you. As I am certainly the best Friend you have in the World, tell me, my dearest, did not you delight to hear him? methought, you seemed to listen with an Air of Satisfaction.

SIR, answered I, vexed and confused, I heard him, because I was with him: I could not possibly do otherwise; but he said nothing to me but what was consistent with the most perfect Virtue.

PERFECT Virtue! cried he, repeating my Words. Take Care, *Indiana*, this may proceed from some Prejudice in his Favour. Alas! how much I should pity you, if in your present Situation, you should be tempted to listen to his delusive Arts, and be cajoled into your Ruin! How irreparable would be the Loss! and what would become of you, do you think? But, tell me, did he ask you where you lived?

YES, Sir, I believe he did, answered I blushing. And you, not knowing the Consequence, have, without doubt, told him, added he: To what Purpose would it have been to have conceale^d from him, returned I,

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I, since I could not get into a Coach, without giving Orders where to drive me.

I shudder, said he, at the Thoughts of this unhappy Event, which may be attended with the most fatal Consequences, if your Prudence don't prevent them: Alas! what a Pity it is, that thus possessed of all the various Charms and Graces that adorn your whole Sex, you should become the Prey of a young Fellow, who does not love you; for do these thoughtless Fools know what it is to love? Have they any solid Sentiments? Have they Honour, or a Character to support? No, no, his highest Ambition is to gratify his vicious Desires, and then to abandon you to Despair and Misery. This is what you are to expect from him. He will at first amuse you by a passionate Behaviour, and a few trifling Presents: He will make the most tender Protestations, which you will too easily believe; he will delude you by an Appearance of the most ardent Affection; he will be incessantly praising your Face, and by pretending to adore you, insinuate himself into your Affections; in short, he will propose some little Assignations, which you will at first refuse him, but at last consent to, and then you will find, that as soon as you have resigned up to him the Possession of your Heart, Inconstancy and Disgust will succeed, and he will boast of having made a Conquest of your
Virtue,

Virtue, and despise the Sacrifice. This is the natural Behaviour of a young Man; and thus you will infallibly find it, if you listen to my nephew's pretended passion. You know, *Indiana*, you are an Orphan, unknown to all the World, related to no Person upon Earth; you know none that will share in your Affliction and sigh with you in your Misery: Without Parents, without Fortune, without Friend, me only excepted, whom you have only known by Chance; I am the only Person that interests himself in your Affairs, and am indeed tenderly attached to you, as you see by my Manner of speaking to you, and will have infinitely more Reason to think so by my future Actions; for I am rich, and am able, on that Account, to support you in a Manner proportionable to my Affection, provided you know your Interest, and I have Reason to approve your Conduct; for you are not in a Situation to be scrupulously nice in this Particular. Hold! interrupted I, I am at a Loss to comprehend what you mean. In what must not I be scrupulously nice? Is it not Morality all that is good, all that is amiable, truly noble and great in Man; all that makes the Deity lovely, adorable, and worthy our highest Regard: I am sure I always thought Morality the brightest Attribute of the Divinity. Pish, don't preach, resumed he, pray observe,

I

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I speak to you as a Man that knows the World, who knows you must live, and that Necessity is a terrible thing ; though I may appear to you as an Enemy to what you call Love, I confess I am not so to all Kinds of Engagements. I don't say you must fly from them entirely ; they may be useful and reasonable, as well as ruinous and fatal, as that must be which you carry on with my Nephew, since it can have no other End but to deprive you of the Benefit of all the Advantages you are possessed of, which is the being amiable. You would perhaps find some Satisfaction in loving a giddy young Rake with Tenderness, but it would be a Pleasure big with Unhappiness, since the foolish Debauchee will not love you in Return, and from the first Day leave you in a State of Indigence and Misery, from which you will find it extremely difficult to extricate yourself. Misery indeed ! I cannot soften the Expression, since it is my Business to open your Eyes and not to dry up your Tears. This Subject, my dear *Indiana*, has employed my thoughts ever since I left you, and has made me so soon leave the Company where I dined.

YES, Sir, answered I, with my Breast filled with Confusion at the dreadful Picture he had drawn of my Condition, as well as Detestation of that selfish Motive, which had induced him

him to use me thus, I shall always think it my Duty to follow the Advice of so pious a Man as you.

LET my Piety alone, replied he, approaching with a free Air, to take hold of my Hand; I throw Religion aside. I am not preaching to you, my Dear; I would only appear to you as a Man of Sense, who knows you have nothing, and must be provided with all the Necessaries of Life, unless you are determined to go to Service; and this you seem to have an Aversion to, and which indeed is not at all fit for you. No, answered I, I hope I shall never be obliged to come that Extremity.

THIS would be a sad Resource, cried he, I can't even think of it without feeling a sensible Uneasiness, for I love you, my Dear, most tenderly.

I am persuaded you do, Sir, and I depend upon your Friendship, which you profess, returned I, in order to deter him from explaining himself more clearly; but it was to no Purpose: Ah, *Indiana*, said he, I profess nothing but Weakness, and perhaps even more weak than any other Person. You know very well what I mean by Friendship, but you are a little malicious Creature, and are willing to divert yourself by pretending not to understand me. You know I love you, and have for some Time been sensible of it. It is not
Friendship

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Friendship that you have inspired; at first I thought it was only that, but I was deceived; it was the most tender Love. Do you understand me now? My Love will never change, and you shall have no longer room to complain of your adverse Fortue; for there is no Friend comparable to such a Lover as I am.

You my Lover! cried I aloud, with my Eyes cast down; you, Sir! I could not have thought it:

No, nor I neither, replied he, I was surpris'd, my Dear, to find I lost my Heart. I was born with a Heart sensible of the Misfortunes of others; and in rendering you my Assistance, I only thought of being generous, of indulging my Compassion. I looked on your Distress with a Heart of a Friend, 'till your Charms melted the Mind that your Misfortunes had rendered soft and too susceptible of tender Impressions. I still preserve the strongest and most ardent Desires of doing you all the Good that Friendship could inspire; and while I felt the growing Passion swell my Heart, I called it by a Name less soft, and less liable to alarm me. Thus I have deceived myself, and have been punished as my Presumption deserved, and, therefore, don't pretend to excuse myself. I own, I am very much to blame: I ought to have secured myself against this Weakness; and I should have been

been less guilty had I feared you; had I fled from you, and deserted you in this miserable Distress; if I had been so prudent, what would have become of you, *Indiana*? to what frightful Extremities wouldst thou have been reduced? See how my Weakness, or my Love, call it as you please, came seasonably to your Relief. Don't you think there is a Providence in it, which has permitted me to love, and you to be extricated from your embarrassed and dreadful Circumstances at my Expence? For if I had taken Care of myself you would have had no Provision, no Retreat to fly to; and this Reflection consoles me, because it justifies to myself the Impetuosity of my Passion, and makes it necessary, though at the same Time it humbles me. I have only mentioned the Distraction you would be in by my Nephew, or any other's abandoning you, without saying any Thing of the Reproach which will follow. There are few Men, especially young ones, who mind such a Girl as you; when they come to leave her, they boast in the Success of their Amours, and with an impudent Mockery point out the poor deserted Woman to their Companions, who is almost sunk down with Misery, and cry with an insolent Look, *There she goes*. Oh! my dear Charmer, judge what an Adventure this would be to you, who are the most lovely Person of your Sex,
and

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and would, therefore, be the most dishonoured and disgraced by it; but you would run no Hazard with me; you know my Character, and are sensible that your Reputation would be secure under my Protection. I shall not be desirous that other People should know that I love you; nor that you return my Affection; it is in private that I shall relieve you, and without Noise secure to you a Fortune that may for ever free you from the Necessity of depending upon others, who have not such generous Sentiments. Persons, whether of better or inferior Circumstances, are generally covetous: They are amorous without Tenderness, and would only allow you a small Supply, so that the same Necessity would always oblige you to suffer their pretended Love.

I could not hear this Discourse without being seized with the most piercing Grief; I found myself worthy of the greatest Compassion, in being obliged to hear his shocking Insolence, and bursting into a Flood of Tears, I cried out, *Good God, to what Extremity am I reduced.*

HE was sensible that this Exclamation proceeded from the Fear with which he had filled my Mind. Softly, said he, with a whining Tone, and taking hold of my Hand; hush, my dear lovely Girl, take Courage; since you
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have been so happy as to please me, you are out of all the Danger I have mentioned: It is true, without me you could not avoid it; for I must not flatter you, you are not born to be a Linen-Draper, no, this will never support you; and supposing you had made yourself a Mistress of the Trade, how would you raise Money to set up? you must be for ever a Shop-Maid without having the least Hopes of improving your Circumstances. Amiable as you are, you still want many of the Necessaries and Conveniences of Life; but how will you obtain them, unless these Persons, just mentioned, should help you, and if you receive their Assistance how unhappy will your Situation be?

OH! Sir, said I, with a deep sigh, do not speak to me any more on that Subject; have some Consideration for my Youth: You know that I am but just out of the Hands of a Lady of Virtue, whom I am resolved it shall be my Study to imitate: I have received an Education that make such Discourses quite unintelligible to me; and I am surprised to see a Man of your Appearance capable of using me in this Manner, for no other Reason but because I am under some Obligations to you.

No, my Child, said he, squeezing my Hand, you are not; compose yourself; notwithstanding what I have said, I am not willing to give
you

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you the least Degree of Fear, but to shew you of what Consequence it is that we should get acquainted with one another, and that I should have taken, without your perceiving it, the most tender Inclination, which attaches me to you, and makes our Interest inseparable. It is an Inclination that humbles me, but which I chearfully submit to, because it is the Effect of an Event every Way surprising, and the End of your Misfortunes depends on this Affection. I should have behaved as a generous good Man ought on such Occasions, but that would not have been sufficient ; your Wants required that I should do something more ; they required I should love you, and most passionately too. I find I cannot overcome it, but I am forced to yield, and that it is my Duty to atone for my Weakness, and expiate my Guilt, by removing all the Inconveniences of your present Condition. This is what I have resolved upon, my Dear, and I hope you will not oppose it ; for I flatter myself you do not know how to be ungrateful. I confess there is a good deal of Difference between your Age and mine, but in Fact, I am only old by Comparison, that is, because you are very young ; for with any other Woman I should be thought pretty tolerable. It is Time to fix upon something before Mrs. *La Tour* comes from Church ; I believe you think no more of being a Linen-

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Draper. On the other hand, there is *Valentia*, a rakish young Fellow; you have told him where you live, and he will seek an Opportunity to see you again; we ought then to escape his Pursuit, which we shall not be long able to conceal if you stay with this Woman; so the only Method we can take is, to remove To-morrow to the other End of the Town. I know an honest Solicitor, who has the Management of my Affairs, whose Wife is a Woman of Sense, and has an Apartment to let, which I intend to bespeak for you this Night: You will be agreeably situated, and extremely well used on my Account. You shall go there under the Character of one of my Relations, who has neither Father nor Mother, whom I have brought out of the Country, in order to take Care of; this, joined to a handsome Sum I shall pay for your Board, the Stock of gay Cloaths, and the rich Furniture you will have in two Days; together with a Dancing, Singing, and Music Master, and what others you please; all these will effectually secure their Esteem, and render you Mistress over them. You must make Haste, *Indiana*; and, in order to prepare Mrs. *La Tour* for your Departure, tell her To-night that you find yourself unfit for her Business, and that you will go into a Convent To-morrow Morning: Upon which I will send

send the Solicitor's Wife, who shall take you in a Coach to her House, where you will find me. I hope you will agree to this: And to give you a Demonstration of the perfect Sincerity of my Intentions, you will not be displeased, if, 'till something better can be thought on, I bring you a small Settlement of forty or fifty Livres a Year. Speak, now my dear lovely Girl, won't you be ready To-morrow? Shall they come for you? Yes, yes, you consent, don't you?

At first I could make no Answer, such an open Indignity confounded me, filled me with Amazement, and took from me the Use of Speech, and I remained without Motion, with my Eyes cast down and bathed in Tears.

WHAT makes you so thoughtful, my dear *Indiana*? continued he, Time presses us to make haste: Mrs. *La Tour* will be here presently. Is it agreed? Shall I speak To-night to my Solicitor?

OH! Sir, said I, you are not then known: The Priest who brought me to you was deceived; he told me you was a Man so perfectly honest——

HERE my Tears and Sighs choaked my Words, and prevented my saying any more. Lord, my dear Child! returned he, what false Ideas you conceive of Things! Alas! if he himself was sensible of the Violence of my
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Passion, he would not express any Surprise, nor would he esteem my Character less. He would tell you, that these are involuntary Effects, which may happen to the best of Men: He would tell you, that, all Goodness as he is, he durst not swear to preserve himself free, and that there is no Fault so pardonable as a Sensibility like mine. Don't believe my Heart less true, less worthy of your Confidence, because it is tender. This does not prejudice my Integrity, as I said before, it is a Weakness but not a Crime, to which the best Hearts are the most subject, as your own Experience must have informed you. This Priest, you say, presented you to a virtuous Man: This I have been hitherto; this I am still; and if I was less so, I should not love you perhaps at all. It is your Misfortunes, and my innate Virtue, that have united their Forces, and inspired me with my present Resolutions; for it is to be generous, and to indulge my Pity for you, that I suffer myself to love; to love you who reproach me for it: You, whom others will love, but not like me: You, who would make them a Return, though your Fortune would be a Loser, and you who repulse me, your only Friend, who am going to extricate you from all the distracting Cares, and all that Reproach which threaten your Days; me whose Tenderness (and I may say it with-

out Vanity) is a Present Chance has made you ; and me whom Heaven, which disposes of all Things to subserve its wise Purposes, is making Use of to change your Condition.

HE had no sooner said these Words, but Heaven, whom he presumed to make an Accomplice in his Guilt, seemed to punish him by the sudden Arrival of *Valentia*, who found my old Gallant in the same posture, in which, two or three Hours before, he had been surprized by Mr. *Climal*, with my Hand in his, which he was kissing, and which I endeavoured to snatch from him.

NEVER did confounded and abashed Hypocrite make less Mystery of his Shame, or more plainly discover his Guilt ; none could have behaved with a worse Grace under the Weight of his Iniquity, or confess more frankly his own Baseness.

FOR my Part, having nothing to reproach myself with, I appeared more surprized than confused at this Event, and was going to speak, when *Valentia*, who at first cast a Look full of Disdain at me, and then coolly contemplated his Uncle's Disorder, said, with an Air of Tranquillity and Contempt, *This is mighty pretty, Madam ! Your Servant, Sir ; I beg Pardon for my Intrusion ;* and then left us, giving another Glance at me, more contemptuous

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temptuous than the former, when Mr. *Climal* rose up.

What do you mean, Sir? what is *very pretty*, cried I, rising with Precipitation? stop, Sir, stop; you are mistaken—you wrong me—you don't do me Justice. Run after him, Sir, said I to his Uncle, whose Heart seemed still to be in a violent Motion; run, Sir, would you have me made a Victim to his Scorn? What will he think of me? What will he take me for? Lord, how unhappy I am!

THIS I said with Tears in my Eyes, and so distracted were my Thoughts, that I was going myself to fetch *Valentia* back: But his Uncle stopped me: What are you going to do, cried he? Stay, Miss, don't disturb yourself; I know what Turn to give this Affair: Besides, what need you care what such a Fool thinks of you, since you may, if you please, never see him more.

How! What need I care, replied I in a Rage! not care! don't he know Mrs. *La Tour*; and won't he freely tell her his Thoughts? Have not I had a Conversation with him for above an Hour? And won't he know me again whenever he sees me? May he not meet me every Day? perhaps Tomorrow: Will he not hate me? Will he not despise me? Will he not look upon me

as a lost, abandoned, and unworthy Creature, purely on your Account? I have Reason to be afflicted, and in the utmost Grief that ever I knew you: It was the greatest Misfortune that could happen to me. Let me go, Sir; I am resolved to speak to Mr. *Valentia*, and let him know my Innocence: It is not just that that you should secure your Reputation by the Loss of mine. Why do you counterfeit the pious Man if you are not so? It is hard that I must be made a Tool to support your Hypocrisy.

You little ungrateful Creature, replied he, is it thus you repay my Kindness? What do you mean by your Innocence? Where did you dream that I ever thought of attacking it? On the contrary, you have heard me say, that though I had an Inclination for you, I reproached myself and was sorry for it; that it filled me with Humility; that I looked upon it as a Fault, for which I was self-condemned, and which I was ready to atone for, by turning it entirely to your Advantage, without expecting any Thing from you in return but your grateful Acknowledgements; were not these my very Expressions? and is there any Thing in all this that ought to render me suspected of a Crime, which my very Soul abhors, and thus to blemish the Purity of my honest Intentions?

WELL,

WELL, Sir, said I, since these were your Designs, and you have still so much Virtue, if you are, indeed, the upright Man you profess to be, don't permit me to lose my Reputation through an Accident, which you alone was the Cause of. Lead me to your Nephew directly; undeceive him, and save your Honour as well as mine. You held my Hand fast in your's, and, I believe, was even kissing it, in spite of my Endeavours to draw it it back. You were at my Feet, and can you think he could take this for a Proof of your Piety and Compassion? will he not rather imagine you are my Lover, and I your Mistress? You ought to speak to him, and let him know my Innocence, and prevent Scandal; then, Sir, you will find I shall have the most grateful Heart in the World, that no Body will respect you more; and if, after this, you will not abandon me, expect from me all that a modest and inflexible Virtue may innocently grant: Would you gain my Esteem and Reverence, and my most dutiful and affectionate Regard, delay not a Moment, but carry me immediately to *Valentia*, and say to him you ought not, Nephew, to harbour an ill Opinion of this poor Girl; she is an Orphan, and on that Account I have taken her into my Care, and am resolved to fill up the Loss of her nearest Relations, by being myself a Fa-

ther to her ; and though I was willing to seem not to know her when with you, it was only to disguise so remarkable an Act of Charity ; say but this, and let your Conduct shew you are in earnest, and I will go with you wherever you will. Do this, I say, and I will atone for all I have said by the most humble Submission possible : We have nothing to do but to stay 'till Mrs. *La Tour* returns Home before we go ; but if you will not consent to it, I declare I will go by myself.

GET you gone, you little saucy Husky. — I don't fear you. — Do your worst — You are not able to throw an Odium upon my Character : But, do you hear, I advise you to take Care what you say, or I'll make you know what it is to affront me. I'll say no more : You shall know how much is sometimes lost for having dared to speak too free. Farewell, depend no more upon my Friendship, for I shall withdraw my Charity : There are other Persons in Distress more worthy of Pity, and to whom it is just I should give the Preference. You may keep the Cloaths, Linen, and Money, in Remembrance of me, though indeed you don't deserve them.

No, Sir, said I, I won't keep any of them : You shall have them all again : And first, I begin with your Money, which I have happily about me ; there it is, added I, throwing the

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the Purse on the Table in a contemptuous Manner; now there only remain the Cloaths and Linen, which I shall presently bundle up for you to take with you; and, as I have some of your Cloaths on, which I hate as much as I hate you, I only desire Time to go into my Chamber and undress me, and I shall be with you presently, and pray stay for them, or I will throw them out of the Window; he held me fast and would not let me go; at last he stammered out, *Indiana*, are you mad? Why all this Noise?—Hush! how foolish you make yourself—Come, be quiet—take Care—hush, Mrs. *La Tour* will come presently.

ON this she entered, Heyday! cried she, perceiving us in Disorder, what is the Matter now? I will tell you what is the Matter, said he; it is nothing but a Misunderstanding of her's, that provoked me, for which I shall put a Stop to my Favours. I will pay you for the Time she has been with you, but I shan't be answerable for the Time she shall remain with you hereafter.

WHAT! said Mrs. *La Tour*, with an Air of Inquietude, won't you continue to pay for the poor Wretch's Board: How do you think I must keep her then?

MADAM, pray don't make yourself uneasy about that, said I, I shall not be at your Ex-

pence; and God forbid I should ever more be at his; while I was speaking he stole away, so I remained only with Mrs. *La Tour*, who was quite astonished, and holding up her Hands; you have made a fine Piece of Work of it, *Indiana*, have you not? No more Money; no more Provision; no more Maintenance; now are you satisfied? What a Pity it is for a young Lady in your fine Dress to be turned out of Doors. What a foolish Wench you are.

Oh! let me alone, Madam, said I, you talk without knowing any Thing of the Matter. Not know any Thing of the Matter, said she, that is pretty indeed: Don't I know you have nothing in the World? Is not that knowing enough of the Matter? What does the Girl mean by her knowing? Where will you go now?---It is this makes me uneasy; for I speak purely out of Friendship for you, and nothing else: For were I in Circumstances to keep you, you would have no Occasion to mind the Loss of Mr. *Climal*. Odds bobs, I would say, Come, come, my Girl, thou hast nothing, it is true, but I have more than I want, let him go if he will, never mind him; but, lack-a-day, what signifies Good-nature alone. The Times are hard, Provisions are very dear, Trade is bad, and one has enough to do to make both Ends meet; and

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and it is not without Difficulty that we can do that.

BE easy, answered I with a deep Sigh, I assure you I will go To-morrow, let what will follow. I am not without Money, and will give you what demand for the Expence I shall be to you 'till I leave your House.

BUT, Oh! *Indiana*, returned she in a mild Tone, how happened this said Quarrel? I instructed you how to manage him, but I am afraid you did not follow my Directions.

DON'T mention him any more, said I to her, he is an unworthy Fellow. He would have me leave your House and lodge with one of his Acquaintance, who probably is no better than himself, and whose Wife was to have taken me away To-morrow Morning; so, Madam, if I had consented to every Thing he said, as you advised, I should not have staid longer with you.

HAH! hah! cried she, was that his Intention? He wanted to take you from me to place you with some Scrubs, I suppose. Really that is mighty good! What a fusty old Fellow it is; what a Dotard, with his up-lifted Eyes and gloomy dismal Devotion: One would take him, at first Sight, to be only fit to be put up in a Nitch for some Saint; and yet I find he is as arrant a Sinner as the worst of us: Pray, what were his

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Reasons for desiring you to change your Lodging?

You must know, Madam, said I, that after my Fall, I was carried to Mr. *Valentia's*, and having told him where I lived, he fears he should come to see me here. Oh, there is the Story then at last, replied she, I see the Reason perfectly, and don't at all wonder at his acting thus: It is because he apprehends his Piety will not pass current with his Nephew, who doubtless would, one Time or other, have taken Occasion to ask him what he intends to do with you. But, *Indiana*, continued she, has the young Man been here? Yes, Madam, said I, he is but just gone, without entering into any Particulars; and it was after his Departure, that Mr. *Climal* shewed his Resentment at my Refusal to accompany him To-morrow to the new Lodgings he had provided for me at the other End of the City; and then reproached me as being guilty of the blackest Ingratitude for daring to refuse him, after having received so many Favours from him; for this Reason I am resolved to return all his Presents and never see him more.

You had ill Luck indeed, said she, to fall just by *Valentia's* House. Mercy on me! how came your Foot to slip? you should have taken Care how you walked, *Indiana*: See now
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what it is to be giddy : But how came you to tell him where you lived ? for it was that only that brought him hither. I did not give much Attention to what she said, and answered her only out of Complaisance. In short, Child, said she, I do not know how to direct you ; I see no Remedy, not I. Advise with yourself ; for, after what is past, you must make your Choice, and think of something ; the sooner you come to a Resolution the better. I will have no Bustle in my House, *Toinette* and I both love Peace. It is none of your Fault, indeed, but no Matter for that, People always put a bad Construction upon Things ; every body will pretend to be Judges, though they know nothing of the Matter. They all love to out with their Nonsense, and then comes the Tittle Tattle, Who is he ? and who is she ? and where ? and how ? and all that. You must needs think this cannot be very agreeable. Besides, we are not related to you ; if you were but a Cousin, or ever so distant a Relation, it were another Thing ; but you are neither a-kin to us nor any Body else.

You afflict me sensibly, Madam, returned I briskly ; have I not already told you, I will go To-morrow ? would you then have me go To-day ? it shall be just as you please.

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No, Child, no, answered she, do not mistake me, I am not so unreasonable; and if you knew how much I pity you, I am sure you would not have any Reason to complain of me. No, you shall lie here, and sup with us To-night, if you'll take up with what we have in the House, I will not have any Thing for that; and if I can be of Service to you, through my Acquaintance, do not spare me; but I must give you one Piece of Advice, and that is, to sell the Gown your our old Lover gave you; you cannot wear it with any Face now, since you are poor it is too good for you, and the Linen so fine that it cannot fail to make People ask you, where you had it? Believe me, Beauty, Poverty and Finery do not look well together in one of your Age: I would advise you to keep only the Cloaths you had when you came here, and sell the rest. No, Madam, said I, I will sell nothing, because I have resolved, and even promised, to send all to Mr. *Climal* again the first Opportunity. To him! replied she, you are a Fool then, I would see him hanged first: Give them him! I would as soon give them to the Devil; he should not see a Rag of them any more: Was it not an Alms? and what is given this Way, you know, can never be recalled.

SHE

SHE would not very probably have stopped here, though all she could say would have been to no Purpose, if she had not been forced to it by an old Woman's coming in, who had some Business with her; and, as soon as she left me, I went up into my Chamber.

As to Thoughts, with regard to Mr. *Climal*, I shall mention them no more; my Gratitude was all that ever bound me to him, which now he had wiped out; I detested him, and looked upon him as a Monster that was so intirely indifferent to me, that I did not at all regret his being so; however, I pleased myself with the Thoughts of returning his Presents and never seeing him more.

It may be imagined, that my Thoughts, whilst in my Chamber, were taken up with the dismal Situation I was in, which only regarded Life; but what ingrossed my whole Attention was a Subject more important, and that was *Valentia*.

OUR Lives are less dear to us than our Passions; if we carefully observe what passes within us, we shall find that our Lives are not necessary to our Existence; that it is in a manner only by Accident that we live, but that to be is natural to us: Thus for instance, when a Man, grown desperate with the Reflection of his Misery, murders himself, he only thinks of leaving Life to disengage himself

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self from the Cares of it; and it is not himself he is weary of, but only the Burthen he bears.

VALENTIA, when he surpris'd me with Mr. *Climal*, cried out, *This is mighty pretty, Madam!* judge then, Reader, how piercing was this short Reflection to me who loved him.

IN the first place, I had Virtue; and while *Valentia* thought so he was my Lover. A Lover that it was impossible to hate, even in Circumstances that seem'd to require it: Perhaps he loves me no more, cried I; he has already gained a Victory over his Passions! ah! how unworthy he is of my Affection! but for what is he to blame? Is not *Climal* rich and old, whilst I am poor and young? Has he not seen him at my Feet a Moment after we had mutually pretended not to know each other? What Opinion can he have of me after this dark and mysterious Conduct? Then what have I to reproach him with? Though he loves me, can he help believing me guilty? Could he say less than he did? and is not he sorry that he had placed his Affections upon an unworthy Object, whom he is oblig'd to despise? sure his disdain is the strongest Proof of his own Virtue, and that his Intentions were honourable.---But does he actually despise me? Does he accuse me of being guilty of every Crime? Does he not hesitate a little to

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to condemn me without hearing what I had to say in my own Defence? And can I excuse such a Man? Ought I to see him again? No; that would only declare my own Weakness. did he only suspect me, did he only shew his Resentment, or had he been highly provoked, I might, I ought to bear it; but to despise, to disdain, and affront me! to go off abruptly though I called him back, and besought him to hear me; nay, perhaps, has turned his Passion into Hate! Oh! why should I think of him more? Why endeavour to justify myself to a Man, who is deceived through his own precipitate Folly, which would not permit him to stay to hear me vindicate my Conduct: Ah! how little does he know me? Let what will become of him, the Uncle is gone! let the Nephew follow! the one is a vile and unworthy Wretch, and the other believes that I am so. How unfortunate am I: Good God! why didst thou take from me my Parents? How much Trouble have I upon my Hands: So passing insensibly from one Idea to another, Father *St. Vincent*, the Priest, that recommended me to Mr. *Climal*, said I, how astonished will he be when he hears from me the Character of Mr. *Climal*! I am resolved I will go to see him, and relate my whole Adventure; there is no Time to lose, I ought to make haste on account of my Situation,

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ation, and refer sending away the Cloaths 'till another Day.

I made haste to dress myself, and going down to go out, I found Mrs. *La Tour* with a Neighbour, who called out, where are you going, *Indiana*? To church, returned I. This was an Equivocation. So much the better, Child, cried she, go and submit yourself to God's holy Will.

FROM the Departure of Mr. *Climax*, 'till this Moment, I had not thought like a reasonable Creature; the Crowd of People with which I was surrounded in the Streets, the Noise they made by talking to each other, together with the Coaches, and the Sight of so many Houses all filled with People, served only to increase my Trouble.

How happy are these People! after a Moment's Pause, said I, they all have their several Lodgings and Retirement. The Night will come when they will all betake themselves to their respective Homes; but for me, I don't know where to go; no Body will wait for me, no Body consider my pressing Wants; I have a Retreat for no longer than this Night. To-morrow I shall have none.

THIS, however, was going too far, for I had still some Money left, with which I might have hired a furnished Lodging, 'till Heaven, perhaps, would have found out a Way to settle

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I drew the Attention of many Persons as I passed along, which I observed without any Self-Approbation. Sometimes I heard them say, See ! what a charming young Lady there is ! But these Reflections gave me no Satisfaction ; for I was then incapable of listening with Pleasure, even to a Subject so sweet and entertaining to our whole Sex, except myself.

I thought of *Valentia*, but it was only to tell myself, that it would be ridiculous to think of him any more ; and indeed my Situation discouraged the Ideas I had of him. How becoming a Passion would Love be in one of my Circumstances ! In an unhappy miserable Creature like me, who wanders unknown over the Earth, where I am ashamed to live, since I must be either the Object of Contempt, or Compassion of others.

I arrived at last at the Priest's Habitation, in a Situation of Mind not to be expressed ; I asked for Father *St. Vincent*, and was conducted into an outer Parlour, where I was told he was with another Person. But, pray Reader, observe this Stroke of Fortune ; the Person was Mr. *Climal*, who blushed upon my being introduced, whilst I looked upon him with as great Indifference as if I had never seen him before.

WHAT !

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WHAT ! is it you, Miss ? said the Priest, come, I am very glad to see you here, at this Time, though I did not expect it. You were the Subject of our Conversation. Pray, Sir, keep your Seat, said the Priest to Mr. *Climal*. No, Sir, replied he, permit me to leave you ; after what has happened it must be improper for me to stay any longer ; I am not angry with this young Lady, I will assure you, Sir ; may Heaven forgive her, as I do, with all my Heart ; and so far from resenting the scandalous Opinion she had conceived of me, I swear to you, Sir, that I am more disposed to serve her than ever ; but, I believe, Prudence will not permit me to see her more.

THIS said, he took his Leave of the Priest, and bowed to me, and was going to retire, when the Priest stopped him by laying hold of his Arm : No, Sir, said he, you must stay a little, I have something to say to you. Your Dispositions are commendable and edifying ; you pardon her ; you wish her well : Oh, how wondrous good is this ! but observe, you don't carry this Goodness to its utmost Extent ; since you abandon her in spite of the great Need she stands in of your Assistance, and in Opposition of her Offence, which will render your Relief so meritorious, take Care, Sir, lest it should be extinguished in your Breast. You return Thanks to God, you say
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for the little Affliction, he has sent you, through her Imprudence: Would you be truly worthy of it, redouble your Care for this poor young Woman, who will acknowledge her Fault; you have told her you liked her, which her Vanity, her Fear, and even her Virtue itself, might engage her to interpret to your Disadvantage. Is it not true, Child? Don't you think yourself to blame for having injured, by your unjust Suspicions, this good Man, to whom you are under such great Obligations, and who, very far from looking upon you with carnal Eyes, has been induced by his Affections, to engage you himself to fly from whatever might lead you astray. A thousand times blest be the kind Providence that has conducted both of you here to-day. Go, Daughter, repent of the Folly of your Heart, and promise to make this good Gentleman Reparation by your future Respect and Gratitude.

GOOD Sir, cried I, addressing myself to the false-hearted Saint; is it I then that am guilty? Can you expect me to hear this with Patience? God, from whom nothing can be concealed, will, I doubt not, do us both justice: It is impossible for me to have been deceived, and you know it very well. Here my Heart was too full to let me proceed, and I stopped to wipe away my Tears.

MR.

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MR. *Climal*, as bold a Hypocrite as he was, could not bear it; I saw the most perplexing Embarrassment painted upon his Countenance, and a Confusion that he could not hide; he feared his looks would betray him, and that his Disorder would induce the Priest to suspect his Character; this made him at once take the most effectual Means to disguise his Heart, which was to appear still with a modest Confusion, and frankly confess that he was so.

SHE so disconcerts me, said he, I do not know what to answer; what Insult she loads me with! Pray, Sir, assist me to support this new Trial; this will be spread abroad; she will not spare me! Alas, young Woman, you do me a great Piece of Injustice, but God forgive you: Farewell, Sir, talk to her; endeavour to make her banish all these unjust Suspicions if it is possible: It is true, I have expressed a great deal of Tenderness for her, but she has mistaken the Nature of my Affection; it is her Soul that I have loved, and it is that I love still, and which indeed deserves it: Indeed, Sir, Miss has Virtue; I have found in her a thousand amiable Qualities, and I recommend her to you, since it is no longer proper that I should concern myself with her Affairs.

AFTER these Words he retired, and being gone, the Priest said, indeed, Daughter, you
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grieve me ; I am not satisfied with your Behaviour ; you have no Gratitude, and are too obstinate to believe any Thing but what enters your foolish Head ; see now what is all come to : What a Loss you will have of this good Man ! What is it that brought you here now ? it will be to no Purpose to address yourself to me any more ; it will be quite in vain : What Good do you think I can do you ? I have already done all I am able ; if you have not profited by it, it is neither my Fault nor the Gentleman's whom I found out for you, he has treated you as if you were his own Child, for he has told me all ; he supplied you with Cloaths, Linen, and Money ; paid for your Board, and would willingly have continued it, and even had a Design of settling you in the World ; but because he did not approve of your seeing his Nephew, who is a giddy Debauchee, you think, out of Spite, that this good Man loves, and is jealous of, you. Is not this very strange ? he jealous ! he love you ! God will punish you, Child, for the wicked Thought ; remember I tell you so.

I could not help crying while he spoke ; Hear me, hear me, replied I, pray Sir ; I entreat you hear me.

WELL, what do you say, returned he ? What Business have you with Mr. *Climax*'s Nephew ?

phew? why are you so obstinately bent upon seeing him? what strange Conduct! However, I might pass by this Folly, but to carry your Ill-humour and Rancour so far as to be ungrateful to a worthy Gentleman, to whom you are under such great Obligations! What do you think will become of you? What a Misfortune it is to have such a Spirit as your's! How genteelly are you dressed! who would imagine you had no Relations? And if you had, and they were rich, could you be better taken Care of than you are? Nay, perhaps, not so well, and all this proceeds from him: O Heavens! what can you complain of? he has spared no Cost.

OH, Sir, replied I, you are in the Right, he has indeed spared no Expence, but don't condemn me without hearing me; I hardly know his Nephew; I saw him first by Chance, and have never since been in his Company; how is it possible then I should have entered into any Engagements with him? Mr. *Climmal* has abused you, and has given you a false Account, in order to prejudice you against me. You mentioned my Cloaths; they are indeed too fine; pray, Sir, take Notice of the Fineness of this Linen, I would not have had it so good, and was very unwilling to accept of it; but he made a Jest of it, and said, Go, look in the Glass, and see if this Linen

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is too fine for that beautiful Face. Was you in my Place, Sir, what would you have thought of this Discourse? Be sincere, and tell me, if Mr. *Climal* is so devout, and so sincerely virtuous, what Business had he to take Notice of my Face; What was it to him, whether I was beautiful or ugly? Why did he call me his *dear Rogue* in the Coach, and say, that I should have a Heart more sensible, and that he would leave me his, to assist me in making it so? To what Purpose could he say all this? When a Person speaks of the Heart to a Girl, and of leaving her his own, can it be Piety, that teaches him to make use of such Expressions? Does he squeeze her Hand? kiss her —

A Kiss! Child, interrupted the Priest, a Kiss! you certainly dreamt so, that could never be, and you can't say it; who can believe you? Go, Child, you must be mistaken, it was no such Thing; it is impossible! A Kiss! poor Man! it was only a Jolt of the Coach, some sudden Motion which tossed his Head against your's, that must be all; to be sure it was nothing else; and this, in your Passion, you took for a Kiss. When we hate a Person we always put the worst Construction upon every Thing they do.

PRAY, Sir, what Reason could I have to hate him, said I? I had not, at that Time, seen

seen his Nephew, who, he says, is the Cause of his Anger against me; and, therefore, could not, on his Account, be prejudiced against the Uncle; but supposing I was deceived with respect to the Kiss, which you cannot believe Mr. *Climal* gave me, he would not, by his Conduct, have confirmed my Suspicions; he would not have renewed them at Mrs. *La Tour's*; he would neither have handled nor praised my Hair in my Chamber, where he was continually seizing my Hand, putting it to his Mouth, and making me such Compliments that I was quite ashamed of.

WHAT is this you tell me? softly, Child, softly, returned the Priest, with an Air more surpris'd than incredulous, your Hair that he handled and praised! I cannot believe it, what could induce him to behave thus? It is true, he had much better not have done so; these are Absences of Mind that, I confess, don't look very decent; but to be sure he had no Meaning in it: It was an inconsiderate Action, but not a criminal one. And my Hand too, cried I, which he put to his Mouth, was this too an Absence of Mind?

YOUR Hand, replied he, I don't know how to reconcile that:---There are a thousand People, you know, who take every Body by the Hand when they speak to them, and, perhaps, it is a Custom that he has got; I
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am sure I have been served so an hundred Times.

VERY well, Sir, replied I, but when you take a Woman by the Hand you don't kiss it, you don't commend its Beauty, you don't kneel before her and talk of Love.

GOOD gracious ! cried he, Lord have Mercy upon us ! hold thy Tongue, thou little Viper, it must be false, I cannot bear to hear you : What Devil has inspired you with these Thoughts ! Go, get out of my Sight, I will hear no more ; I don't believe a Word of what you have told me, neither of the Hair, your Hand, nor his Discourse ; it is all a Forgery. Oh ! thou dangerous little Creature ! She quite confounds me ! How invidious the Reflection ! to say, that Mr. *Climal*, who leads a Life of Devotion, who is wholly given up to Acts of Piety, should kneel before you and talk of Love ! What will this Word come to ! What an Age do we live in !

INDEED, Sir, answered I, all in Tears, you treat me very ill ! it is extremely painful for me to find myself used thus, and loaded with fresh Injuries, where I come to seek for Redress : You are related to my dear Patroness, the good Mrs. *Du Pont*, who brought me to *Paris*, and who had the Care of my Education ; you have told me yourself that

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you esteemed her very much; and it was to you she made her Confession at her Death, at a Time when it cannot be supposed she would speak against her Conscience; you know what she said of me; I am sure you must remember it, since it is not long since she died, and I am not conscious to myself that I have done any Thing that can give Cause for such an ill Opinion of me since that Time, as you now seem to have entertained; on the contrary, my Inexperience has excited your Compassion, as well as the dreadful Situation you saw me in; and is it possible that you could think I am so soon become the most vile, abandoned young Creature in the World? You seem ready to believe, that in the Grief and Extremity I am in, a Man, with whom I have only been one Hour, and that by mere Chance, has rendered me so fond and passionate that I have lost all Sense of Goodness, and that I have the Courage to invent Things, which ought to make me tremble, against a worthy Man, who would assist me to live, whose Friendship it was my Interest to preserve; but it is he who is the Libertine, who seeming devout, gives me liberally in publick, in Hopes of bribing my Virtue, and rendering me in secret a Sharer of his Guilt and Infamy.

Is it *Mr. Glimal* that has done all this? Lord help us, how depraved is Human Nature! the Mind, and all the noble Powers of the Soul, are too often Slaves to the Passions, and Rebels to Reason: How miserable is Mankind when this is the Case!

THINK no more of it Child, I believe you do not deceive me, you are not capable of Falshood, but let us talk of that no more, be discreet, Charity demands you should be so; take Care that you do not please the World by repeating this scandalous Affair; for some People will be too apt to be merry at your Expeance as well as his; they will triumph, and from his Wickedness, take Occasion to ridicule the true Servants of God; endeavour even to think that your Eyes and Ears have been deceived. This is a Disposition of Mind that will be very agreeable to God, and will draw down his Blessing upon you. Come, don't afflict yourself, take Courage, cried he, observing my Tears; continue to be wise and good, and Providence will take Care of you; this Disposition of Mind, this Innocence of Thought, will be most acceptable before God: Farewell, go you home, for I have some Business and must leave you, but give me a Direction to the Linen-draper's where you live.

GOOD Sir, answered I, after having given it him, I am to be with her only this Day, he pays no longer for my Board, and I am obliged to leave my Lodging To-morrow: If you abandon me, I shall have no where to fly to; you, Sir, are my only Friend, you my only Resource.

I! my dear Child! alas, how I pity thee! I am poor, and can do thee little or no Service, but God can do every Thing for thee; don't be discouraged, we shall see, Child, what is to be done for you; I will think of it: God knows my good Will; how sensible I am of your Affliction; perhaps he will inspire me, for it all depends on him; I shall pray to him for Direction, do you so to; tell him, that all your Hopes are in his Mercy. I will be with you by nine o'Clock To-morrow Morning without fail, but be sure you do not go out before that Time. It grows late, and I have a little Business to do. Compose yourself: You are a good Way from home, and it is Time to be going. Heaven preserve you: Farewell 'till I see you in the Morning.

I took Leave without being able to utter a single Word and went away, at least as uneasy as I was when I came to him: The pious Consolations he had given me rendered my Condition, even more frightful than it had

had ever appeared to me before ; I was not devout enough to relish them, and it is not strange, that a young Mind should believe that all Hope is lost, and her Condition desperate when she is told, that God alone can relieve her ; 'tis a grave serious Idea that disturbs and alarms her Confidence in all human Assistance ; for our Minds are generally too much attached to the Objects of our Senses to dare to rise above them ; this makes us too often fly from ourselves, and dread the dull Moments of serious Thoughts and pious Contemplation. O Religion, how much do we wrong thy native Amiableness ! How do we despise the glorious Privilege of being reasonable and immortal ! Nor is it strange, since Religion, the Honour, the Happiness of all intelligent Minds, is almost every where represented to the Young, as an Enemy to all their Joys ; as inconsistent with Gaiety and Delight : And thus our Fancies have clothed her in all the dreary Pomp of Horror, we shun and fly from the imagined Spectre.

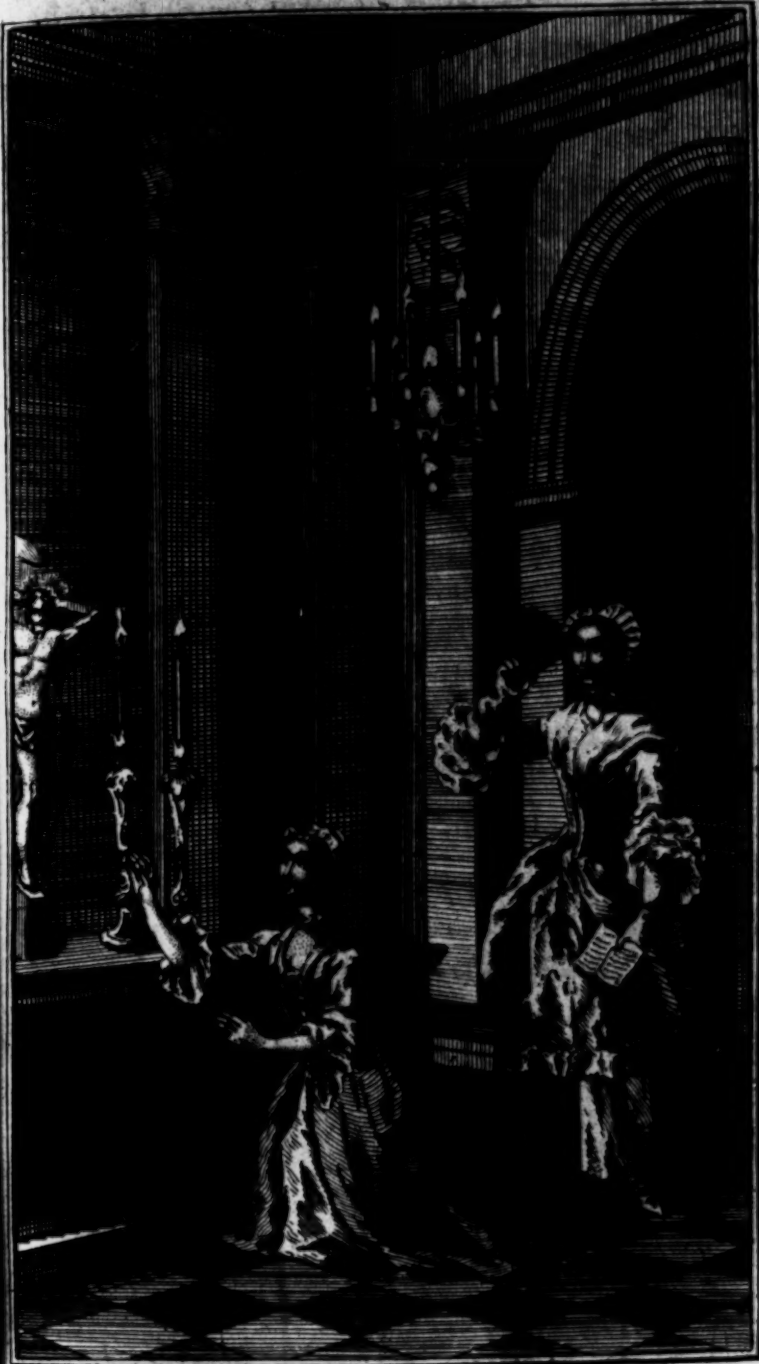
As I was going Home in a profound consternation, very much affrighted at the Prospect that lay before me, and oppressed with the Weight of my Sorrow, I was stopped by a Tumult in the Street, at the Church Door of a Convent ; the Church was open, I went into it, and finding it empty, threw myself on

my Knees at the Altar: There I lamented my Misery in the natural Language of an oppressed Heart, and as I did not expect to be heard, I cried out, 'Why am I brought into the
' World? Miserable that I am! What can I
' do here? O God, thou hast placed me in
' this Situation; thou knowest my Distress,
' do thou then relieve me: O thou common
' Father, thou compassionate Parent of uni-
' versal Nature, be a Father to me a poor mi-
' serable Orphan, the most forlorn and wretch-
' ed of all thy Creatures! Teach me to con-
' fide in thy Goodness, and relieve me from
' my Distress!

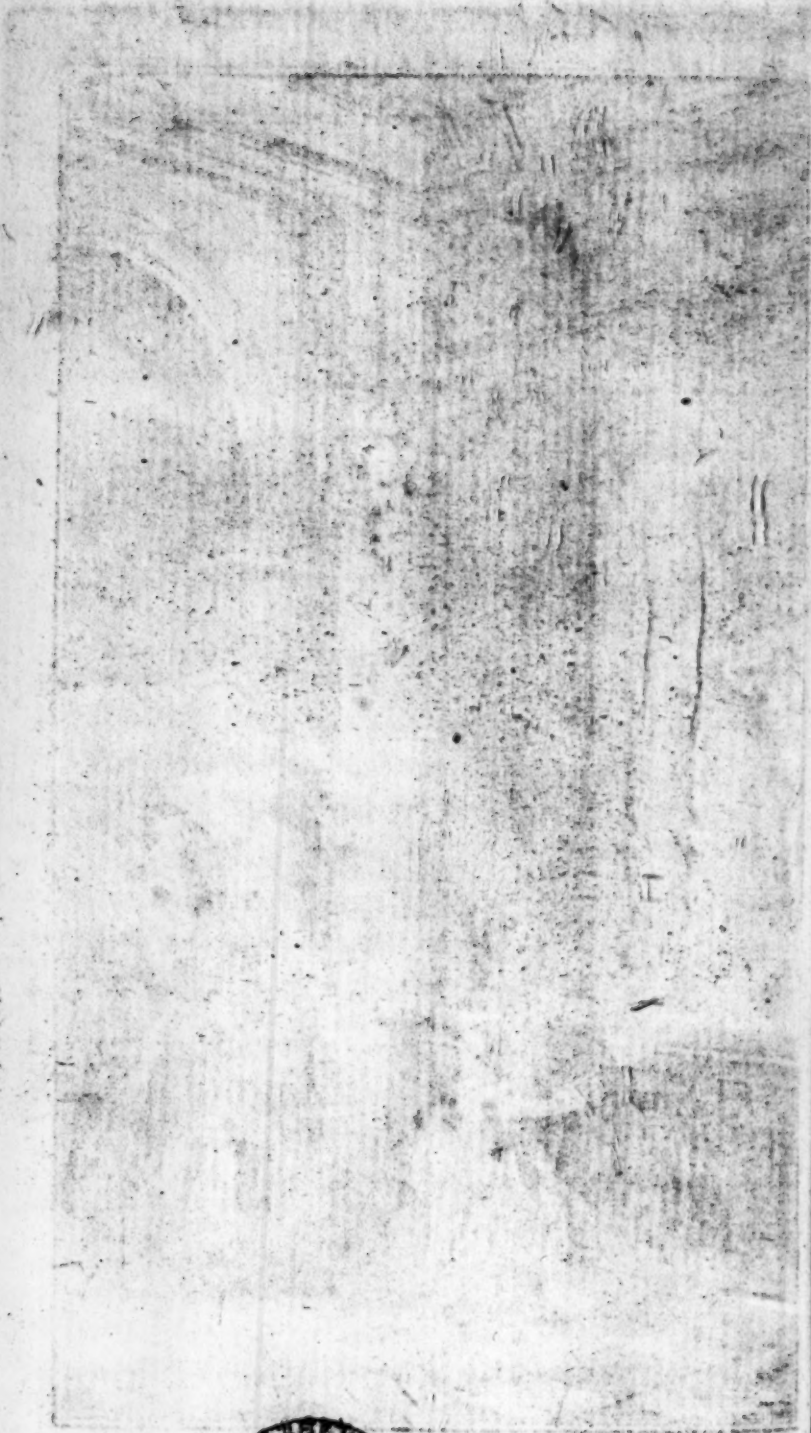
I was in the Midst of my Exclamations, when a Lady, came in unperceived, and who, I afterwards found, was just arrived out of the Country, and had given Orders, that her Coach should wait at the Church Gate, near which some of her Friends desired her to deliver a Letter to the Governess of the Convent; and, while her Servant was gone with it she stepped into the Church, finding, as I did, the Door open.

She was scarce entered, when my moving Complaints reached her Ears, for she saw me in a Posture expressive of the deepest Despair, while my Thoughts were so swallowed up with my Calamities that I even forgot where I was. My Affliction sensibly touched her; my Youth,
my

p. 150.



G. L. Smith Sculp.



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my Shape, and perhaps too, my Drefs, contributed to interest her in my Grief.

ON these Occasions the Eye recommends us to the Heart; if we are unhappy and make but a mean Appearance, the most generous Minds will be too apt to overlook you, or, at best, will but coolly interest themselves in your Affairs: You will want that Attraction which flatters their Vanity, and nothing can assist you so much in rendering them generous towards you, nothing make them relish the Honour and Pleasure of being so, as the seeing in you an Air of Distinction.

AT the Noise she made in retiring, I came to myself, and I could not see her without blushing, at being surpris'd in my Lamentations: but in spite of all my Confusion, I observed she was pleas'd with my Looks, and that my Affliction seem'd to touch her: This appear'd visible in her Countenance, and, in return, mine express'd a Sense of Gratitude equal to my Timidity; for great Souls are capable of this kind of Intercourse.

I staid a few Minutes to dry up my Tears, and to revolve in my Mind what I should do the following Day if the Priest did not succeed in his Designs. How much do I envy the Lot of those Girls in this religious House, said I! how happy are they!

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I was taken up with this Thought when the Maid, who looked after the Church, came and told me, that she was going to shut the Doors. I shall go presently, returned I, being fearful to give her any more than a Side-look, for fear she should see that I had been crying; but I had forgot to take Care of the Tone in which I answered her; and this it was betrayed me: She thought it so moving, and, besides, observed me so young, genteel, and agreeable, as she told me afterwards, that she could not help saying to me, dear Miss, What is the Matter? Pray, What disturbs you? have you lost any thing of Value?

I made no Answer to these Questions, but began again to cry, which we are very apt to do when we are told that we have been weeping, and this is a Sort of Delicacy that we cannot easily shake off.

PRAY tell me what is the Matter, Miss? I beg of you, tell me freely; shall I go and tell any of our Ladies that you desire to speak with them? Here I could not help reflecting on what she said. 'Tis God, perhaps, who sends her to inspire me with that Thought, said I to myself, quite moved with her tender Importunity. Yes, Madam, I should be very glad to speak with the Lady Governess, if she be at Leisure. If you please to follow me, Miss, I will conduct you to her Parlour.

I followed her up a few Stairs, when she opened a Door, and the first Object which presented was the Lady I have mentioned, who looked upon me in a Manner extremely obliging, and was engaged in Conversation with the Lady Governess of the House. Madam, said my Guide, this young Lady desires to speak with you.

YOUR Servant, Miss, said the Governess, saluting me; may I know to whom I have the Honour to speak? The Honour is mine, Madam, answered I, covered with shame; and, if I had even told you who I am, I should not be at all the better known to you.

If I am not deceived, you are the young Lady I just now saw in the Church, said the other Lady with a Smile; and I think too I saw you crying, which sensibly affected me. I am extremely obliged to you, Madam, for your Concern, returned I, and then was silent. I was at a Loss how to begin, for the Reception I met with from the Lady Governess, though extremely civil, had quite discouraged me. I immediately lost all my Hopes without knowing why. The first Sight of her struck me, and made me at once imagine that her Goodness was all superficial: She will condole, but not succour me, said I to myself; there is no such Thing to be hoped for from this Quarter.

THE Governess and the Lady rose from their Seats, and stood all the while, which made me blush, because my Dress deceived them, and I was below so much Ceremony. Do you desire to speak to me alone, said the Governess? As you please, answered I; but I should be very sorry to disturb the Lady, or give you the least trouble; I will wait upon you another Time.

No, Miss, no, said the Lady to me, taking me by the Hand to make me come forward. I beg you would stay; my Visit is over, and I am going, so I shall leave you entirely at Liberty. I have taken Notice that you are very uneasy, and you therefore deserve every Body's Concern; and if I should turn you away in this Disposition, I should never forgive myself.

Yes, Madam, said I, touched with her Discourse, and bathed in Tears, it is true, I am very uneasy; no Body has such Cause for it as I; no Body has so much Reason to complain, nor so worthy of Compassion. You, Madam, shew a Heart so noble, that I will make no Difficulty of speaking before you; you need not retire, for you will not at all disturb me; on the contrary, it is happy for me that you are here, because you will help me to obtain of this Lady what I am come to beg for on my Knees (here I cast myself at her

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Feet) and that is, that she would be pleased to receive me into her House.

My charming Child, how you move me, cried the Governess, stretching out her Arms, as if to receive me; while the Lady was raising me up with all imaginable Affection: How happy am I, that you should make Choice of my House! Is it now, my Dear, that you would enter? We should let your Parents know of it; don't you think so? To whom must we send?

ALAS! Madam, returned I, I can direct you to no Body; my Confusion and my Sighs made me to stop here. Well, said she, What must we do then? No, I can direct you to no Body; continued I: You are quite mistaken, Madam, I have not even the Comfort of having any Relation, at least if I have any, I have never known them.

SWEET Jesu! replied she, (with something of a colder Air, and less Affection) that is very strange, Miss: No Relations? How can that be? Who then takes Care of you? It is likely then you have no Fortune. What is become of your Father and Mother.

I was but two Years old, said I, when they were assassinated by Highwaymen, in a Stage-Coach, in which I was with them; their Domesticks shared the same unhappy Fate, and only I was left alive: I was carried to the

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Vicar of a neighbouring Village, and by him and his Sister was educated with the greatest Tenderness. But unhappily for me, after having brought me to *Paris*, she died, at a Time when her Brother was loaded with the heaviest Misfortunes; her Death plunged me into the deepest Distress, and all the Prospects that lay before me, was to subsist on the Charity of others: A dismal Situation this! But it was the Loss of this dear Lady, the Loss of her tender Friendship that most nearly afflicted me; not to mention the Value and sincere Respect I owed her Brother, whom perhaps I shall never see more; I regretted their Loss, not the Support I received from them, and I would gladly have given my Life to have saved her's. She died in the Inn where we lodged; I was left there alone, and there I was robbed of almost all the Money she left me. A Priest she was acquainted with took me from thence, and put me some Days since into the Hands of a Gentleman, whom I will no name; we thought him a Man of strict Piety and Virtue, but we were both deceived, he was quite the reverse; he placed me with Mrs. *La Tour*, a Linen-Dra- per; but scarce was I there before he discovered his wicked Designs, when to seduce me from the Paths of Virtue, he used all his Art, and at last promised to make me a handsome

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Settlement, and to provide for me with the greatest Magnificence; but I had learnt to choose the keenest Sufferings, rather than to deprive myself of the secret Witness of an approving Conscience. I would have welcomed Poverty, Want, and even Slavery, with all its Train of Miseries, since even then I should have possessed a Mind free from the Restraints of Vice and the Sting of Infamy. I was shocked at his Behaviour, and astonished at his Hypocrisy and Deceit: I endeavour to make him ashamed of himself: Oh! Sir, said I, have you no Sense of Religion? what abominable Thoughts do you entertain, but I spoke in vain, my Resolution to continue virtuous, was so far from bringing him to himself, and making him repent, that it enraged him against me, and made him treat me as an ungrateful Wretch: He threatened to punish me if I discovered him, he reproached me with the Money he had given me, with my Linen, and the Gown I have on; I shall send him back the Whole, as I return to Mrs. *La Tour's*, who has given me Leave to stay at her House 'till To-morrow: I shall not know where to apply for Relief, if the Priest, from whom I am just come, and who innocently recommended me to this vile Man, does not find a Retreat for me To-morrow, as he has promised to endeavour to do. As I came

came from him, and was passing by, I stept into your Church to dry up my Tears, which I could not conceal from those that passed by me; then, Madam, God inspired me with the Thought of casting myself at your Feet, and imploring your Assistance.

HERE I concluded my Discourse, in which my Grief supplied the Place of Art, which had its Effect on the Lady who was with us; I observed her wipe her Eyes, but she made me no Answer, she left that to the Governess, who had honoured my Story with some Motions of her Hand, and Gestures of her Countenance, which she could not refuse me with Decency. But I did not perceive that her Heart gave any Signs of being touched.

INDEED, your Situation is very deplorable, Miss, said she, somewhat coldly, but it is not quite desperate. You must see what the Priest can do for you, replied she, with an Air of Compassion. You say he is to find a Place for you; it is much more easy for him to serve you than for me: I am confined, and don't know how to set about it. We see, and know no Body here, except this Gentlewoman, and some other Ladies, who are sometimes so kind as to pay us a Visit; but we are very often whole Weeks without any Company at all: Besides, our House is poor; we are maintained by our Boarders, whose Num-

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ber is greatly diminished of late; we are in Debt, and so ill provided for, that I had the other Day the Mortification to refuse a very promising young Lady, who desired to be a Lay Sister, because we can receive no more, tho' we want them much, on account of the Expence; thus on all Sides you see our Inability, which mortifies me extremely; or you afflict me, my poor Girl, (what a Difference of Stile! before it was my charming Dear) indeed you afflict me; but why did not you apply to the Vicar of your Parish. We can only assist you with our Prayers: We are not in a Condition to receive you, and all that I can do for you, is to recommend you to the Charity of the young Ladies: I will make a Collection for you, and remit it to you Tomorrow, if you will call in the Afternoon for it.

No, Madam, returned I sharply, I have not yet spent the Remainder of the little Sum that was left me by my dear Friend; and I did not come with a Design to beg an Alms. I believe that those who have a Spirit cannot stoop so low, 'till it is necessary to do it to support Life, and I am not yet reduced to that Extremity; however, I thank you.

NOR can I suffer any one with such Sentiments ever to be reduced to it, said the Lady, who had hitherto kept silent. Take Courage,
Miss,

Miss, you may still make Pretensions to one Friend in the World. I will comfort you for the Loss of her you still regret; and it shall not be my Fault, if I am not as dear to you as ever she has been. Madam, added she, addressing herself to the Governess, I'll pay the young Lady's Board; you may admit her. Mean while, as she is absolutely unknown to you, and as it is just that you should be satisfied who it is you receive, in order to remove all Scruples from you, and to prevent my Friendship for her being made a Subject of Ridicule, we need only send your Servant to Mrs. *La Tour*, and her Testimony in Miss's Favour will justify both your Conduct and mine.

I seized, with Transport, the Hand of this charming Lady, I kissed it, and bathed it with the most tender and delicious Tears I ever shed in my Life. Madam, said I to her, do you consent that I write two or three Words to Mrs. *La Tour*; you shall see my Letter, for I think, in the Circumstances in which I am placed, she may fear being deceived, and being apprehensive of a Trick, may not explain herself freely. Yes, do Miss, answered she, you are in the Right; upon which I wrote the following Letter to Mrs. *La Tour*.

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MADAM,

THE Bearer of this Letter applies to you to be informed of what you know of my Affairs; be so good as to tell her, with the utmost Freedom, and without the least Reserve, whatever relates to my Behaviour and Character, as well as the melancholy Misfortunes of my Life, and the Manner in which I was introduced to you: I should be very much displeased if a Regard to me should induce you to impose upon any Person in the most trifling Particular; therefore, make no Difficulty of speaking according to your Conscience, without considering whether it will be to my Advantage or not.

I am, MADAM,

Your humble Servant,

INDIANA.

THIS done, I presented it to my kind Benefactress, who, after having read it, smiled and gave it thro' the Grate to the Governess, saying, I believe you will be of my Opinion, that a Person who can write in this Manner has nothing to fear: Very well, replied the Governess, when she had read it, it is extremely good, nothing could be better expressed; and immediately whilst I was folding up
the

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the Letter she rang the Bell to call a Servant to carry it, who soon entered and took the Letter, went out, and returned in about an Hour after. I shall pass over what was said between the Lady, the Governess, and me, during this Interval. I forgot one Circumstance, which is, that before she entered the Parlour another Servant came to tell the Lady that a Person desired to speak a Word with her in the next Room. Upon this she stepped out, but did not stay above five or six minutes before she returned, and scarce was she entered when the Maid appeared, (who probably had just left her, and) who with a well-boding Gaiety addressed me in this Manner:

GOOD holy Virgin *Mary!* said she to me, how much Good have I just heard of you, Miss! but I guessed as much before. Madam, you can hardly believe all they have told me; they say she has all the good Qualities that can be possessed by a Woman: In short, she is the best Girl in the World, she is a Treasure; yet nevertheless she is so unhappy that Mrs. *La Tour* and I have been crying about her. She has neither Father nor Mother, no Body knows who she is. This is all the Fault she has, and, if she had not feared God, she would not have been so unfortunate; for a very rich Gentleman that she dismissed for good Reasons, like a Rogue as he is,---but I will tell you that

that another time; I only mention the most material Things. As to the rest, Madam, I did as you ordered me; I did not tell your Name to the Linendraper, so she don't know who it was that wanted Information.

It is very well, said the Lady, if you please to withdraw. Will you, *Indiana*, enter into the Apartments To-day? Have you any Thing to take from Mrs. *La Tour's*? Must you go thither again? Yes, Madam, replied I, but I shall return in Half an Hour if you will permit me to go.

Do, my Dear, said she, and I will wait for you. I then went out, and, as it was not far from Mrs. *La Tour's*, I soon arrived there.

WHEN I came in, So, *Indiana*, cried Mrs. *La Tour*, thank God you have had good Luck; how did you bring it about, how did you manage it? and pray, who is the Lady that sent to me?

I must be short, Madam, said I, I am in extreme Haste, and am going to undress myself and put this Gown into the Bundle I have been making up, and which you will be so good as to send to Mr. *Climat's* Nephew. Yes, yes, returned she.

WHEN I was in the Room I wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Valentin*:

SIR,

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SIR,

IT is but six Days that I have known your Uncle, and am still ignorant where he lives. On this Account I am at a Loss how to direct these Cloaths to him, which are his, and which I therefore desire you will send to him. He told me, he gave them to me out of charity, (for I am poor) and I accepted them in that Light; but, as I find this is not true, and he has deceived me, they are no longer mine, and I therefore return them back, with some Money which he desired me to accept of. I should not have had Recourse to you on this Occasion, if I had Time to send to a Priest who, to serve me, had recommended me to your Uncle; and will teach you, when you will, to reproach yourself for the Insult you have cast upon an afflicted, virtuous Maid, and one that is perhaps your Equal.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

INDIANA.

I had no sooner sealed up the Letter but I took the Bundles, and carried it down Stairs. I suppress here a particular Account of a Number of Circumstances that the Reader will guess at; such as packing up my old Cloaths to go to the religious House, my taking Leave of

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Mrs. *La Tour*, who promised my Letter and Bundle should be sent to *Valentia's*. The repeated Assurances we gave each other of our Friendship, and the Tears she let fall, made me shed some Tears of Sadness at my leaving her. There was something too much for me in the Rapidity of the Events.

I had told Mrs. *La Tour* that I was going to a religious House, but what the Name of it was I was entirely ignorant, as well as the Street it stood in, but I knew my Way. A Porter followed me with my Box of Cloaths, and I imagined that at his Return he would inform her, and, if by Chance she should see *Valentia*, she might tell him.

WE soon came to my new Place of Abode: I went in, but much worse dressed than when I went out. My Benefactress asked me the Reason. I told her I had left all the Cloaths she had seen me in before with Mrs. *La Tour*, that she might return them to the Gentleman I had mentioned, who had given them to me. My Child, said she, you shall lose nothing by that. After which I entered, and came again to thank her through the Grate of the Parlour. She left me, and I became from that Time a Boarder among the other Ladies.

Two or three Days after I was here my Benefactress made me be dressed in as genteel a Manner as if I had been her own Daughter,
and

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and provided me with Cloaths necessary for my appearing in that Character. Judge, Reader, of the Sentiments with which her Goodness inspired me; I never saw her but with Transports of Joy and Wonder.

THEY took Notice that I had a good Voice, and understood something of Musick, and she was desirous of perfecting me in it. The Governess had a Niece on whom she allowed a Master of the Harpsichord to attend, and he was appointed to be my Master too. These are Talents, said my amiable Lady, that will always be of Service to you. If you take the veil, they will give you an Air of Distinction, and make you be taken Notice of: If you enter into the World, they will be looked upon as the most graceful and innocent Accomplishments in the Education of a young Lady.

SHE constantly came to see me every two or three Days, and it was already three Weeks that I had lived there, in a Situation of Mind very difficult to describe. I endeavoured to enjoy a perfect Tranquility, but found, however, that I had it not in my power. I banished from my Thoughts the intruding Ideas that would hinder my enjoying a perfect Repose, but in vain; my Reflections and Uneasiness returned together, and a secret Folly, for which I continually reproached myself, tormented me incessantly.

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VALENTIA knew without Doubt where I was placed, and yet I heard no more of him; my Heart was at a Loss how to account for such a Conduct. If he had found the Method to let me hear from him, he could gain nothing by it, I had renounced him; but I did not intend by that that he should renounce me.

ONE Day, as I was thinking of this, in fright of my Endeavours to smother it, one came to tell me that a footman asked to speak with me. I fancied he came from my Benefactress, and went into the Parlour. I hardly looked at this pretended Domestic, who shewed only one Side of his Face, and with a trembling Hand presented me a Letter. Whom do you come from? said I. You'll see, Madam, by the Letter, said he with some Emotion in his Voice, which my Heart knew again, even before my Eyes did, for I instantly felt myself moved by a Kind of Sympathy.

I cast a Look at him as I received the Letter, and saw his Eyes fixed upon me. But what Eyes were they! How much was I surpris'd. Our Eyes were fixed upon each other, while we remained some time without uttering a Word; and it was only our Hearts that had spoke when a Maid entered and told me my benefactress was coming up, and that her Coach was in the Court.

PRAY,

PRAY, Sir, retire, cried I in Confusion to *Valentia*, who only sighed, and left me.

I hid my Letter while I waited for my generous Friend, who appeared in an Instant, with a Lady she brought with her. How do you do, Miss? said my good Friend to me, as she entered the Parlour: Here is a Lady of my Acquaintance who is desirous to see you, for I have been saying something to her in your Favour. Well, Madam, added she, speaking to her Friend, there she is, how do you like her? Is it not true that Miss is genteel?

No, Madam, excuse me, you speak with the Affection of a Mother: For my Part, I must tell you ingenuously what I think, and that is, that she is very agreeable, and I never saw a more amiable or noble Form.

THEY both sat down, the Conversation still turning upon me. Is there any Thing in her Look which could presage the Misfortunes she has suffered? said Mrs. *Du Miram*, (this was the Lady's Name) but every one has Troubles in this Life, and her's are over, I hope.

I hope so too, answered I, since I have had the good Fortune to meet with this Lady; I may reasonably expect that my Happiness is begun. Yes, my dear *Indiana*, said she, I love you, and from hence forward you shall have no Care to disturb you. I have already called you my Daughter; imagine that you are so,
and

and that I love you as much as if you were really my own Child.

THIS Answer brought Tears in my Eyes. I endeavoured to kiss her Hand, of which she could only give me two or three Fingers through the Grate.

UPON this Mrs. *Du Miram* cried out, What a lovely Creature! Do you know that I am a little jealous of you, Madam, for she loves you with so good a Grace, that I must make Pretensions to her Love too: You will be her Mother, and I must be her Friend. Do you consent to it, Miss?

MADAM, replied I, my Respect forbids my saying Yes, I dare not take that Liberty; but, if I should be so blessed, I should look upon this as one of the most happy Days of my Life. You are in the right, Child, said my Benefactress, and the greatest Service I can do you is to desire this Lady to give her Word that she will grant you her Friendship. You promise it, Madam, added she, speaking to Mrs. *Du Miram*, who with an Air of Condescension replied, I give it her then on Condition that, next to you, she will love no Body so much as me.

No, no, said Mrs. *Valentia*, for that was the Name of my Benefactress, (and who I afterwards found was the Mother of Mr. *Valentia*)

you don't do yourself Justice; I forbid her making the least Difference between us, and I dare say she will obey me.

HERE Mrs. *Valentia* looked at her Watch; said she, I must go presently, I shall make but a short Visit, for I have many others to make. I am very much fatigued, and design to be at Home early this Evening, for I had not any Rest all last Night, I have been perplexed with so many different Thoughts.

INDEED, Madam, said I, I thought you seemed a little melancholy, and it made me uneasy; pray, has any Thing disturbed you?

YES, replied she; I have a Son who has hitherto given me the greatest Satisfaction, but now he has very much displeased me. I was willing to have him married; a very advantageous Match offered, the Lady was rich, amiable, and of a good Family. Her Relations approved of it, and were desirous to hasten the Ceremony, and my Son consented that the Friends on both Sides should meet to agree upon Articles. He has been introduced to the young Lady, has seen her more than once, but for some Weeks has neglected coming to a Conclusion: He seems to be grown quite indifferent to her. His Conduct disturbs me extremely, especially as I am under a Kind of Engagement to a very considerable

derable Family, to whom I do not know how to excuse the Indifference he has lately expressed.

I cannot believe it will last long, said Mrs. *Du Miram*, for your Son is no Fool, he has Wit, good Sense, and Honour, and I am persuaded you have nothing at all to fear; he shall dine with me To-morrow. Come, leave it to me, I will talk to him: For to say that the Girl he found in returning from Church has made him averse to Marriage, I have already told you, is what I can never believe.

IN returning from Church, Madam I said I a little astonished, because of the Conformity this Adventure had with mine*.

YES, in returning from Church, said Mrs. *Du Miram*: They came from Church together, but there is no Probability that they have seen each other since.

THAT may be true, but they represent her so very beautiful, it is that alarms me, said my Benefactress; and you know, when she was gone, the Measures he took to find her out. O Madam, for what Reason do you disturb yourself? said Mrs. *Du Miram*: She is a

* The Reader may please to remember, that it was in my Return from Church I met VALENTIA; besides, the diminutive Epithet of Girl suited me well enough.

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pretty Girl, it is said, but what Reason can you have to think that she has turned his Head? for it cannot be questioned but she must be some good Tradesman's Daughter, dressed in her best Cloaths, because it was a Holiday.

○ A Holiday! Is it then me! said I to myself, not daring to ask any Questions.

PRAY tell me, continued Mrs. *Du Miram*, if a Lady of Distinction would have walked alone through the Streets without a Footman, or any one to attend her, as you find she did: And, what is more, she herself seemed conscious that she was not a proper Match for your Son, for she would neither tell him where she came from, where she was going, or where she lived. So, however enamoured you suppose him, where will he find her again? He has taken every Step for that Purpose you say. His Servants tell you that he made his Footman run after the Coach which carried her away, (Oh, how my Heart beat here!) but is it possible for a Man to keep up with a Coach? The Servant, indeed, when you examined him, told you he ran after it, but lost Sight of it.

So much the better, thought I, it is no more me; the Footman that followed me saw me set down at Mrs. *La Tour's* Door.

BUT

BUT the Fellow has, perhaps, deceived you, continued Mrs. *Du Miram*; you are sensible he is his Master's Confidant.

VERY likely, said I to myself, it is certainly me.

WELL, we will suppose that he saw the Coach stop, continued the Lady, and that your Son knows where this young Creature lives, what can you conclude from it? that he has taken such a violent Passion for her, that he would sacrifice to her his Fortune and all the Advantages of his Birth? that he would forget who he is, and what he owes to you and himself? Can you recollect his ever being guilty of such a Piece of Extravagance? You can't suspect it. I will allow that the Girl might be agreeable to him, that she might be formed to please, and a Man of his Age and Condition might have a Fancy to see how far such an Adventure would carry him. This is all that can be in it. I'll promise you we will marry him, if we have only the Charm of this little Adventurer to combat with.

LITTLE Adventurer! Shall I never be able to disengage myself from this painful Situation said I to myself. However, had the Ladies left off here, I should not have known what to hope or fear; but Mrs. *Valentia* presently put the Matter beyond all Doubt.

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I should have been of your Opinion, replied she, if I was not told that my Son is grown peevish since this unhappy Adventure. You know he is naturally of a gay Disposition, but now I never see him but he looks perplexed and thoughtful; even his Friends take Notice of it. The Gentleman who used to be continually with him is become a Burthen to him, his Company fatigues him, and accordingly Yesterday he was denied to him. Add to this the Running about of the Footman I mentioned, who is sent out four Times every Day, and with whom at his Return he had always a long Consultation in private. But this is not all; I forgot to tell you one Thing, and that is, that I have been this Morning to speak to the Surgeon that was sent for to examine the young Woman's Foot.

This was a Circumstance that at once struck me; in this one Article my Picture was fully drawn. Now was the poor Orphan humbled to the Ground. I do not know how I did to breathe for the terrible Palpitation that seized my Heart. Oh! it is then me, thought I. Methinks I am going out of the Church, that I find myself in the Street where I felt, dressed in those hateful Cloaths Mr. Elimal had given me, adorned with all the Trifles that had procured me the Title of a smart Girl in her Holiday Cloaths.

WHAT

WHAT a Situation was I in! The Reflection that Mrs. *Du Miram* at her Entrance complimented me with, and which my Benefactress acknowledged me possessed of, would no longer be of Service to me when I should be known. Was it for me to presume to break a Marriage like that in which Mr. *Valentia* was engaged! I might have the Look of a Lady of Distinction, provided I had no other Fault but being unfortunate; and while my Charms produced no Disorder; but, when beloved by *Valentia*, and guilty of the Uneasiness he gave his Mother, I might well be reduced to an Adventurer, and a little Creature beneath their Notice, and who had been very bold to presume to wound the Heart of a Gentleman.

I listened to Mrs. *Valentia*, who went on, while some Hints now and then escaped her that helped to revive my Courage. She was speaking of the Surgeon, to whom she went to ask some Questions.

He told me, said she, that the Person was very young and amiable, that she had the Air of a Lady of Quality, and that my Son in the Whole of his Behaviour expressed a sincere Respect for her. I do not know how, though you would persuade me to it, to reconcile these Things with the Idea I form to myself of the Daughter of some mean Mechanic, dressed up in all her Finery. If he has any real Love for

her, it must be such as will be dangerous, and carry him to great Lengths. You must be sensible that this does not agree with her being a Girl of no Education; and his Tenderness for her convinces me, that I shall have nothing at all to hope for from him; His having Sense and Honour are the very Reasons that will prevent there being any Remedy; for the unfortunate Inclination he has conceived for her will render him incapable of a Cure, if he thinks her worthy of his Love and Esteem. If his Passion is built upon a true Esteem for her, his Love is real.

HERE I felt a Mixture of Shame, Inquietude, and Pleasure, but the Pleasure was excessive. This Idea of being truly loved by *Valentia* had so many Charms in it, that it inspired me with Sentiments quite noble and disinterested. Indeed, the Heart is in so good a Situation when thus delighted, that the Reader will not much wonder at the part it made me take; which was a sufficient Proof that *Valentia* had Reason to respect me.

AFTER Mrs. *Du Miram* had replied to my Benefactress in Answer to what she had just said, she got up in order to go, saying, Since he is to dine To-morrow with you, endeavour to dispose him to this Marriage; and, as I cannot shake off my Fears about this Adventure, I am resolved to place somebody near him

him as a Spy upon his Actions, and I will have him followed wherever he goes : By this Means, perhaps, I shall discover who this Girl is. Supposing that he has found her out, it is proper that we should find her out too, for that can't be unuseful. Farewel, *Indiana*, I hope to see you again in two or three Days at farthest.

No, Madam, said I to her, letting fall some Tears, it is all over, you must see me no more, I must be abandoned to the Misfortunes which follow me wherever I go, for God will not suffer me to enjoy a lasting Repose on this side the Grave.

WHAT do you mean, Child ? Why should I abandon you ?

HERE my Tears ran in such Abundance that I remained some Time unable to utter a Word.

You make me very uneasy, my dear Child ; why dost thou cry so ? O, Madam ! said I, you don't know to whom you speak, nor whom it is you express such Goodness to : I believe it is I who am your Enemy, and the unfortunate Creature that causes all your Troubles.

How, *Indiana* ! replied she, astonished ; you she that my Son met as he came from Church and carried Home ? Yes, Madam, it was I myself, returned I. I am not ungrateful enough to hide it from you ; this would be a

horrid Treachery, after all the Care you have taken of me. You see I have not merited so much Kindness from you, since you would have been happier if you had never known me, or I had never been born. See what Reason you have to abandon me; it is not natural that you should preserve the Character of a Mother to an Orphan Girl, who is a perfect Stranger to you, whilst she afflicts you, and since a Sight of her has taught your Son to disobey you. I am confused and ashamed to think how much you have loved me; you should rather have hated and despised me. Alas! how much have you been deceived! I sincerely beg your Pardon.

My Tears continued flowing, while my Benefactress made no Answer, but looked upon me with an Air of the most moving Tenderness, with Tears standing in her Eyes.

MADAM, said Mrs. *Du Miram* to her, drying her Eyes, indeed this Story touches me extremely, what she has told you is admirable: How noble her Soul is!

Mrs. *Valentia* remained silent, and continued looking at me attentively.

SHALL I tell you my Thoughts, Madam, said Mrs. *Du Miram*? You have the most compassionate and most generous Heart; but I put myself in your Place. After this Event you may perhaps shew some Dislike against seeing

seeing her again, and may be against continuing her under your Care: Will you give her to me? I will take Care of her 'till this Affair is finished. I don't intend to take her from you, she would lose too much by that: I will return her to you again as soon as your Son's Marriage is concluded; or whenever you demand her from me.

AT this Discourse I lifted up my Eyes, and gave her a Look of Humility and Gratitude: I had reason to express myself sensible of her Goodness; but not to make her think that she gave me any Consolation; as indeed she did not. I accompanied this with a Sigh; after which Mrs. *Du Miram*, resuming her Discourse, said to my Benefactress, Think of it, Madam, and consult with yourself.

HOLD for a Moment, said Mrs. *Valentin*, I will answer you presently; let me first inform myself of one Thing. *Indiana*, said she, have you not heard of my Senilence you have been here? Alas! Madam, answered I, don't examine me on that Head; I am so unhappy that I can only give you fresh Cause for Grief, and therefore make you more exasperated against me. It is just that you should deprive me of your Friendship, and leave an unhappy Girl, who has the Misfortune to be the Obstacle of your Desires. It would be of no Service to you to increase your Hatred, which above all

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Things I desire to avoid. Don't think I refuse to tell you the Truth; I know very well that I am obliged to tell it you, if you desire it, this is the least Part of what I owe you; but what witholds me is the Pain it will give you, the Aversion it will inspire you with, and the Affliction that your Displeasure will occasion me.

No, Child, no, replied Mrs. *Valentia*, fear nothing from me. Does my Son know where you are? Has he been here? Or have you heard from him lately?

I then drew the Letter I had just received from *Valentia* out of my Pocket, which I had not unsealed, and gave it her with a trembling Hand. I don't know, said I, how he discovered that I was here, but see what he has just given me himself.

SHE took and opened it, ran it over, then cast her Eyes upon her Friend, who also fixed her's upon her. They both stood for some Time looking upon each other, without speaking a Word. At last, Mrs. *Du Miram*, shaking her Head, ah! Madam, said she, I asked you for *Indiana*, but I shall not have her, I find you will keep her yourself.

INDEED she is my Daughter more than ever, returned she, with a Tenderness that would not permit her saying any more, and immediately presenting me her Hand, which

I took hold of as well as the Grate would permit, and kissed it on my Knees for a long Time with an inexpressible Eagerness; and I was so softened that I seemed almost suffocated with my Tears, which was followed by a Silence among us all.

Mrs. *Da Miram* spoke first and said, I never was so affected in my Life as I am now. I don't know which of the two I love most, the Parent or the Child.

WELL, *Indiana*, said Mrs. *Valentia*, you must never more whilst I live call yourself an Orphan. But let us return to my Son. Without Doubt it was Mrs. *La Tour*, the Linen-draper, that told him where you are. Very likely, Madam, returned I, for I have not heard his Name mentioned since I have been here before this Afternoon, when he brought me the Letter, which he could not have given me without a Stratagem.

A Stratagem! replied she; I know what you mean, and I will tell you. As I was stepping out of the Coach, I saw a young Man in Livery coming down from this Parlour. Methought he was so like my Son, that I could not help being struck with the Resemblance. I thought of telling you of it, Madam, for I looked upon it as a Thing pretty singular, though I did not give much Attention to it. But now, *Indiana*, I find my Son loves you;

THE LIFE OF INDIANA,

I don't doubt but, instead of a Man that resembled him, it was he himself. Was it not?

Yes, Madam, said I, after having hesitated a Moment, scarce was he here before you arrived. I took his Letter, without taking Notice who it was that gave it me; and I should not have known him, but for a Look he cast at me. I started with Surprise. We were told you were coming, and he retired with Precipitation.

By what I know of his Temper, said Mrs. *Kalantia*, speaking to her Friend, *Indiana* must have made a prodigious Impression upon him. See what it has made him resolve! what a surprising Effect! to put on a Livery!

Yes, returned Mrs. *Du Miram*, this Action certainly proves he loves her, and those Chances demonstrate it much more strongly.

But, Madam, said my Benefactress, what will become of the Marriage which is almost concluded? How shall I get rid of my Engagements entered into with his Consent? My Son will never perform them; and, to say Truth, I should be sorry he should marry that young Lady when prepossessed in Favour of another. What must we do to cure him of this Passion?

It would be hard indeed to teach him to overcome it, returned Mrs. *Du Miram*, but I believe we may reduce it into the Bounds of Reason,

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Reason, and this we may certainly do with the Help of this young Lady. It is an Happiness that she is the Person we have to do with. We have now seen an Instance of the Greatness of her Mind, which proves what her Gratitude and Tenderness for such a Mother as you will render her capable of.

To cure him would be no easy Task, replied Mrs. *Du Miram*; and he can only be prevailed upon by your Daughter; and this would be a Proceeding worthy of herself. As she is the only Obstacle, she should speak to him of it; for no Body else will be capable of making him hear or understand Reason. I am persuaded he respects you too much to be capable of rebelling against you. But you say, you will not force him; and nothing can be more just than this Resolution, for by a contrary Conduct you would certainly make him unhappy: Nor could he be afterwards consoled for having plunged himself into Misery, because he would always reflect that he might have avoided it. On the contrary, *Indiana*, by a thousand Reasons that will not admit of a Reply, may possibly prevail with him to consent to his former Engagements: She may persuade him, in as gentle Terms as possible, and even with some Reluctance, that he will love her in vain, and that she is not in a Condition to return his Affection, and by this Means

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Means calm his Heart, and convince him of the Necessity he is under to marry the Lady intended for him. Thus he would be induced to marry her himself, and you would not appear to influence his Choice. This is my Opinion of the Matter.

It is a very good Thought, returned Mrs. *Valentia*, I like your Advice, but I shall add one Thing. Would it not be proper, in order to take away all Hopes from him, my Daughter should pretend to be desirous of being a Nun, and to add that her Situation will not admit of her taking any other Course? But, *Indiana*, said she, interrupting herself, I would not have you concerned at what I say. Don't think that I insinuate that you ought to quit the World; I am so far from it, that I could not consent to it without the most visible Proofs, of your being desirous of it, since I should be apt to fear that your small Fortune, your Apprehensions of future Want, or the Fear of being a Charge to me, would be your most prevailing Inducement.

OH, dear Mother! since you are pleased to grant me Leave to call you so, how generous is this! said I, throwing myself at her Feet, to have so much Regard for a poor Girl whom any Body else in the same Circumstances would have treated with Contempt and loaded with Indignities! What would have become

of

of me, had not you taken me into your Care ? Without you, Madam, I should by this Time have begged my Bread, and, notwithstanding this, you are afraid of humbling me. Sure there is not a Heart like yours upon the Face of the Earth !

OH ! Daughter, cried she, who could help being tender-hearted to you ? My Child, you enchant me. O, she enchants you at a very proper Time, said Mrs. *Du Miram* with a tender Smile ; but pray put an End to this Discourse, I can't bear it, you soften me too much.

WE will go to what we were saying, replied my Benefactress. Since we have concluded that you speak to *Valentia*, shall we wait 'till he returns to see her, or, to be more expeditious, would it not be better that she should write to him to come ?

By all Means, said Mrs. *Du Miram*, let a Letter be sent ; but I am of opinion that she should know first what he says to her in that Letter in your Hand, which we have only read to ourselves : By that she will judge better how to regulate her Conduct towards him. Yes, said I, I ought to know what he thinks, especially since I wrote to him the Day that I came hither, about an Hour before I entered. Ay ! how so, *Indiana* ? interrupted Mrs. *Valentia*.

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I was obliged to it, Madam, said I; I sent to him a Bundle, in which was a Gown, some Linnen, and Money, the Presents I had received from the Gentleman I have already mentioned, who, out of a seeming Pity, had placed me at Mrs. *Ta Tour's*, but whose real Designs were base and dishonourable. I wrote to Mr. *Valentia*, who knew where he lived, to desire him to send him the Parcel as from me.

HAI! by what Chance, said Mrs. *Valentia*, did my Son know this Gentleman?

MADAM, you will be still more surprized, returned I, when I tell you he knew him because he was his Uncle. What! cried she, Mr. *Climat*? Yes, Madam, 'twas he himself, replied I; it was to him the good Priest I mentioned carried me, and at your House I learned it was Mr. *Valentia's* Uncle, because he entered soon after my Fall had induced your Son to have me carried in; and it was he too that young Gentleman surprized at my Feet at Mrs. *La Tour's* the Linendraper, as he was entertaining me with his Love; and it was this Discovery, that made him propose to remove me, that he might see me in secret.

O Heavens, cried she, what do you tell me! what a Weakness was this in my Brother! I beg, Madam, said she to her friend, don't mention a Word of what *Indiana* has told us. If ever an Adventure like this should come to be known,

known, judge of the Scandal it would be to him, who has passed for a Man of great piety, and who, I hope, has hitherto deserved it, however he has behaved in this Instance. What must he think of himself! How will he be able to reflect on this Incident in his secret Moments! Well, we will leave him, and proceed to the Thing in Question. Let us see my Son's Letter. Here she opened it again, but said, I have a Scruple that has started in my Mind: Shall we do well to read it to *Indiana*? Perhaps she loves *Valentia*. There is a great Deal of Tenderness expressed in it, she may be touched with it, and it would only cost her more Pain to render us the Service we require from her. Tell us, my Dear, is there any Hazard? What must we think? Do you love my Son?

No Matter, Madam, answered I, it will not hinder me from speaking to him as I ought.

No Matter! say you? You love him then, replied she with a Smile. Yes, Madam, said I, 'tis true I do. I at first Sight conceived an Inclination for him, without knowing it was Love: I thought him amiable, and I am not blameable, I hope, in thinking him so, since I do him Justice. He is a young Gentleman, so perfectly agreeable, that I could not help being charmed with him.

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I must chide you, *Indiana*, for having told my Son that you love him, for such a Conduct is very imprudent.

BLESS me ! Madam, I never told him so, I never uttered a Word like it. Dare a Girl tell a Man that she loves him ? We may talk of such Things to one another, because no ill Consequences can attend it. But he has not the least Suspicion of it, unless he has guessed so ; and, if he has, it will avail him nothing. You shall see, Madam, I will not give you any Uneasiness. It is true, he is amiable, and one must be blind not to observe it ; but what then ? I assure you I will behave as if he was entirely indifferent to me, for I should be very ungrateful to act otherwise.

OH ! my Child, said my kind Friend, it will be very difficult to bring thy Heart to renounce him. The more I see thee, the more I despair of your ever being able to accomplish it. Let us try, however, and see what he writes.

THE Letter was short, and, as near as I can remember, it ran as follows :

THREE Weeks, Madam, I have fought you and been dying with Grief. I mention no more my Love ; it deserves no longer your Attention. I would throw myself at your Feet to shew you the Affliction I am in for having

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having offended you: I ask Pardon, not with the Hope of obtaining it, but to give you an Opportunity of revenging yourself by refusing it me. You do not know how much you are able to punish me, but you ought to know it; and I only beg the Consolation of telling it you.

THIS Letter penetrated my Soul, and my Heart felt the Force of every Word, which I am persuaded Mrs. *Valentia* took Notice of, for she watched my Looks narrowly. My Dear, said she, it is very moving, is it not? I cannot deny it, Madam, for I durst not deceive you, returned I. But, replied she, what Offence is it that he speaks of? It is the ill Opinion, returned I, he had expressed of me when he found Mr. *Climal* at my Feet; but since he received my Letter, where I beg him to send the Bundle of Cloaths to his Uncle, he sees he has been deceived, acknowledges my Innocence, and is conscious of his having offended me.

THIS, said Mrs. *Du Miram*, is as strong a Proof of his Probity as his Love. I am glad to see him do Justice to *Indiana's* Virtue; it is acting like an honest Man. But the more he esteems your Daughter, the greater will be the Difficulty she will meet with in bringing him to Reason, and making him comply with
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our Desires. Do not you think so, Mrs. *Valentia*?

You are right, answered my Benefactress: But it is Time to go Home, let us conclude upon something. We have agreed that *Indiana* shall write to my Son. A Word or two, said I, will be sufficient, and I will write before you, Madam. Very well, my Dear, a Line will be sufficient. So I immediately wrote as follows:

S I R,

I COULD not speak to you this Afternoon; however, I have something to say to you.

BUT, Madam, when shall I desire him to come? said I to Mrs. *Valentia*.

AT eleven o'Clock To-morrow Morning, returned she.

And I should be obliged to you, (added I, writing again) if you will come here To-morrow Morning at eleven o'Clock. I shall expect you.

I am, &c.

INDIANA.

AFTER I had directed the Letter, I gave it to my Benefactress, who took the Charge of sealing and sending it by one of the Servants of the House.

FAREWELL,

FAREWELL, *Indiana*, 'till To-morrow, said she. My Dear, said Mrs. *Du Miran*, think me your sincere Friend : I shall see you again very soon. After they went away my Mind was serene and full of Tranquility. Whoever had seen me would have imagined that I was melancholy, but I was far from being so : I had only the [Appearance of this Disorder, which was the Effect of that Flood of Softness which had just overwhelmed me.

I sighed, however, like a person who was disturbed in Mind, on Account of the Situation of my Affairs : For I loved a Man whom I must think on no more, and this was a Matter of Grief to me ; but, on the other hand, he tenderly loved me in Return,---a Reflection full of unnumbered Charms. This alone was almost sufficient to dissipate my Uneasiness ; it was true Honour, essentially necessary to give me Patience to support the rest. Besides, I had just behaved with so much Generosity, had shewn so much Reason, and given such Proof of a disinterested Gratitude, that had drawn Tears of Admiration and Pleasure from those two Ladies, one of whom, Mrs. *Valentia*, was the only Person who hoped for the Dissolution of the Match. I looked inward with Complacency and Delight ; I approved the Greatness of my own Soul, and amused myself with those pleasing Vanities and the secret Applause

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Applause which sprung from every Reflection. This dissipated the Gloom, and presented all within bright and lovely.

BUT, however this was, my Letter was punctually delivered to Mr. *Valentia*, and eleven o'Clock was but just struck when the Abbeſs came herself to tell me that he waited for me.

I went immediately, but with a slow Pace, to get Time to recover and fortify myself from the Disorder his Coming had put me into. I was entering upon a painful Scene, and feared I should want Courage to go thro' it.

IN this Confusion I went into the Parlour to Mr. *Valentia*. When I entered, he expressed himself in the following Manner :

MADAM, I don't know whether I ought to rejoice, or be afflicted, at the Order I have received from you, but I have not obeyed it without an inexpressible Inquietude.

SIR, returned I, pray sit down. Here I hesitated in order to recover myself whilst he took a Chair. Sir, replied I with a trembling Voice, I want to talk with you. Well, Madam, returned he, what is the Matter? What must I think of this Interview? Sir, you would persuade me to think you love me, and I believe it is true that you do? but what Design can you have in loving me?

THAT of being only your's, returned he seriously, that of being united to you by all the

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the Ties of Honour and Religion; and, if there are any Engagements more strong and binding, I will enter into them with a proportionably greater Pleasure. Your Enquiry into my Design gives me no Pain, for I don't see, Madam, how it is possible for a Man to love you with other Views. My Intentions will not bear a Doubt. I have only to know if they are agreeable to you, and if I may hope to obtain what will be the Happiness of my Life.

SIR, said I, you know not yet the Misfortunes I have suffered from my Infancy: I am ignorant to whom I owe my Birth, I lost my Parents without knowing them; and I have neither Fortune nor Relation. We are not made for each other. Besides, there are insurmountable Obstacles in our Way.

I understand you, returned he, with an Air of Despair and Consternation, your Heart refuses to yield to my Desires, and unite itself to mine.

No, Sir, you are mistaken, that is far from being the Case, said I, without being able to proceed. That is not the Case, Madam, returned he, why then do you mention Obstacles?

WE were in this Part of our Conversation when my Benefactress entered. Judge of *Valentia's* Surprise!

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How ! my Mother, cried he rising, Oh, Madam, all this was contrived. Yes, my Son, said she to him, it was, we would not endeavour to conceal it from you. I knew you were to be here, and we thought it proper I should meet you. But, my dear Child, added she, addressing herself to me, have you informed my Son of every Thing ?

No, Madam, said I, fortified by her Presence, and encouraged by the affectionate Manner in which she spoke to me ; no, I have not had Time, the Gentleman is but just come, and our Conversation hardly begun when you entered ; but I will tell him every Thing before you, Madam.

You see, Sir, said I to *Valentia*, who seemed surprized at the tender Names we gave each other. You see in what Manner your good Mother treats me. You ought to know how kind she has been to me, and what Obligations I am under to her ; Obligations so great and numerous, that were I to mention them, they would appear quite incredible, and you would be the first that would tell me, that I should be unworthy to live if I did not intreat you to think of me no more. Do you be Judge, resumed I, only consider who I am. I lost my Parents, who were assassinated on a Journey when I was but two Years old, and since that Time, Sir, hear what has happened

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pened to me. My Education was given me by Mr. *Du Pont*, a Clergyman in the Country, who fulfilled that Task out of Compassion. His Sister brought me to *Paris*. Here she died, and left me alone without Support. A Priest she knew, and had recommended me to before her Death, presented me to your Uncle, who placed me at Mrs. *La Tour*'s the Linnen-Draper, but after a few Days abandoned me. I have already told you the Reasons of his Conduct, when I desired you to return his Presents for me. I went to tell the Priest my Situation, and in returning from him I entered into the Church that belongs to this House, to dry up my Tears, with which I was almost suffocated. Your dear Mother came in after me. She saw me weep at a Confessional. I excited her Pity, and from that Time became a Boarder here. 'Tis she that pays all my Expences, has bought me Cloaths, furnished me with every Thing, not only in the greatest Plenty, but Magnificence, and has accompanied these generous Actions with such an engaging Sweetness, that I cannot call them to Mind without melting into Tears of Gratitude. She comes to see and discourse with me, loves me and treats me as if I was your Sister, and has even made me forget that I am an Orphan. Never had a Daughter a better Mother, nor experienced such Happi-

ness from that dear Relation. This is the Situation I am in; judge then what I owe to your Mother; and speak from your Conscience, Sir, how you would advise me to act after what I have told you? You must think that those unhappy Wretches who beg their Bread are not so poor as I am. They have at least Brothers and Sisters, or some other Relations; they have a Country; they have a Name to distinguish them from the rest of Mankind, by which they are known amongst their Acquaintance; but I have none of these Advantages, and therefore am more wretched than they.

COME, my Dear, said Mrs. *Valentia*, pray forbear. No, Madam, let me tell every Thing. I say nothing but the Truth, Sir, and yet, after all this, you ask for my Heart. Would it not be a fine Present I should make you? Would it not be a Cruelty even to myself? It is true I am agreeable to you; but you would not attach yourself to me sure, for no other Reason but because you think me handsome. You certainly believe that I have a spotless character; and if this is the Case, how can you hope that I should ever consent to a Love that would draw upon you the Censure of every Body, which would set you at Variance with your Family, with every one who esteems you, and even with me too; for
how

how severe must be your Repentance, when you would cease to love me, who is the Subject of publick ridicule, whom no Body would see, and who would only bring upon you Shame and Misery. But obliged as I am to your dear Mother, how wicked a Creature must I be, should I marry you? If I was capable of it, would you ever think upon me but with Horror? Should I not be the basest and most ungrateful Creature upon Earth, especially as I know your Engagements to a Lady of great Merit? Don't be surprized, Sir, I am informed of every Thing. Your Mother came to see me Yesterday as usual; she appeared sad and dejected. I asked the Cause. She informed me her Son had displeased her. I heard her with Attention, without knowing that I was the Cause of her Uneasiness. She told me she had the greatest Reason to be satisfied with your Conduct, 'till you had seen a young Girl. Here she related our History; and the Girl who disturbs you, who induces you to break your Word, who now afflicts your dear Mother, and who has robbed her of the Respect and Tenderness of her Son, I find to be myself, the Pensioner that she supports and loads with Kindness. After this, Sir, see if, with all the Virtues you have been accustomed to preserve, you can wish me to love you, and if

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you yourself could have the Courage to love such a Wretch as I should be, could I listen to your Passion: No, certainly. I find you are touched, Sir, with what I tell you; you weep, it is Tenderness surely for your Mother, and Pity for me. Oh! Madam, you shall be no longer full of Sadness and Inquietude. Mr. *Valentia* will suffer me to be no more the Subject of your Uneasiness, which is a Pain that falls with double Weight upon myself. I am sure he will no more interrupt the Pleasure you take in succouring me; on the contrary, he will be sensible that he must share in it; he may love me still, but it must be a Passion like your's. I hope he will marry the Lady in Question on his own Account, because he not only owes to himself, but on your's who have procured so advantageous a Match, and one so proper to complete his Happiness and mine too, who intreat him to obey you, as the only Proof he can give me that I have been ever truly dear to him. This is a Satisfaction that he will not refuse to a Person that cannot be his, nor any other Person's; and who, for her Part, will not scruple to tell him, at this critical Juncture, that if she was rich, and his Equal, she has so good an Opinion of his Merit, she would choose him before any other Man in the World: This is a Consolation that I am willing to give you, Sir,

and which I shall not regret, provided it restores your Content and Peace.

I stopped here, and wiped away the Tears from my Eyes, while *Valentia* all this while held down his Head, and was some Time without answering me. At last he broke Silence, addressing himself to his Mother.

You see, Madam, what a Woman *Indiana* is, and she is the Object of my Regard. Put yourself in my Place. Am I to blame to love her? Is it possible I should cease to do it? Can what she has just urged disengage my Affections? that very Method she has taken to do it has rivetted my Heart faster to her than ever. O Madam, how many Virtues has she! and yet I must resign her. You will have me do it. She too desires it of me, and I will quit the dear invaluable Treasure. I will marry another; I consent to be miserable, but I shall not be so long.

HERE *Valentia's* Tears broke loose, and his Mother was touched with them, and wept as fast as he without knowing what to say. We all three were silent, and nothing was heard but Sighs.

OH! cried I, agitated with Love, Grief, and a thousand confused Emotions, not to be described, dear Madam, your Grief is insupportable to me; why did you meet us? you fill me with Despair. I cannot bear to see

you thus. Sir, you make my Life quite insupportable. Why, my Dear, do you complain, said *Valentia*? have I not already told you that I will resign you?

YES, you will leave me, returned I; but though you say so, you afflict your Mother; you deprive her of Life; you threaten her with your being miserable. Is this the Comfort you give her? You ask what Reason we have for Complaint; what can you demand more than I have granted? If you are reasonable ought you not to regulate your Desires, and keep them in proper Bounds? You cannot marry me, but you have this Consolation, that I will never engage my Affection to any other, and you will always be dear to me. I shall be a Recluse indeed, but it will be here at *Paris*, and we shall sometimes see each other. We have both the same Mother, you shall be my Brother, my Benefactor, and my dearest Friend, the only Man I esteem, and whom I shall never forget.

OH, my dear Mother! cried *Valentia* again, throwing himself at her Feet, I beg Pardon for the Tears I see you shed, which I am so unhappy as to draw from you, do with me what you please, you are the Mistress of my Actions, though you have undone me. Why did you bring me here to raise my Admiration for this justly dear Creature, and then
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snatch me from her? Have Pity on my Condition! you tear my Heart with the most cruel Anguish. Take me away---let us go! I had rather die than afflict you thus! Think for a Moment what will become of your Son.

ALAS, my Dear, what would you have me say, returned the good Lady? I pity thee, Child, I excuse thee. You both touch me, and I confess to thee that I love *Indiana* as much as you do. Arise my Son; I forgive the Love thou hast for her; and if the World thought as I do, I should not be so much troubled, nor at a Loss what to resolve.

AT these last Words, *Valentia* cast himself again at her Feet, from whence she had just raised him; and taking one of her Hands, kissed it for a long Time without speaking. Well, Madam, said I, will you love me still? Will you not after this abandon me?

HEAVEN forbid, my dear Child, returned my kind Benefactress, why do you talk thus? Come, I desire you will compose yourself. I am satisfied with you, my Son, added she; I will not press you to conclude the Marriage in question, though it will displease a very worthy Family.

You restore me to Life, Madam, said *Valentia*, I am the happiest of all Sons; but what will you do with *Indiana*? won't you permit me to see her sometimes? You ask more than

I know how to answer, returned she, let me think of it. Consent, at least, that I love her, added he. What would signify my refusing thee that, returned she, pray continue to love her, let what will happen.

AFTER a Moment's Pause, What a dangerous little Creature thou art, *Indiana*, said she, rising: Farewel, let us go, Son, who still was kissing her Hand, the Reason of which she seemed perfectly to understand. Yes, yes, added she smiling, I know what all this means. Do you coax your Mother, Child? I will fix upon nothing yet, I can't bring myself to any Resolution. Adieu, Child, it is late; I will return to see you very soon. I saluted her without making any Answer. And as I had been crying I was wiping my Eyes with my Handkerchief. Why do you cry, said she? I have nothing to reproach thee with; I can't be angry with thee for being amiable; go to Dinner, my Dear, and compose yourself. Give me your Hand, *Valentia*, to the Coach.

SHE immediately went down Stairs, ushered by her Son, who only spoke to me with his Eyes, and took no other Leave but a low Bow, which I returned with an Air full of Diffidence, like a person afraid of taking too much Liberty, and of abusing that generous Lady's Indulgence.

I was now left alone, much more agitated than I was when Mrs. *Valentia* left me the preceding Night, since here was Matter for many other quite different Emotions. *Love her, Child, let what will happen,* my dear Benefactress had said to her Son; and then, *We shall see; I don't know what to resolve upon,* she added; and from this I inferred, that she had ordered me to hope, which indeed I did, but called myself a Fool to dare to hope on such slender Grounds. On Occasions like these we can't help feeling a great deal of Pain; for it is much better not to have the least Glimpse of Success, than to have one so feint as only to flatter the Soul, to make it tremble with Fear, and to fill it with the most painful Uncertainty. Shall I be so happy as to marry *Valentia*, said I to myself? I cannot believe it possible; but however I began to think I should be miserable if I did not.

I could not sleep that Night, and hardly got any Rest the two following, for I passed three Days without hearing any Thing of them. At last the fourth appeared, and I heard nothing of my Benefactress, but about three in the Afternoon I was told, that *Valentia* asked for me at the Grate, and I had immediately Leave granted to see him, which however I did not accept. I felt I loved him

infinitely more than I had done before. I had an extreme Desire to see him, and the greatest Curiosity imaginable to know if he had nothing new to tell me, relating to our mutual Passion; but in spite of all this I restrained myself. I sent Word to *Valentia* to excuse my seeing him, except he came from his Mother, and that I durst not presume to do it, since she had not previously informed me of his visit. This prudent Piece of Conduct cost me very dear. I began to repent it, when he sent me Word he would come again the next Day with his Mother.

At the Time appointed we were to have a Ceremony, when a young Lady was to take her Vows. On these Occasions all the Religious appear openly, and the Curtain is drawn from the Rails. Here was I seated when Mrs. *Valentia* entered, who with her Family were invited by the young Nun's Relations. As I was ignorant of her being invited, I was agreeable surprized to see her come up the Aile of the Church towards the Rails, supported by an elderly Gentleman. A Throng of other Persons followed. At last she took her Seat with the Gentleman by her Side. I then looked on those that followed, and perceived Mr. *Climal* and his Nephew.

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would be of any Consequence to me or not ; I looked upon him as a wicked Man, whom my Presence was sufficient to disconcert : But this was nothing in comparison of the mortifying Circumstances that must attend his seeing me, which I foresaw would cover him with extreme Confusion.

VALENTIA saw me first, and instantly bowed with an Air, which seemed to presage that our Affairs were in a happy Situation. Next my Benefactress cast her Eyes at me, and at last her Brother followed them with his.

THIS poor Man (for the Time is coming when I must soften my Expressions for him) to whom, by a Kind of Fatality, I was to be ever a Subject of new Alarms, lost all Countenance at seeing me, and had not the Confidence to look in my Face.

I, in my Turn, blushed too, but like an Enemy who had the Advantage of a good Conscience, and who could not but confound a guilty Mind inferior to its own. I doubted whether he would take Notice of me or not, but I found he avoided it, and I imitated him out of Pride, Prudence, and even out of a Kind of Pity for him, for I had a Mixture of them all in my Mind.

THE Ceremony being over, Mrs. *Valentia* came to the Parlour with her Son, and asked for me, while Mr. *Climal* retired. Good-morrow,

morrow, *Indiana*, said she, how do you do,
 my Dear? I am only come to speak a Word
 to you, my Company waits for me below, ex-
 cept my Brother who is gone. My Son is
 perpetually on his Knees before me, to ob-
 tain my Consent to the Accomplishment of his
 Desires. He tells me I shall render him mise-
 rable if I oppose his Happiness; that his Pas-
 sion is unsurmountable; that he must ever
 love and adore you, and make your Felicity
 inseparable from his own; and that it is his
 Destiny to love thee and to be thine. I can-
 not blame his Choice, thou art worthy of his
 Affection, and that is enough for a Man who
 loves thee, and who is rich; therefore love
 each other; I permit you to do it; any other
 Mother besides me would not suffer this. Ac-
 cording to the Maxims of the World, my Son
 acts a very foolish Part, and I shall not be
 reckoned more wise to suffer him to do so;
 but on this, he says, depends the Repose and
 all the Comfort of his whole Life; and it
 must be a Heart very different from mine that
 could resist the Force of such an Argument.
 I am persuaded that in this he does not act
 contrary to true Honour; that he only devi-
 ates from an established Custom, and only in-
 jures his Fortune by refusing to augment it.
 He assures me that he can't live without thee,
 and I am sensible of the Merit he finds in thee.

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Nothing here oppose you but the Prejudices of Mankind. God nor Reason don't do it. Sir, turning to her Son, you are of a considerable Family, and as we know nothing of *Indiana*, Pride and Avarice would not have you marry her, but you do not listen to them, you only attend to your true and disinterested Love. I must act either as thy Tyrant or thy Mother; but I choose, and shall always glory in being the latter. May Heaven bless the Motives that induce me to give my Consent; but whatever happens, I should rather choose to blame my Indulgence than an Inflexibility, which will be of no Advantage to thee, and which might perhaps be attended with the most fatal Consequences.

VALENTIA, on hearing his Mother's Discourse, wept with Joy and Gratitude. As for me, I was so moved I could not speak a Word; my Hands trembled, and I only expressed my Thoughts by frequent Sighs.

THOU sayest nothing, *Indiana*, said she, but I understand thy Silence, and, indeed, cannot help being sensible of the Joy I give you both: Heaven might have destined me a Daughter-in-law that would better please the World, but not one more agreeable to my Heart's Desire.

HERE I broke into a sudden Transport. Oh, my Mother, cried I, you kill me with
Excess

Excess of Kindness, I shall never have that Gratitude such Goodness demands. My Tears forced me to stop here, unable to proceed. I cast myself at her Feet, and put some of my Fingers through the Grate to take hold of Mrs. *Valentia's*, who presented her's, while *Valentia* seized both our Hands and kissed them alternately.

HEAR me, my dear Children, said my Mother, after having looked for some Time with Transport on her Son, you must use some Prudence on this Occasion. While you stay in this House, my Dear, you must not expect *Valentia's* coming to see you alone. You have related your History to the Governess. She, suspecting that my Son loves you, and that I consent to it, may tell the young Ladies, and they again may speak of it to others, and this, if possible, I would avoid. It is not even proper, *Indiana*, that you should be long here; you shall stay but about three Weeks or a Month at farthest. Mean Time I will look out for a Convent, where they will not know of the Accidents of your Life; and I will place you there under a feigned Name, whilst I take Measures to prepare the Minds of the People for the Marriage, to prevent its surprizing them.

VALENTIA upon this was going to renew his Thanks, and I the Testimonies of my Re-
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spect and Tenderness, but she got up. You know they wait for me, said she to her Son, conceal your Joy; I will dispense with your shewing it to me; I am sensible of what you feel: Come let us go.

BUT, Madam, replied her Son, you tell me that you will not permit me to see *Indiana* without you, does not that imply that I shall wait upon you sometimes when you come here? Yes, yes, returned she, two or three Times perhaps, but not more. Come, do you conduct me. There is one Thing that I did not think of, which is, my Brother knows *Indiana*, and where she is, perhaps we shall be obliged to marry you privately. You are his Heir, Son, and for this Reason you shall not disoblige him. It is true, that after his Adventure with *Indiana*, we may bring him over, and make him hear Reason, for he loves me, and I will take Advantage of it, and endeavour to manage him. After a tender Adieu she left me more overjoyed than I can express.

I have already said, that for three or four Nights my Inquietude would hardly permit my taking any Repose, but now a contrary Passion had the same Effect. Nothing keeps us so much awake as extreme Joy, or the delightful Expectation of some great Happiness;

ness; and since this was the Case, judge if I was in a Disposition to sleep.

THE two first Days I was perfectly enchanted, then my Satisfaction was dashed with a Mixture of Impatience. Yes, I shall marry *Valentia*, said I to myself, my dear Benefactress has promised it me: But when will this happy Moment arrive? I am to stay a Month longer here, and then be placed in another religious House, that Measures may be taken to bring about this Marriage; but will these Measures draw out the Time to a great Length? or shall I be united to *Valentia* shortly? I cannot tell what to think; no Time is fixed for it, and it is possible they may change their Minds; and these Thoughts extremely alleviated my Satisfaction.

THERE had passed five or six Days since I had seen my Mother, or *Valentia*, when one Morning a Letter was brought me from her, in which she informed me that she should come at one o'clock with her Son, to take me to dine with Mrs. *Du Miram*; and her Note concluded with these Words: *And especially use all your Art, and neglect nothing in Point of Dress: Do you mind? I would have you put on all your Charms.*

THIS Order, methought, was a Proof that Mrs. *Valentia* persisted in giving me the Heart
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of her Son; if she had hesitated upon it, she would not have exposed him thus to all my Charms.

THESE were my Thoughts while dressing, and the exquisite Pleasure I felt in reflecting, that he would be sensible of the Graces I put on gave a fresh Lustre to my Countenance, and more Fire and Vivacity to my Eyes. At one o'Clock I was ready, and while I waited for my Benefactress, I amused myself with walking backwards and forwards in my Room, and from Time to Time looking in my Glass to retouch my Head-Dress; which, though very well before, I could not help endeavouring to add something improving.

AT last my Door opened, and I was told Mrs. *Valentia* waited for me. I went down and met Mr. *Valentia* at the Gate, who conducted me to the Coach, where I found my Benefactress.

MR. *Climal* is not well, said *Valentia* in our Way to the Coach; He has had a slight Fever these two or three Days. I am sorry for it, reply'd I, I bear him no Ill-will; I hope it will not be attended with any bad Consequence. Here we got to the Coach. Come, my dear *Indiana*, said my Benefactress, let us make haste, for it is very late. You look incomparably well To-day, said she as soon as I was seated. Yes, Madam, said *Valentia* smiling,

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smiling, it is impossible to avoid being ravished at the Sight of so many Graces as are united in this charming Girl.

INDIANA, said Mrs. *Valentia*, you know we are going to dine with Mrs. *Du Miram*, and there will be a pretty deal of Company, we have therefore resolved that I should introduce you as the Daughter of one of my best Friends who died in the Country, and has recommended you to my Care. Remember this, Child!

DEAR Madam, returned I extremely touched, forgive my Want of Expression to thank you as I ought; your Goodness has daily augmented since I have had the Happiness to be known to you; every Word you have spoken has been a fresh Benefit, and has laid me under a new Obligation to you.

INDEED, said *Valentia*, as there is no Mother like our's, so it is not strange that we can't tell her how much we love her. Yes, returned she merrily, I believe you love me very well, but you coax me a great deal better.

WHEN we came to Mrs. *Du Miram*'s, we went into the Parlour, and found four Persons with her. They all immediately arose and paid their Respects: We all sat down, and entered into a long and general Discourse, in which every one discovered their Eloquence;

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quence ; but notwithstanding the Company were all People of the best Sense, yet Mrs. *Du Miram*, to whom they generally addressed themselves, surpassed them all as much as the Sun does the Moon in Brightness. The Dinner which Mrs. *Du Miram* had provided, was nothing superfluous or sparing. After Dinner we fell into a second Discourse, chiefly concerning the good Fortune that was observed generally to attend the seemingly Unfortunate of both Sexes ; several Persons were mentioned that were Men of great Reputation ; this was my own Case, and consequently I could join with them in this Discourse, which I did, and held it for some Time to the general Satisfaction of all present, but the Time stealing on apace, and some new Company coming in, Mrs. *Valentia* took that Opportunity to retire ; her Son and I followed, and Mrs. *Du Miram* waited on us to the Door, where she embraced me, and after Compliments on both Sides we set out for our respective Habitations.

As we were in the Coach, Mrs. *Valentia* said to me, Well, my Dear, does the Company we have been in please you ? It appears to me that you were very agreeable to them. We shall make something of you in Time. Ay, ay, said *Valentia*, there is Room to hope *Indiana* will render herself agreeable to them all;

all, one Time or other. I don't know what may happen, answered I laughing; but if I don't it shall never be for Want of Endeavours on my Side; it is you, Madam, must take Care you don't repent choosing me for a Daughter. This was our Discourse 'till we came to the Religious House I lived in.

I hope it will not be long before we shall see her again, said *Valentia* to his Mother, as he presented me his Hand to help me out of the Coach? I believe not, said she, I believe we shall dine once more at Mrs. *Du Miram's*, as she seemed pleased with our Company, but don't be too hasty: Come, hand *Indiana* into the House.

ON this he rung the Bell, the Door opened, and he had only Time to say with a Sigh You are now, my Dearest, going to shut yourself up, and in a Moment I shall be a Recluse too, though in the Midst of the busy World; it is you alone will employ my Thoughts; after which he retired.

AMONGST the Boarders there was one near my own Age, and who was agreeable enough to make her think herself a great Beauty; but her high Value for her dear Person rendered her whole Conduct ridiculous; nothing was the Object of her Comtemplation but her own Face, the Charms of which were the Subject of every Reflection; she was never weary
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of this Idea, and all her Actions discovered a Mind extremely vain and full of the most consummate Affectation; besides, she was a Lady of Quality, and therefore expected a great Deference should be paid her.

THE Reader may remember the Discourse I had with the Lady Governess when I presented myself to her before Mrs. *Valentia*; I then mentioned the Misfortunes of my Life, and my Benefactress was so much touched with them, that she forgot to desire her to keep them secret, when she took me under her Care, and placed me with her; for few People attend to every Thing at once. I however had thought of it soon after I had entered her House, and entreated her not to divulge what I had told her. Alas! my Child, said she, I shall be very far from it; fear nothing; do you think I don't know the Consequence of such Things? But whether I was then too late with my Request, or that desiring her to say nothing had rendered my Secret burthenfome to her, I cannot say, but it was scarcely nine o'Clock the next Morning, before I was the common Talk of the whole House. I observed every where the Ladies whispering to each other, and staring at me wherever I went: I soon knew the Cause, but unable to help myself, I cast down my Eyes, and seemed to take no Notice of it.

However,

However, there was hardly one amongst them that did not express a great deal of Friendship for me by their Caresses, which I think at first they did out of a Curiosity of hearing me speak. A Person of my Age that enters a Convent is at first a Kind of Sight, and the whole Discourse for some Time consists of such impertinent Questions as these, Is she tall? Is she little? What Sort of an Air has she? What does she say? How is she dressed? Is she handsome? In short, to this inquisitive Disposition, nothing that she has appears insignificant, nor too trifling not to engage their Attention.

HOWEVER, I soon found their Curiosity was of the greatest Service to me; all the Ladies loved me, but never told me what they had learned of my Misfortunes; tho' their Commendations of my Person, and that Air of Sweetness and Modesty they complimented me with, were uttered with such a lamentable Tone, that would have thought they were weeping over me, and saying, *Poor little Orphan, how deplorable is your Situation thus to be reduced to live on the Charity of others.*

THIS young Boarder, so puffed up with her own Charms, was the only Person who treated me with Contempt, and who had not indeed condescended to speak to me. Scarce
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could she resolve to return with a slight Inclination of her Hand, the low Courtesies which I constantly made her whenever we met; and it was easily seen, that even this was attended with Reluctance.

ONE Day as she was walking in the Garden with some of our Companions, I happened to pass by her, as I was talking with a Lady, when casting a negligent Look at me, I heard her say, *Yes the Thing is genteel enough; it is a Lady I think that has the Charity to pay her Board: Don't you think she resembles my Jenny?* (this was a Servant she had to wait upon her, and who indeed favoured me a little). I observed that those who were with her made her no Answer, whilst I blushed very much, and the Tears came into my Eyes: The Lady with whom I was walking had conceived a particular Regard for me, which I returned with an undissembled Friendship; she shook her Head at this Speech, and said nothing.

I could not forbear saying with a Sigh, Oh! how cruel, how barbarously cruel are some Persons!

DON'T mind her Miss, said the Lady, you have Advantages which greatly revenge you of this impertinent Creature; you would have greater Reason to be vain than she, though you had not had more Sense, a better Under-

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standing to set you above her. You are very obliging, Madam, said I with a Look of Acknowledgement.

THIS Treatment I was exposed to from this haughty Lady, who could not forgive my being perhaps as handsome as herself; however, I went into the House dressed as I was, that I might have an Opportunity of disconcerting my jealous Rival. I had no sooner entered than the Eyes of every one were fixed upon me; they expressed a general Surprise attended with an Air of Friendship.

SHE no sooner saw me, than I observed she smiled with an Air of Contempt, and held down her Head; a Behaviour she probably thought most proper to maintain her Vanity.

WHEN Supper was over, we Boarders went into the Garden, and were followed by some of the Nuns, amongst whom was one who had a tender Regard and Friendship for me. We were no sooner there, but my Companions came up to me. One asked were I had been that she had not seen me To-day; another took Notice of my Gown, and admired its Beauty; while another seemed delighted with the Fineness of my Head-dress, and observed that it became me extremely. I had many Remarks made upon these Trifles, which were expressed with a great deal of Good-nature. Mean-while, my Friend came up to

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us, and maliciously addressing herself to the Lady that looked upon me with such Contempt, Is it not true, Miss, said she, that this would be a lovely Victim to offer up to Heaven? What a fine Sacrifice would it be if this charming young Lady should renounce the World, and become a Religious!

LORD, Madam, the Creature is well enough, said she; I think it is the best Step such as she can take. Then turning to me, *Indiana*, continued she, your Gown is mighty fine, and every Thing I think is answerable to it.---Was you ever so fine before?---Why it must cost a good deal of Money.---The Lady that takes Care of you is mighty generous. What Age is she of? Is she old? Does she think of securing to you something to live on? for she can't live for ever, and it would be a Pity should she not put you in a Condition to be always as well dressed; one is soon used to it, and I advise you to tell her so.

I kept Silence, 'till my Friend replied to her sharply, what do you mean, Madam, by this Discourse? What Business have you to interfere in this Lady's Concerns? I find I must inform you, that your assuming Behaviour humbles No-body here but yourself: The Lady your Mother, when she placed you here, informed us, that an insufferable Pride was your favourite Vice, warned us of the

Effects of it, and entreated us, if possible, to cure you of it; and I will assure you, my Endeavours shall not be wanting for that Purpose; and I desire when you speak to Miss, that for the future you call her no more *Indiana*, as you have just done, since she always uses you with Respect, and there is none but you amongst us who take the Liberty to use her otherwise. What Reason have you, Miss, to be afflicted, continued she looking at me with Compassion in her Eyes? Is there any Thing to be ashamed of in the Misfortunes that have stripped you of your Parents?

No, Madam, returned I, I have nothing, God has taken every Thing from me, and I ought to behave myself accordingly; but I had much rather be as I am than to have all those Advantages Miss has above me, and be capable of insulting the Afflicted. This Discourse touched the Hearts of all my Companions, and made them interest themselves in my Uneasiness.

LORD! who thought of insulting her, cried the jealous young Lady blushing with Shame and Spite, What Hurt is there, pray, in advising her to take Care of herself?

No-BODY made any Answer to this; my Friend was gone, and drew away the greatest Number of the Boarders, while only two or three stayed with my Enemy; amongst whom

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THIS little Adventure, which I thought might be instructive to those young Ladies, caused me to redouble my Modesty and Politeness to my Companions, who in their Turn increased their Friendship for me. But to proceed.

Mrs. *Valentia* came to see me the third Day after our Dining with Mrs. *Du Miram*; and some Days after I received a second Note, which desired me to get ready to pay another Visit at Mrs. *Du Miram's*. At the Time appointed I was told my Benefactress waited for me. It was eight Days since I had seen *Valentia*, and I confess I had thought it very long. I was received by a Footman, who conducted me to her Coach, and I approached her with such a disordered Air that she could not help smiling as soon as she saw me. This Smile a little revived my Courage, for I thought it a good Sign. Come in, my Dear, said she; I placed myself and we drove away.

THERE wants somebody here, cried she laughing, does there not? who is that, Madam, said I seeming to know nothing of the Matter? Who, Child! replied she, sure you know better than I, though I am his Mother. Oh, it is Mr. *Valentia*, returned I. Yes, said she, but he waits for us at one of his

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Friends; from whence we shall take him in our Way; I was not willing to bring him here, but you shall see him by and by.

A little while after the Coach stopped, and Mrs. *Valentia* said, What! my Son here already. See what it is to have a Mother, returned he, whose Tenderness makes her conceive all that passes in our Hearts. Hold your Tongue, said she smiling, suppress this Sort of Language; let your Love-Discourses alone, if you please, 'till I am gone. You cast down your Eyes, added she addressing herself to me, I shall teach you better Manners; I saw you turn pale, Miss, because he was not with me; your Mother's Company was not enough for you.

OH, Madam, don't be displeased with her, said *Valentia*; would it be agreeable to you that she should be insensible of the Absence of a Man to whom you intend to marry her? If you will turn away your Head, Madam, I have a great Desire to kiss her Hand to thank her for it. Here he seized my Hand, but I snatched it from him hastily, at the same Time hitting him a Tap over the Fingers, and immediately taking hold of my Benefactress's Hand, I kissed it with an Emotion expressive of the greatest Affection. O ye Hypocrites, returned she squeezing mine, you both abuse the Respect you owe me; Come

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be quiet, let us talk of other Things. Have you seen my Brother, Son? How did he do this Morning? A little better, Madam, returned he, but continues sleepy, as he was Yesterday. This Drowiness of his disturbs me, said Mrs *Valentia*, we must not stay so long as we did the other Day, I must go see him.

WE were at this Part of our Discourse, when the Coach stopped at Mrs. *Du Miran's*. The Company there was the same I had seen before, with the Addition of two others, who did not appear superfluous.

WE dined, and in about an Hour after we were risen from Table, Mrs. *Valentia* was told, that one of her Servants wanted to speak to her: It was to tell her, that Mr. *Climal* was in Danger, and that they were endeavouring to bring him out of an Apoplectic Fit, into which he had fallen two Hours before.

SHE returned in a terrible Fright, and told us the melancholy News, took Leave of the Company, left me at my Apartment, and hastened to visit the sick Gentleman with *Valentia*, who appeared touched with the Condition of his Uncle, as well as uneasy at the hasty and abrupt Manner in which he was snatched from the Pleasure he seemed to enjoy in my Company.

If Mr. *Climal* dies now, said I to myself, *Valentia*, who is already rich, will be still much more so, and, Oh! how do I know but this new Acquisition of Wealth may be of Prejudice to me? Is it possible that the Heir to such an immense Fortune should marry me?

A Moment after I reasoned thus: *Valentia*, I am sure, has a great deal of Tenderness for me; but it will fortify him against the Ambition of making an Alliance with a Family much greater and more powerful than his own: Will he resist the Allurements of Honour, and the noble Employments that they may procure him? There are Degrees of Generosity superior to the Reach of the most generous Minds; Hearts capable of sustaining themselves under such trying Proofs are so very rare that it is almost too much to hope to meet with one with sufficient Fortitude to bear it; and that Mind must be looked upon as deserving the Epithet of Great, that cannot be overcome by any Temptation.

I had no Reason to fear on this Account, for it was not Ambition that could rob me of the Heart of my *Valentia*, yet, nevertheless, my Inquietude deprived me of all Repose.

THE next Day, as soon as I was out of Bed, a Lady entered my Chamber, who told me, that the Governess desired me to dress as quick

quick as possible; and that she had just received a Letter from Mrs. *Valentia*, in which she desired her to permit me to come out immediately; there is, added she, a Coach waiting for you.

THIS was another Subject of Uneasiness; send for me so early, said I to myself. Oh! what has happened? I have no other Resource here than the Protection of Mrs. *Valentia*, and will she take that away? My whole Reliance is upon a generous Mind, who may, when she pleases, withhold her Favours, and abandon me to Misery, without giving me Cause to complain of them; and to effect this, she need only listen to the ill Report of an Impostor; this alone might enrage her against me. These Thoughts I revolved in my Mind whilst I was dressing myself. I was soon ready; I went out dressed very plain, stepped into the Coach, and imagined they were carrying me to Mrs. *Valentia*'s; but I was quite mistaken, the Coach stopped at Mr. *Climax*'s. I knew the House again; but judge what was my Surprise! I at once thought all were lost; now I see what is done, said I to myself, I see that I am ruined; this wicked Man has recovered and will revenge himself. I expect to be loaded with a thousand Calumnies that he has invented against me; he will give every Thing what Turn he

pleases; he passes for a good Man; and in Spite of all my Efforts to vindicate myself, and make my Innocence appear, he will impose on Mrs. *Valentia*, and make her believe all his horrid Falshoods. Oh! my God! how wicked is this abandoned Wretch!

THERE was Reason to fear what I apprehended; the Menaces he gave me when I left Mrs. *La Tour's*; the Scene that past between us before the Priest, to whom I had been to make my Complaints, and before whom I had been obliged to vindicate myself against whatever the most villainous Hypocrisy could suggest to his Advantage and my Prejudice; the Marks of Friendship Mrs. *Valentia* had expressed when he saw her salute me at a Distance; the Fear that I should reveal, or had already revealed his Baseness to that Lady, to whom he was sensible I was known, all this added to my being obliged to go to him, without being previously acquainted with the Visit I was to make, which had the Appearance of something sinister in it, was enough to make me imagine that I was going to suffer some new Affronts, and receive fresh Cause of Inquietude from him.

Who knows but he may say that it was I who tempted him, in order to engage him to serve me, said I; but this Account would be very different from that he had told the Priest.

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He there only accused me of being willing to believe that he loved me, and this good Man who heard us both, will not sure refuse his Testimony to a poor Creature unjustly loaded with such black Calumnies.

As I entered the Hall I observed two Staircases, and asked a Footman which I was to ascend? He told me that on the right Hand; down which I instantly saw *Valentia* coming to meet me with Precipitation.

He appeared sad and dejected, but in a Manner that intimated nothing against me; and he addressed me with the most tender Air. Come, Miss, said he, come, my Dear, no Time is to be lost; my Uncle is dying, and desires first to speak with you. Me, Sir, said I! What would he have with me? We don't know that, returned he; but this Morning he asked my Mother, if she was particularly acquainted with the young Woman that she saluted in the Convent some Days ago? My Mother replied that she was, and even told him in a few Words in what Manner you became a Boarder in the House, without concealing that it was she who placed you there. Upon this, you can prevail with her then to come here, answered he, and I desire she may be sent for; I must see her, for I have something to say to her before I die; and my Mother, in Answer to his Request, wrote to

your Governess to permit you to come. This, Miss, is all I am able to tell you.

ALAS? returned I, his Desire of seeing me very much disturbed me, imagining that he had some ill Intention against me. You are mistaken, replied he, he appears, at least, to have Dispositions very far from it. This was our Discourse upon the Stairs. My Mother, added he, desired me to inform you of this before you saw my Uncle.

WHEN I entered the Chamber, the first Person I saw was Father *St. Vincent*, the Priest, sitting at his Pillow; and next him sat Mrs. *Valentia*.

AT the Sight of the Priest, whom I surprized as much as he did me, my Inquietudes renewed, fearing that our meeting there prefiged no Good, and that there was too much Reason for all my former Suspicions.

THE Priest had not learnt the Name of my Benefactress, and Mr. *Climal* had said nothing to him of this Project, he therefore did not know what to think on seeing me in the Midst of this Gentleman's Family, introduced by *Valentia*.

WHO is that, said Mr. *Climal*, when we entered the Room? It is the young Woman, Brother, that you desired to see, said his Sister. Come near, *Indiana*, added she immediately. Ah! Miss, it is you then, said he with

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with a troubled Voice; I am obliged to you for coming; pray sit down.

WHERE is *Valentia*, said Mr. *Climat*? I am here, Sir, replied he advancing to shew himself. Stay here, said he; and you, Father, added he addressing himself to the Priest, do you be so kind as to stay; but not mentioning Mrs. *Valentia*, who took Notice of the Exception his Silence made to her, said to him, Brother, I am going to give some Orders; and immediately retired into another Room. As you please, Sister, said he. Mrs. *Valentia*'s going was followed by a short Silence; when, after a deep Sigh, he began:

I desired you, Father, said he turning to us, to be here this Morning; but I have not yet told you the Reasons that induced me to send for you: I was desirous too that my Nephew should be present, and he ought to be so, because this young Lady is chiefly concerned.

HERE he stopped to take Breath, whilst I blushed and trembled; after which he went on thus: It was you, Father, who introduced her to me; she was in a Situation that greatly exposed her; you came to me to seek some Assistance for her; you fixed upon me to give it her; you thought me an honest and upright Man; but, Father, you were deceived; I was not worthy of your Confidence.

As

As the Priest seemed desirous to stop him, by a Motion he made for that Purpose; Oh! Father resumed he addressing himself to him, in the Name of that Being, whose Justice I would soften and disarm, don't oppose the Resolution I have taken to set myself in a true Light. You know the Esteem with which you have sincerely honoured me; you know the Reputation I have publicly enjoyed; that I have been revered as a Man of Virtue and Piety, and that I have enjoyed the Advantages due to Goodness alone; but alas I have not deserved them; I was only in Shew and Appearance what I now sincerely, and from the Bottom of my Soul, wish I had been in Reality; the Recompences of Virtue which I have received, I now look on as a Theft that I have committed, an Insult on that Divine Goodness I only seemed to imitate. Suffer me then to expiate my Guilt, if possible, by a Confession of that base, that hypocritical Behaviour that has deceived you and all the World; and let me take that Shame and Humiliation to myself I have deserved; let me inspire all that Horror that I should formerly have raised in every Breast had the black Marks of my secret Guilt been discovered.

PRAISE be to thee, O my God! O thou Saviour of our Souls! cried aloud this good Priest.

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YES, Father, resumed he after a Moment's Pause, with Eyes bathed in Tears; this was the Man whom you came to entrust with this young Lady; you made Application to a vile wicked Wretch, and all these good Actions you have seen me engaged in are so many Crimes which enhance my Guilt, Masks under which I have committed the blackest, the most infamous Actions.

ENOUGH, Sir! here is enough, returned Father *St. Vincent*, come, let us praise God for the Sentiments with which he inspires you. What Obligations have we to adore his Goodness! how great, how incomprehensible his Mercy! how infinite his Favours! Yes, Sir, you are very guilty, you have Reason to renounce our Esteem, and the favourable Opinion the World has conceived of you, to despise yourself and be covered with Shame; but we are not at a Confessional, therefore compose yourself: It is not the Sinner, the Man involved in Guilt and Misery that we esteem and value, but the Man whom God regards and pities, and on whom he pours the Fullness of his Mercies: May we end our Lives in the same pious Disposition as you do. Mention no more your Crimes; you have said enough on this Subject; for if your Repentance is sincere, that Being who delights in Mercy will forgive you.

THE good Priest accompanied this Discourse with his Tears, in which *Kalantia* and I joined.

I have not yet said all, Father, returned *Mr. Climac*. No, Sir, no, replied the Priest, pray have done, you need not go any farther, satisfy yourself with what you have already said, for the rest will be superfluous, and would be perhaps a Piece of Indulgence. It is sometimes sweet and comfortable to abandon one's self to a Disposition like yours: Well, Sir, deprive yourself of this Consolation, mortify the Desire you have of owning more of your Faults, God will accept both of what you have said, and what you desire to say.

OH! Father, continued he, pray don't stop me, it would be a Comfort to me to be able to bury my Guilt in eternal Silence, for I am far from taking the sweet Satisfaction you describe; God will not grant me so great a Favour, who have merited nothing but Indignation; it is enough if he gives me Strength to support the deserved Confusion with which I am covered. Yes, Sir, this Confession of my Villainy loads me with Shame; every Word of it pierces my very Soul, and I thank God for enabling me thus to sacrifice my detested Pride; permit me, then to improve a Shame that punishes me: Oh that I were able,

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if possible, to proportion Humiliation to my Guilt, and the Falsity of those Virtues with which I have been honoured. I am sorry I have been obliged to send Mrs. *Valentia* away, for I ought to have blushed before a Sister, who is not yet perhaps undeceived: I know she would have interrupted me, her Affection and too great Tenderness, would not have permitted her to hear what I had to say: but do you, Father, repeat it to her: This I desire as an Instance of your Piety and Regard for me.

THIS young Lady, no Doubt, told you the Truth, in relating of my Behaviour to her; and, indeed, my whole Design in relieving her was only to seduce her, thinking that her Misfortunes had depressed her Mind, and taken from her the Courage of daring to remain virtuous amidst such complicated Distress; I offered to secure her something to live upon on Condition that she would become unworthy of Life. But, Father, since I have given a sufficient View into the Baseness of my Designs, which now fill me with Horror, which affright and testify me, and give double Gloom to the dreary Prospect that lies before me, new Terrors more insupportable than all the Agonies of Death. I beg Pardon, Miss, and conjure you, if possible, to forget this wicked Adventure, and never stain your chaste

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chaste Mind with the Remembrance of my Folly, accept of this Acknowledgement as a Reparation for a Crime that has justly offend both God and you: When I left you, I had the Baseness to reproach you with the small Presents which you returned me; I insulted you with the dismal Situation to which I abandoned you, and threatened you with Revenge if you dared to complain of me.

I gave way to my Tears while he was making me this generous Satisfaction, and was so touched that I could not smother my Sighs. *Valentia* and the Priest wiped their Eyes and remained silent. After a short Pause he resumed, You know, Miss, I then offered you a Contract to pay annually five or six hundred Livres; I have now in my Will given you twelve hundred: You refused the six hundred Livres, when I proposed them as a Recompence of a Crime; accept now freely of the twelve hundred as a Reward for your Virtue and Prudence; it is just that I should afford you, in my Repentance, a greater Assistance than I offered you when involved in Guilt. My Nephew there is my chief Heir, he is generous, and I am persuaded he will not at all regret what I have left you.

AH! dear Sir, cried *Valentia* with Tears in his Eyes, and a Look expressive of the highest Satisfaction, this is an Action entirely
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worthy of yourself; all that afflicts me is, that you do not do this in perfect Health: As for me, I shall regret nothing but you, and the Loss of that Tenderness you express for me, which I would gladly preserve at the Expence of the richest Treasures; and if God would grant my Request, I should only desire the Satisfaction of seeing you live as long as myself.

AND I, Sir, said I in my Turn with a deep Sigh, am so sensible of your Kindness, that I am at a Loss to know how to express myself. I assure you, were I poorer than I am, the present that you make me would not console me for your Loss, which I shall always look upon as a great Misfortune. I see, Sir, that if your Life was preserved you would be a sincere Friend to me, and I should esteem that an incomparably greater Advantage than what you so generously leave me.

My Tears here stopped my Voice, and he appeared sensibly touched at my Discourse. What you say, Miss, returned he after some Moments' Silence, answers the good Opinion which I have always entertained of your Heart; and indeed, if God would prolong my Life, I should endeavour to deserve the Opinion you now entertain of me: I feel myself decay, and am entering upon a State unknown, from which there is no Return. Let
me

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me entreat you to supplicate that Being in my Behalf, whom I have offended in offending you; express your Forgiveness by petitioning his, and shew that I have left no Taint upon your Mind by continually adhering to those Principles, which have supported you under my Attacks; be virtuous in spite of all Opposition and you will find that

To be good is to be happy: Angels
Are happier than Mankind, because they're better.
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow: 'tis the Fiend,
The avenging Fiend that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings; the Blest'd know none of
this,
But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind,
And find the Height of all their Heav'n in Goodness.

It will raise you above many of the Miseries of Life; give you Charms that Time will not be able to efface, and render you for ever lovely and blessed. Adieu, Miss! Adieu, Father, added he addressing himself to the Priest! I recommend her to your Care. You see Nephew why I have detained you; you have seen me at her Feet, and may have suspected that it was agreeable to her; she, you find, is innocent, and I thought myself obliged to let you know it.

He stopped here, and we were going to retire, when he said, Nephew, pray go to my
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Sister and desire her to come in : And then addressing himself to me, Miss, said he, Mrs. *Valentia* has told me how she came to know you ; in the Recital that you made her of your Sufferings and unhappy Situation, you might naturally introduce into your mournful Story, an Account of the fresh Injuries you had received from me : Tell me freely, did not you inform her of it ? did you name me ?

I will tell you the Truth, Sir, returned I a little embarrassed at his Question : When I left Father *St. Vincent*, I entered into the Parlour of the Convent to beg Assistance of the Governess ; Mrs. *Valentia*, who was there, observed my Despair, was moved at my Tears, and pressed me to tell her what afflicted me ; I did not think of prejudicing you ; I had nothing else to do but to raise her Compassion, and for that End it was sufficient to relate my Misfortunes ; however, I did not mention your Name at that Time, not that I omitted it out of a Regard for you, but because I thought it unnecessary ; and she would never have known more, if some Days after, speaking of the Cloaths I sent back, I had not by Chance named Mr. *Valentia* to whom I sent them, as the Nephew of the Person who had given them to me. Thus, Sir, you see how unhappily she came to know it, and I am very sorry for my Imprudence ; I protest

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I had no Malice in it; I might indeed deceive you, but I am too nearly affected, and too grateful to hide any Thing from you.

WELL, said he address'g himself to the Priest, my Sister then knows it, I did not think it; this is a new Increase of Shame for me before I die; a Confusion, Father, that I am extremely sensible of. Miss, added he, I thank you for it, pray don't reproach yourself with it on any Account, it is a Piece of Service you have done me, my Sister knows me, and I am going to blush before her.

My Benefactress entered with *Valentia*, and was surprized at my Tears and Sighs which her Brother took Notice of. Come, Sister, said he, I should have desired you to stay here, had I not apprehended your Tenderness would have prevented what I had to say; I know you would not have been able to bear it; however, Father *St. Vincent* will be so good as to repeat it to you, and, thank God, you know the principal Part of it already: This young Lady has given you a just Opinion of me; Father *St. Vincent* trusted her to my Care, but she could not have fallen into worse Hands; I resign her now into your's.

DEAR Brother, pray forbear, returned Mrs. *Valentia*, who wept almost as much as I, pray let me intreat you to forbear, I am not able to hear more: Yes, I will take Care of *Indiana*,
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she will always be dear to me, you need not doubt it; you give her a Right to command my Heart, which is disposed to be eternally her's. But come, let us hear no more: Pray how do you find yourself?

LIKE one that must live no longer, said he; I am going, Sister. Adieu, Father, remember me in your Prayers, you know the Need I have of them.

SCARCE had he finished these last Words when he fainted away, we thought him expiring; two Physicians were called, who were waiting in another Room; the Priest retired immediately, and *Valentia* and I were desired to leave the Chamber while they endeavoured to assist him. Mrs. *Valentia* being resolved not to go, we went into the Parlour, where we found an intimate Friend of Mr. *Climal's*, and two Ladies related to the Family, going into the sick Gentleman's Room. *Valentia* prevented them by telling them his Uncle was senseless, and that they must stay and wait the Event, for none went in but a Clergyman, his Confessor.

VALENTIA, who was sitting by me in the Parlour, told me privately who these three Persons were; one of whom was the Mother, and the other the Daughter. The Gentleman, Mr. *Climal's* Friend, was a Magistrate, and about sixty Years old. The Mother of
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the young Lady no sooner saw me than her Eyes rushed upon me and instantly ran over me: I say, rushed, at the Hazard of speaking improperly, to describe the greedy Curiosity with which she examined me. Sometimes she examined my Countenance, sometimes my Shape engaged her Attention; then my Cap, then my Gown. I happened to cough, this redoubled her Attention to observe how I coughed; I drew my Handkerchief out of my Pocket; this was a very interesting Spectacle for her, a new Object of Curiosity.

As *Valentia* sat pretty near her, she turned to speak to him, and asked, Who is this young Lady? I heard her, for Persons of her Disposition never talk so low as they think they do. She is the Daughter of a Country Lady, one of my Mother's most intimate Friends, returned *Valentia*. Hah, hah, a Country Lady! cried she: Is her Mother in Town? No, replied he; this Lady is in a Convent in this City. Hah! in a Convent! what has she a Mind to be a Nun? And what Convent is it? Upon my Word, said he, I don't know the Name of it. Perhaps she has some Relation there, pursued she; she is very pretty, very pretty indeed, added she, interweaving each Word with an earnest Examination of my Person and Dress. At last she grew tired of me, and

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and sat herself to survey the Magistrate, who, however, she was no Stranger to, but whose Silence and Melancholy appeared worthy of Consideration.

It is very shocking, Sir, said she to him, that the Gentleman should be dying already; he was very well a few Days ago; who would have thought it? it is but ten Days since we dined together; but tell me, Mr. *Valentia*, is he very ill? he has a good Constitution, I hope he will recover it; what do you think of it? How long has he been sick? I have been in the Country, and truly I did not hear of it before Yesterday. Is it true that he is speechless and has lost his Senses? Yes, Madam, returned *Valentia*, it is but too true. Your Mother I suppose is here? replied she, poor Woman! she must be very disconsolate, is she not? They were very fond of each other. He is a mighty worthy Man, and all the Family must be sensible of his Loss. Here is my Girl has cried all Day long for him, and I too indeed: The young Lady really looked very much dejected, but said not a Word.

NOTHING could appear more engaging than this Lady; nothing more charming than the Sweetness and smiling Vivacity of her Looks; she had a Form embellished with every Thing lovely; an Air graceful, delicate, and easy;

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every Charm triumphed in her Face, and adorned her Person with unalterable Beauties. Her Shape was perfectly genteel and finished; her Behaviour engaging, natural, and attended with something inexpressibly pleasing. She was but eighteen, and Youth never appeared in greater Perfection; and I never read of *Flora* or *Hebe*, but I think of Miss *De Fara*, for that was her Name.

SHE had a Form tall, free, and sprightly, and an Air and Gait so light, that you would have thought she weighed nothing. In short, she was surrounded with the Graces in all their various Characters.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Delicacy and Sprightliness of her Wit, she voluntarily held her Tongue in Company; she thought much, spoke little, and was so attentive that nothing escaped her Notice. I hardly ever heard her say any Thing but what was *a propos*, and full of Taste and Sense. When with her Friends she expressed herself with the Frankness of Persons of the most open Disposition, though with all the Delicacy of the most polite.

WE had been there a considerable Time, when Mrs. *Valentia* came from her Brother, and told us, that he was much better, and had perfectly recovered his Senses.

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I wish he knew that I am here, said the Magistrate, for I have a desire to see him. And I too, said the Lady; would it not be proper to let him know it? If he is better, he won't perhaps be sorry to see us. What do you think of it, Madam? The Physicians then have greater Hopes of his Recovery; I am sincerely glad to hear it. Alas! no Madam, we have no such flattering Prospect, said Mrs *Valentia*, he is not quite so bad, and that's all; I will go to him, to know if your coming in will be attended with any Inconvenience. She scarce had left us, when we saw her returning with the Physicians from the Chamber. Gentlemen, said she, may this Gentleman and these two Ladies go in to see my Brother? Is he in a Condition fit to receive them? He is weak still, returned one of them, and he wants Rest; it would be much better to stay two or three Hours first.

Oh to be sure! we will wait then, said the Magistrate, I will return then in the Afternoon. It will not be worth your while to go, replied Mrs. *Valentia*, you had much better stay Dinner here. No, Madam, said he, I am very much obliged to you; but I can't stay, I have some Business to do; as for me, said the Lady, I have none; and I think it best to stay. Am not I in the Right, Madam? After some Discourse the Physicians left

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us, the Magistrate followed, and Mrs. *De Fare*, and Miss, Mrs. *Valentia*, her Son, and I stayed in the Parlour.

It was pretty late, when a Servant came to tell us Dinner was ready. Mrs. *Valentia* and we sat down less disturbed than we had been in the Morning. I sat by Miss *De Fare*, and imagined by her graceful Behaviour, that she was glad of this Occasion to commence an Acquaintance with me. We looked upon each other with the sweetest Complacency; and as Love has its Rights too, I sometimes cast a tender Regard at *Valentia*, who, on his Side, according to Custom, had his Eyes almost continually fixed upon me.

I believe Miss *De Fare* took Notice of our mutual Glances. Miss, said she to me very low, whilst her Mother and Mrs. *Valentia* were talking together, I would not be mistaken, but I don't think you will leave *Paris*.

I don't know what you mean, Miss, returned I, (and really I did not understand her at all) but I fancy, I may, without any Risque, venture to affirm that your Thoughts are always just; will you please to tell me your Meaning?

It is, returned she whispering, that as your Mother is one of Mrs. *Valentia*'s dearest Friends, you may perhaps marry my Cousin; tell me now, am not I in the Right?

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I don't know what Answer I should have returned, if her Mother had not extricated me out of this Perplexity. It was then happy for me that she was one of those Women, who observe every Thing. She perceived that we were talking to each other: What is that, Daughter? What Subject are you upon? You smile, and Miss blushes (for nothing escaped her) may we know what you are saying? I shall make no Secret of it, returned she, I should be charmed to have Miss stay at *Paris*, and I was saying that I wished she might marry Mr. *Valentia*.

HAH, hah, cried she, that is very good: I have been just thinking so myself; besides, I have observed that neither of them seem as if they would be sorry for it; but how do we know but it is their Design; it looks very like it.

AND why not, said Mrs. *Valentia*, my Son will have no Reason to complain if it should happen so. Oh! Madam, every Body must be of your Opinion, replied Mrs. *De Fare*, we ought to congratulate him upon his Happiness; and I shall make him my Compliments upon it before-hand; I'll assure you I think no Body can be more agreeably united. And I am sure I shall envy no Body's Lot, returned *Valentia* with an Air free and easy, Whilst I bowed to thank her for her Civility

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without saying any Thing; for I thought I ought to be silent, and give my Benefactress an Opportunity of speaking for me, before whom I imagined that on this Occasion I ought to preserve a modest and respectful Silence. I could not, however, avoid giving her a Look full of Tenderness and Gratitude.

I must take my Leave as soon as I have seen Mr. *Climax*, and then we will conduct your Daughter-in-Law to her Convent, said she to Mrs. *Valentia*. But hold, I have a Thought something better than that: I shall not lie To-night in Town; I must return to my Country-House, which, you know, is but about a Mile from hence: I think if you can spare Miss, you may write or send to the Convent that they may not wait for her, and we will take her with us: These Ladies ought to become a little better acquainted; and I am sure you will give them both a very sensible Pleasure.

Miss *De Fare* entered into the Conversation, and joined her Intreaties to those of her Mother with such Success, that Mrs. *Valentia* told them, she consented to it, and that I was my own Mistress: It is true, said she, you have no Servant with you, but you will find enough at Mrs. *De Fare's*. Go, I'll call at your Convent, and To-morrow, if my Brother's Illness will permit me to leave him,

I'll

I'll come about five in the Evening, to bring you back, or else send for you. Since I have your Permission, Madam, said I, I will make no Difficulty of going.

HERE we arose from Table. *Valentia* appeared charmed with the little Party we had just made, and interested in our Favour; I easily perceived the rising Joy which spread over his Face, and sufficiently expressed his inward Satisfaction. Was it possible to behave more agreeably, than thus to put it in a Manner out of her Power to disengage herself!

But let us leave Mr. *Climal*. Mrs. *De Fare* could not obtain Leave to see him, because he was inclined to dose, and was willing to take some Rest. When we were ready to go, *Valentia* artfully dropped in his Discourse to this Lady, some Hints which obliged her to ask him to follow us, and sup with us at her House. The Weather, Sir, said she, is extremely fine and delightful, and you may, if you please, return To-night, or stay 'till Tomorrow if you like it better. But will you, Madam, permit me to go, said he laughing, addressing himself to his Mother, whose Approbation he was willing to gain to all his Actions. Yes, Son, said she, go if you desire it, for I shall not leave my Brother 'till it is late. Upon this we took our Leave and parted.

WE soon arrived at this Lady's Country-House, which was a stately Building, adorned with every Thing that could render it grand and magnificent. *Valentia* was there almost as soon as we, and after resting a little, we went into the Garden with Miss *De Fare*, and spent our Time in walking. Every Thing here contributed to inspire me with Satisfaction and Delight; the Walks, the Fountains, and painted Alcoves were very beautiful; but what rendered all these charming was the Company of my dear *Valentia*; for without him the shady Groves would have appeared gloomy and solitary, and all this pleasing Scene, perhaps, have been passed over unregarded.

How agreeable was my Situation! on the one Side *Valentia*, who almost idolized me; on the other, Miss *De Fare*, who sought every Occasion to inspire me with Friendship; and on my own Side, a Heart full of Love for both. We all three walked into a Wood which surrounded the House, and left Mrs. *De Fare* busy in receiving two Persons who came to sup with her; and as *Valentia's* Tenderness frequently interrupted this amiable Lady's Conversation, we out of a Frolic ran away, that we might have him at a Distance, and threw at him Handfuls of Leaves, that we snatched from the Trees: He pursued us;

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we ran; he seized me; she came to my Assistance, and my Soul gave itself up to an innocent Joy too exquisite to last long.

WE were thus diverting ourselves, when a Servant came to tell us Supper was ready, and they waited for us; on which we went in immediately.

THERE the Conversation passed upon the News they had heard from Mr. *De Fare*, who was an Officer in the Army; at last they spoke of me, and the Company loaded me with the most obliging Compliments; for Mrs. *De Fare* had already informed them of my intended Nuptials, and they congratulated *Valentia* on his approaching Happiness.

THE Supper being over, and the Company gone, Mrs. *De Fare* invited *Valentia* to stay 'till the next Day, which he consented to.

I lay in Bed 'till eleven o'Clock in the Morning; soon after Mrs. *De Fare's* Woman came to dress me, and had scarcely done when I heard the Voice of Miss *De Fare*, who was coming to me, talking with another Person that was with her; I imagined it was *Valentia*, and was thinking to meet her, but she did not give me Time, for she instantly came in. But, Reader, guess with whom. I was immediately shocked as if I had been struck with Thunder; how inexpressible was my Surprise and Consternation, when I saw

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it was Mrs. *La Tour*, the Linen-Draper, with whom I had lived as Shop-Maid.

MISS *De Fare* ran to embrace me with an Air of Gaiety, but this fatal Object, this unwelcome Shopkeeper, had already struck my Eyes, and turned me into a Statue; I received her Embrace with a Countenance more pale than Death, and was so overwhelmed with Surprize, that I knew not where I was. Ah, my Dear, what is the Matter? why don't you speak to me, cried Miss astonished at my Silence and Want of Motion?

ODDS my Life, sure I am dim sighted; is it you, *Indiana*, said Mrs. *La Tour*? even so, the same positively: How Folks meet! I came here to shew some Linen to some of your Neighbours that sent for me; and so as I was about to return Home, says I, I'll even call at Madam *De Fare's* to see if she wants any Thing; sure it was my good Angel that inspired me with the Thought of coming to your House. Here she cast her Arms about my Neck: What good Fortune have you had? How pretty and well dressed you are! really I am well pleased to see you so spruce and fine; lah, how it becomes you! I think indeed you have a Waiting-Woman; pray tell me how all this came to pass? 'tis very wonderful; how, my dear Girl, did it happen?

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HERE *Valentia* entered smiling with an Air of Gaiety ; but he no sooner saw Mrs. *La Tour* than he stood immoveable as well as I.

SPEAK softly, Mrs. *La Tour*, said the young Lady, you are mistaken, you don't know who you speak to, it is not that *Indiana* you mean. Not her ! said the Linen-Draper, not her ! why you may as well tell me I am not *La Tour* ; marry, ask her yourself if I am in the Wrong : Well, why don't you speak, Child ; is it not true that you are she ? did not you lodge a few Days with me to learn my Business ? was it not Mr. *Climal* that put you to board with me ? and did not he abandon you one Holyday ? the better Day- the better Deed ; lack-a-day, how the poor Creature cried about it. Why, I found her with her Hair hanging about her Ears like one mad, lah, how I pitied the poor Thing !

PRAY take Care what you say, Madam, said Miss *De Fare* quite astonished ; I tell you it cannot be. Well, I don't say that it *can* be, continued Mrs. *La Tour*, but I say that *it is*, and that is as well ; and I will tell you more than that, it was to Mr. *Valentia* that I sent the Bundle of Cloaths Mr. *Climal* had given her. However, one Word is as good as a hundred, and as I am none of those that are given to talk, and such as that, look'ee,

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I tell you once for all that is *Indiana*, that is the Name she went by when she was with me, and if it is not her Name still she must have changed it, for I never knew she had any other, nor she neither; it was a Country Parson's Sister that gave it her; for poor Girl, she don't know herself who she is; she told me of it, and I can't see what Reason there is to make such a mighty Secret on't. Heaven knows I respect the Girl, and would not do her an Injury for the World. Surely I may be allowed to know Folks again when I see them, as well as another, especially my own Shop-Maid; pray where is the Difficulty of that? but marry-come-up, if she is grown proud, and above owning her old Acquaintance, what care I; I can't answer for that; I only rub up her Memory a little: I have nothing to say against her, I always thought her very honest and good, and I am sure no Body can speak more handsomely of her than I do if she were a Countess.

AT these last Words, Mrs. *De Fare's* Woman smiled, and left us with an ill-natured Pleasure in her Looks; as for me I was ready to faint, my Knees trembled, and I sunk into an Elbow Chair that stood near me, where I was only able to weep and cast forth the most bitter Sighs. Miss *De Fare* held down her Head and said nothing. *Valentia*, who had
not

not yet opened his Mouth, at last drew near to Mrs. *La Tour*, and taking her by the Hand, Madam, said he, let me persuade you to retire immediately; be seen no more here, but expect from me, in return, all the Service I can render you.

WITH all my Heart, returned she, I am very sorry that I have said any Thing to displease you, but I thought no Harm: What would you have of me, I am no Witch, put yourself in my Place. Well, well, Madam, you are in the Right, said he interrupting her, but pray be gone; Your Servant, Sir, returned she, I beg Pardon. Miss, your Servant, turning to Miss *De Fare*. *Indiana*, farewell, Child, I wish you no more Harm than I do myself, good Luck attend you. But, Miss *De Fare*, if you would look at what I have got, perhaps you may buy something of me, added she. No, no, I tell you, I shall buy all you have, and pay you for it Tomorrow, returned *Valentia*, pushing her back 'till she left us.

Mr. *Valentia*, said Miss *De Fare*, pray explain to me what all this Means? In the Name of all that is most dear to you, Cousin, save my Life; it is nothing less I beg of you. It is true, said he, the young Lady was a few Days at Mrs. *La Tour's*; she lost her Father and Mother in her Infancy; it is believed they

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they were Foreigners, and an undoubted Matter of Fact that they were assassinated in a Stage-Coach, with a Number of their Domestics; their Retinue only proved they were Persons of Quality. This Lady was drawn from under the Body of her Mother, was educated by a Clergyman in the Country, and brought up to *Paris* by his Sister, who died there, and left her quite destitute; a Priest presented her to my Uncle: I came to know her by chance, and I love and adore her. If I lose her, I lose my Life: I have already told you that her Parents travelled with Servants of both Sexes; she is a Lady of Quality no Body has ever doubted it; her Person, her graceful Behaviour, and her amiable Character are additional Proofs of it; perhaps her Extraction is superior to mine. My Mother knows all I have told you, and much more, that I have not Time to relate. She is ravished with her, she placed her in a Convent, she consents that I shall marry her, and you deserve to be acquainted with it too; you have a Soul too great to render you capable of making an ill Use of the fatal Accident, which conceals her Birth; you can't look upon that Misfortune as a Crime; a Misfortune accompanied with such Circumstances as I have related, ought not to deprive a Lady so lovely of the Rank to which it plainly appears she was born;

born; nor of the Regard and Respect the merits from every honest and worthy Person: Preserve then your Esteem and Friendship for her: Preserve me my Wife; preserve to yourself a Friend, worthy a Place in your Affections; a Friend whom innate Goodness and unspotted Honour will ever render invaluable; a Soul which you will make eternally your's, besides mine, whose Gratitude shall know no Bounds: But it is not enough not to divulge our Secret; you had here a Servant just now who heard all, we must gain her over to our Party, and we must be expeditious.

I was thinking of that, said Miss *De Fare*, who interrupted him to ring the Bell: Compose yourself, Sir, I shall remedy that immediately, trust all to me, and fear nothing; I have always had a very high esteem for you, but you have now given me a thousand Times more. My Dear, added she turning to me, wipe away your Tears, and let us think of nothing but of being united by a Friendship which will last as long as ourselves. Here she presented me her Hand, I took hold of it, kissed it, and bathed it with my Tears, with a supplicating Air, mingled with Gratitude and Affection, but without any Appearance of being humbled. I only desire to live for you and *Valentia*, replied I, intermingled with Sighs, which my Tenderness forced from me.

MISS

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MISS *De Fare* wept as she embraced me, and was seen in that Posture by the Servant I have mentioned, who was come to know what she wanted.

COME hither, *Fanny*, said she, you have seen what has passed between Mrs. *La Tour* and us; observe what I say, I will certainly ruin you one Time or other, if ever you mention a single Word of it; but on the other hand, I promise to make your Fortune as a Reward for your Silence. And I promise, on that Condition, said *Valentia*, she shall partake of mine

FANNY assured us she would hold her Tongue; but it was too late, she had already disburthened herself of the Secret to Mrs. *De Fare*, but durst not indeed confess that she had done so; Miss spoke to her in such a Manner that made her tremble, and prevented her being sincere enough to confess it. I observed that she coloured, and notwithstanding my own Confusion, I could not help dreading that that was the Cause she left us, in a Manner that shewed she was very much disconcerted, and Miss began again to console me; I held her Hand whilst she returned this tender Action with the most affectionate Caresses. Oh! my Friend, why do you weep thus? said she, what can you fear? I am persuaded she will not mention a Word; we have
thus

thus engaged her by the most powerful Motives to be silent. I have told her, that her Indiscretion will ruin her, that her Silence will make her Fortune; and after the Threatnings, with which I have intimidated her, after the Rewards I have promised her, can you imagine that she will dare to open her Mouth to your Prejudice? Is there the least Appearance that she will ever betray us? Compose yourself then; give me this Mark of your Friendship and Confidence, or I shall believe that I am the Cause of your Tears.

PRAY, my dear *Indiana*, forbear, said *Valentia*, some Body may come in; Mrs. *De Fare* may surprise us, and what must she think if she finds you in this Condition? Why do you afflict yourself so? It can have no ill Consequence, take my Word for it, added he with a more passionate Air than I had ever discovered. He had just done speaking when Mrs. *De Fare* entered the Room.

HER Daughter and *Valentia* placed themselves on each Side me, and I had just Time to wipe away my Tears before she appeared; but every Impression of those Emotions with which I had been agitated remained still on my Countenance.

PRETEND to be sick, said Miss, and we will say, that you were suddenly taken ill. scarce had she said these Words before we saw her

her Mother. I only saluted her with a Bow; because of the sudden Illness we had agreed I should affect.

WHAT, is she indisposed, said she to *Valentia* with an unconcerned Air? Yes, Madam, returned he, we had some Difficulty to recover the Lady from a fainting Fit with which she was seized; she is still extremely weak, added Miss *De Fare*, who seemed much surprized at the little Ceremony her Mother used in speaking of me. But, returned the Lady in the same unconcerned Tone, without ever calling me Miss, if she has a Mind we will send her back to *Paris*; I will lend her my Coach. Madam, said *Valentia* roughly, we don't want your Coach; she shall return in mine, which is come for me. You are in the Right, said she, it is equal to me. What now! Madam, said her Daughter, I did not think she was to go so soon; I think she should stay a little longer. No, Miss, said I in my Turn, leaning upon *Valentia's* Arm to arise; no, let me go, I give you a thousand Thanks for your Care of me; but indeed, I had better retire, since I find I can't stay much longer. Let us go down, Sir, I shall be glad to take a little Air 'till your Coach is ready. But, Madam, said Miss *De Fare* to her Mother, pray consider a little, should we let the Lady return home alone in the Coach,

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Coach, and, since she is absolutely resolved to leave us, should we not wait upon her, or at least I should have one of your Maids with me, to conduct her to her Governess, or to Mrs. *Valentia's*, who committed her to your Care? or else there will be none to accompany her but my Cousin, and you know that would not be very proper. No, returned her mother smiling; Mr. *Valentia*, I expect Company, and as neither my Daughter nor I can go, will not one of my Maids do? She may have her that dressed her; it is but a Step to *Paris*; won't that do, Child, said she turning to me?

VALENTIA enraged at her blunt and rude Behaviour made no Answer. I want no Body, Madam, said I, fully persuaded that the Woman she offered me had told her every Thing. This I said as I was leaving the Room with *Valentia*. At the same Time Miss *De Fare* cast down her Eyes with an Air of Astonishment that was not to the Honour of her Mother.

MADAM, said *Valentia* to Mrs. *De Fare*, the Lady shall take my Coach; you have offered her your's; you need only lend it me to follow her. The Condition she is in disturbs me; so that if any Thing happens, I shall be near enough to give her some Assistance.

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WHAT need you leave us, said she smiling? I don't see any Necessity for that, since I offer to send one of my Servants with her. Perhaps she may like better to stay; you know that at five o'Clock your Mother is to come and take her away in her Coach; and as she is indisposed, and I have Company, she may dine in her Chamber here.

Yes, said he, the Expedient is convenient enough, but I don't think it agreeable to her.

YOUR Seriousness is very diverting, returned she; but, however, if there is no Way to keep you, my Coach is at your Service. *Benjamin*, added she, immediately speaking to a Footman who passed by the Chamber Door, order them to put the Horses to the Coach. I think I see Company coming. Farewell, Sir, but it is very ill-natured of you to leave us; my pretty Child, your Servant; you will soon recover; make her stay Breakfast before she goes. On this she took her Leave of us; then turning to Miss *De Fare*, Come, Daughter, said she, come, I want to speak to you.

MADAM, I am coming returned she looking upon *Valentia* and me with a melancholy Countenance. I don't know what to make of this Behaviour; it don't at all resemble what passed last Night. What can be the Cause?

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Cause? has that impudent Wretch already told her? I can hardly believe it.

You need not doubt it, returned *Valentia*, who had given Orders for the Coach; but no Matter, Mrs. *De Fare* knows how much my Mother interests herself in all that concerns this Lady; and whatever she has been informed of, it can't make her dispense with the Regard and polite Behaviour she ought always to preserve for her. Besides, what Advantage can she propose to herself by behaving ill to a Person for whom she sees both my Mother and I have such a sincere Respect? Might not this Linen-Draper, whose Discourse she heard repeated to her, be mistaken, and take this Lady for another? I would only say, that Mrs. *De Fare* ought at least to suspend her Judgement, and not report upon the Word of a Maid, who may have heard Things wrong; who may have added to what she has heard, and who has only learnt it from another Woman, who, as I have already said, may have been deceived by a Resemblance.

VALENTIA uttered this with great Spirit, adding, that if Mrs. *De Fare* had your Way of thinking, Miss, I should readily have confessed every Thing to her; but I forebore to do it: It would be a Confidence, you will permit me to say, which would not be fit to repose

repose in a Mind like her's. However, Miss, she loves you, so pray endeavour to prevail upon her to be silent. In short, my dear Cousin, tell her how much you are interested in our Happiness, and what Uneasiness she will give you, if she does not keep it secret.

DON'T be uneasy, Sir, returned Miss, she shall be silent I will promise you, I am going to throw myself on my Knees to beg it of her, and I hope I shall not do it in vain.

THE two Coaches arrived in the Court-Yard: Miss embraced me; she held me for a long Time in her Arms, from whence I could hardly disengage myself; I got into *Valentia's* Coach with Tears in my Eyes, turned out as it were with Contempt from a House in which I had been treated the Day before with the utmost Respect,

THE Coach drove away; *Valentia* followed me in the other; we were sometimes a-breast, and then we talked to each other; he affected a Gaiety which he was far from having, and as soon as his Coach was pretty near to mine, Do you think still of what has passed, said he to me very low, and putting out his Head? for my Part, added he, nothing makes me uneasy, but the Trouble it gives you. No, no, Sir, returned I, you are not so indifferent as you pretend to be; you know it is an Affair of Consequence, and the
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less you are sensible of it, the more it merits my Concern; we can't continue the Conversation, returned he, but would you go to your Governess directly; don't you think you should see my Mother first?"

No, I had better not, said I, you know the Condition in which we left Mr. *Climat*. Mrs. *Valentia* is now perhaps overwhelmed with Affliction; so think it better to go immediately Home.

I think, said *Valentia*, I see my Mother's Coach at a Distance; he was not deceived, Mrs. *Valentia*, had sent it much sooner than she had promised to inform her Son that Mr. *Climat* was dead.

He received this News with a visible Concern, and it affected me extremely; the last Actions of his Life had rendered him dear to me, and I wept very sincerely.

I then got out of *Valentia*'s Coach, to whom I left it; he sent back Mrs. *De Pare*'s, and I stepped into Mrs. *Valentia*'s, and ordered the Coachman to drive me to my own Apartment, where I arrived very much dejected.

I was three Days without seeing any Body from Mrs. *Valentia*; the fourth a Servant came to tell me that she had been indisposed, but that I should see her the next Day; and gave me the following Letter from *Valentia*.

INDIANA,

INDIANA,

I Have not told my Mother the Accident that happened to you at Mrs. *De Fare's*, perhaps that Lady will be discreet if it be only to oblige her Daughter, who will use all her Interest to prevail upon her to be so; and with these Hopes I thought I ought to hide from my Mother an Adventure which she had much better be ignorant of, if possible, since the Discovery would only serve to disquiet and make her uneasy: She tells me she will see you To-morrow. I have spoken to Mrs. *La Tour*, and engaged her in our Interest; nothing has yet been divulged; pray take Care not to mention a Syllable of it to my Mother.

VALENTIA.

THIS Letter I read, shaking my Head at the Article which recommended me to be silent.

I was not yet determined how to act; that unfriendly Reserve *Valentia* advised me to make use of to my dear Benefactress, was very contrary to my apparent Duty to her, so I remained 'till the next Day very much disturbed, and without taking any Resolution upon it. At three in the Afternoon I was told Mrs. *Valentia* was come, and I went to her into the

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the Parlour, with an Emotion which sprung from several Motives.

SHALL I be silent, said I to myself as I went? it is certainly the safest Way though not the most honest; I can't help thinking it base and ungenerous: My Case was very urgent, I ought immediately to have fixed upon something, but I was in Mrs. *Valentia's* Presence before I had come to any Determination.

It is sometimes difficult to chuse between our Inclinations and our Duty. On the one hand, I was in Danger of robbing my Heart of the Affections of *Valentia*, and all that Happiness I should experience in being united to a Man I love so tenderly: And on the other hand, my dear Benefactress had a Right to be informed of a Thing in which she herself was so much concerned, and which might possibly be attended with many Inconveniences.

MY Dear, said she, as soon as she saw me, I have brought you a Deed of twelve hundred Livres a Year that belongs to you; it has all the requisite Forms, take my Word for it; my Brother has left it you. My Son, who is his Heir, will lose nothing by it; since he is to marry you he will have it again; but no Matter, take it, it is your's, and I had rather a great deal he should receive it from you than his Uncle. This was a charming Beginning!

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DEAR Madam, how many are the Obligations I am under to you? You know, my dear Mother, I love Mr. *Valentia*, but still my Heart is more your's than his; my Gratitude to you is dearer to me than my Love. Here I began to weep. Thy Gratitude, my Dear, said she, gives me a deal of Pleasure; but I shall never define any other from thee than such as a Daughter owes to a tender Mother; such is the Gratitude I expect from thee. Remember, it is not a Stranger but my Daughter that I love; thou wilt soon be perfectly so, and I confess I now wish it more than thou dost. I grow old; I have just lost the only Brother I had left; I find I become every day more indifferent to this Life; and all the Happiness I propose to myself here is to have thee near me; and indeed, Child, I cannot tell how to live without thee.

My Tears began again to flow at this moving Discourse. In a few Days I shall take thee away from hence, added she, for I have already provided a Place for thee in another House. Are you satisfied with Mrs. *De Fare's*? I have not seen her since you were at my Brother's; she came to visit me Yesterday, but I was indisposed and saw no Company. Was there any more said upon thy Marriage with my Son?

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No, Madam, there was very little said of it, returned I, and I can't presume to hope they will speak of it any more in such an agreeable Manner as they have done. How! what do you mean, replied she? Do you suspect my Coachman's Discretion? it was not in his Power, Child, to betray us. Has Mr. *Valentia* then told you nothing, Madam, returned I? No, said she, what has happened pray? All my Hopes are lost, I am undone, Madam, Mrs. *De Fare* knows who I am, replied I. Hah! who told her, cried she? By the most unlucky Accident in the World, returned I, the Linen-Draper, with whom I was some Days, unfortunately came thither to offer some Goods to Sale, and there she found me. I am very sorry for it, said she, nothing could have happened worse: but did she know thee? Pray, Child, make haste to tell me what passed! O yes, she knew me immediately, returned I, she embraced me with that Familiarity which she thought she had a Title to; appeared surprized to see me so well dressed; called me nothing but *Indiana*; and when she was told that she was mistaken, and took me for another Person, she insisted upon the contrary; and to support what she said, mentioned a great many Circumstances, which must entirely discourage you, hinder you from concluding our Marriage, and de-

prive me of the Happiness of having you for my Mother. All this happened in my Room; Miss *De Fare* was there, and to her your Son told every Thing; she has shewn me neither less Respect nor Friendship; on the contrary, she has promised to keep it a Secret, and neglected nothing in order to console me. But I am born to be so unhappy, Madam, that her Generosity can be of no Service to me. Is that all? don't afflict yourself so, said she, if it is only known to Miss *De Fare* I am easy. But, Madam, returned I, Mrs. *De Fare* knows it; her Woman was in the Room and heard all that Mrs. *La Tour* said, and has repeated every Thing to her; and that Lady came into the Room presently after, but did not treat me with such Respect as she had done before. I am obliged to confess this to you, Madam; I could not be so perfidious as to hide it. You have been so kind as to say that I am the Daughter of one of your most intimate Friends in the Country, but you can no longer make use of that Expedient. She knows that I am only a poor Orphan, and that it was out of meer Charity that Mr. *Climal* placed me with the Linen-draper. This is what you must regulate your Designs by, and what I thought my Duty to inform you of. Mr. *Valentia* has not told you of it, but the Reason is, because he fears it will make
you

you withdraw your Consent to our Marriage ; and this is a Liberty that he has a greater Right to take with you, because no Body is so nearly concerned in this Adventure as himself ; he would suffer most indeed, as he would be my Husband ; But I, who would reap all the Advantages of it, ought not to be prevailed upon to obtain it by any Means which will be prejudicial to you. I imagine it would be unpardonable in me to use any Deceit with you, and to conceal from you a Circumstance, which, to all Appearance, will dissuade you from the Resolution of marrying us ; a Happiness too great for me reasonably to expect. You were desirous of taking such Measures as would have prevented my being known ; but now these Precautions are useless. Probably Mrs. *De Fare* will tell every Thing, in spite of all that her Daughter can say to her. See, dear Madam, what would be the Case of your Daughter-in-Law, if I should marry your Son.

MRS. *Valentia* said, my dear Child, your both afflict and charm me ; I must confess that thy ill Fortune is very obstinate. Is there no Way to engage Mrs. *La Tour* to say she was mistaken without my appearing in it ? Pray tell me what Answer you made her. None at all, Madam, returned I, I was unable to speak ; my Tears stopped my Voice, while

Miss *De Fare* continued telling her that she did not know me. Poor Child! returned Mrs. *Valentia*; no, no, I knew nothing of all this; my Son would have been far from informing me of it; and, perhaps, has even desired you not to mention it to me. Yes, Madam, returned I, he loves me, and that is his Excuse; it was but Yesterday that he desired me to be silent. How, Yesterday, said she, did he come to see you then? No, Madam, returned I, but he wrote to me: I beg you would not let him know that I told you of it. The Footman you sent Yesterday brought me this Letter from him, which she read; I can't blame him, said she, after she had read it. If Men were wise enough to value Persons according to their real Worth, there would not be one who would not envy his Conquest; our Pride makes us pique ourselves upon what is little and despicable in comparison of what thou dost now: Thou wast never more worthy of the Consent I have given to *Valentia's* Love, and I can't recal it; whatever it costs me, I am resolved to keep my Word. If Miss. *De Fare*, who is one of the most silly Women I ever knew, has divulged nothing yet, which is hardly to be believed in a Person of her Character, I'll pay her a Visit, to engage her to be silent, relate your whole History to her. She is of an inquisitive Disposition;

sition; she loves to be made a Confidant; I'll make her our's, and so much oblige her by it, that she will be the first to commend my Attachment to thee; and will conceive as high an Opinion of thy Extraction as I do. And supposing she has already been indiscreet, you have no Reason to make yourself uneasy about it; we may think of an Expedient to remedy it. *Valentia* is much in Love, and thou art capable of captivating the Hearts of the most wise and prudent. If then my Son marries thee, and the World can be convinced it was against my Consent, he alone will be blamed, and his Youth and your Beauty will plead an Excuse: I shall not fail to appear very angry; but at last I shall be reconciled and forgive all; you know what I mean, *Indiana*, added she smiling.

So much Goodness deprived me of the Power of answering her in any other Language than that of Extacy; I seized her Hand; I wept for Joy; transported with Gratitude and Tenderness, I seemed beside myself; my dear, my kind and indulgent Mother, said I, how ravishing, how transporting, is this Instance of your Affection! Oh! why have I but one Heart! —

My dear *Indiana*, said she, could you think, that that laudable Sincerity, which makes you so very charming, could prejudice you in a

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Mother like me? Come, my Dear, calm your Transports. Dear Madam, returned I, is it possible to form an Idea of such Goodness, such generous Sentiments as your's. If I was not accustomed to such surprising Marks of your Regard for me, I should hardly believe the Evidence of my Senses. Come, Child, said she, take Care of this Parchment here (this was the Deed she had been speaking of); thou knowest not that, according to the Date of this Donation, the first Quarter is due, and that I have brought it with me; here it is, added she pulling a Purse of Pistoles out of her Pocket, which she forced me to take, though I refused it. It will be much safer in your Hands than in mine, said I, what should I do with it? do you let me want any Thing? Pray take it however, returned she, it is your own, and 'tis Time you should be used to have Money. It will be some Time before I see you again, *Indiana*, said she, farewell; she left me with a Mind full of the highest Satisfaction. What had I to fear? By what Means could my Happiness be wrested from me? could there be a greater Disaster than what I had just suffered, and from which I was come off victorious? No, certainly, for since Mrs. *Valentia's* Kindness to me had been a Proof against the most powerful Motives that were possible to cool her Affection, and make

make her averſe to our Marriage, methought I could defy my averſe Stars to hurt me. Her Goodneſs had exhausted the Source of all my Troubles, and nothing could diſappoint my Joy but the Death of my Benefactreſs, her Son, or myſelf; I ſwam in Delight, and ſaid to myſelf all my Diſaſters are finiſhed. Methought, that as my firſt Miſfortunes were exceſſive, my Happineſs began in the ſame Manner; I have not loſt, ſaid I, perhaps more Happineſs than I now recover; the Mother, to whom I owe my Life, would not have appeared more tender than that Mother who has adopted me her Daughter, nor would have left me a greater Name than that I ſhall now receive.

Mrs. *Valentia* ſent almoſt every Day to me, and I received two or three Letters from *Valentia*; it would be needleſs to repeat them all; what follows is all that I can remember of the firſt.

DEAR MISS,

YOU have betrayed me to my Mother, but I will puniſh you for it, for inſtead of one or two Letters, which I might perhaps have wrote to you, you may expect to receive a great many; in ſhort, as many as I pleaſe. I deſired you to mention neither the Impertinence of Mrs. *La Tour*, nor the ridiculous

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Behaviour

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Behaviour of Mrs. *De Fare*; but you were resolved to take no Notice of my Entreaties. You have a little stubborn Heart that is resolved to outdo me in Frankness and Generosity; but do you think you have injured me? not at all; for though I have not a Heart so noble as your's, yet my Mother is resolved to appear not less disinterested and generous; so if I may claim any Honour from her Virtues, Things are pretty equal between us. But stay 'till we are married, and then we shall find whether you have a greater Mind than I; mean Time give me Leave to boast that I outdo you in Tendernefs. *Valentia*, said my Mother to me, my Daughter's Behaviour is incomparable; you recommended her to be secret, which I don't blame you for at all, but she has concealed nothing from me; I am charmed with her open and unreserved Confidence, and love her a thousand Times, if possible, better than ever I did; I confess, my Son, she quite out-does you.— At the Conclusion was

Your's, &c.

VALENTIA.

THE rest of the Letter was filled up with tender Endearments; this is all I remember of it. But to proceed.

TEN

TEN or twelve Days had passed since I heard from Mrs. *Valentia*; when one Morning I was told, that a Relation of my Mother's enquired for me, and was waiting in the Par-lour. As they had not told me whether she was old or young, I imagined it was Miss *De Fare*, who, excepting her Mother, was the only Relation of Mrs. *Valentia's* that I knew, and I went down fully persuaded it could be none but her; but I was quite mistaken, instead of her I saw a tall, meagre, spare Woman, her Aspect long and disagreeable; her Arms were long and flat, to which hung two lean and shrivelled Hands, with Fingers of an extraordinary Length. I started at the Sight of this Apparition, imagining they had been mistaken, and thought it was another *Indiana* she wanted (for it was by the Name of *Indiana* only that she enquired for me) Madam, said I, I don't remember that I ever had the Honour to know you, and it is probable it is not me that you want. You must excuse me, replied she, the *Indiana* I asked for is a young Orphan Girl, who knows neither her Relations nor her Family; and is Mrs. *Valentia's* Pensioner. Are you she? Yes, Madam, returned I, I am the Person; and have too much Honour and Sincerity ever to deny it. Well said, replied she, you are very pretty, let me tell you, you carry your

M 6

Ambition

Ambition a little too high. Farewell, my Girl, this is all I wanted to know : And then, without any farther Compliment, she opened the Parlour Door to go out.

I stood at first immoveable at this singular Behaviour, and then recollecting myself I called her back. Madam, said I, what do you mean by this Visit ? Are you a Relation of Mrs. *Valentia's*, as you said ? Yes, my Dear, said she, a near Relation, and one that has a little more Sense than she. I don't know your Designs, Madam, replied I, but it would be very ungenerous to come here to disturb me. To this she made no Answer, but went down.

WHAT can this mean, cried I to myself ? Is there some new Storm gathering over me ? Well ! there is something so mysterious in this that I can't penetrate it. On this I returned to my Chamber, and wrote to my Benefactress immediately, and acquainted her with every Particular, and the same Day received an Answer. " By the Description of the Lady you mentioned, (said she in her Letter) I guess whom you mean ; and To-morrow in the Afternoon I will call to see you, and tell you who it is. Make yourself easy." And indeed I was so ; but this Tranquility was soon interrupted, and the calm Disposition of my Mind changed into the most piercing Grief and tormenting Anxiety.

NEXT

NEXT Morning a young Lady entered my Room. She was sent by the Governess to tell me, that one of Mrs. *Valentia's* Maids was come to take me away in a Coach, and that I must make Haste to dress myself.

I saw the Coach she came in, which I thought was my Mother's; it was indeed a little different from that I had always seen, but it was very natural to imagine she had more than one. Madam, said the Maid, after a dozen Courtesies, I am come to fetch you, for Mrs. *Valentia* waits for you. Is she going to dine abroad, said I? No, Madam, it is not to go any where I believe; I---I---I fancy, Madam, it is only to spend the Day with her, replied she, after hesitating a little, like a Person that knew not what to answer; But that Embarrassment was so short, that I did not take much Notice of it 'till it was too late. Come, Madam, said I, let us go, and stepped directly into the Coach. I then observed that the Coachman was a Stranger to me, and that there was no Footman.

SHE placed herself opposite to me; but we were scarcely out of the Court before she said, I can't ride easy this Way, you will give me Leave to sit with you. I did not answer a Word, though I thought her Behaviour was instantly become very familiar. Why, thought I, does this Woman take this Liberty with
me,

me, who appear to be so much above her, and whom she ought to regard as her Mistress's Friend? I am persuaded that this would not be agreeable to Mrs. *Valentia*.

WHAT Coachman is this? said I; I never saw him at your Lady's. It is not hers, returned she, he belongs to a Lady who is come to see her, that lent her her Coach to fetch you from the Convent. My Heart began to be in a painful Palpitation, but yet I concealed my Trouble, and accused myself of a ridiculous Distrust. Shall we soon be there? said I. What Way is the Coachman carrying us? The shortest Way, Madam, said she, we shall be at Home presently. I looked every Way, but in vain, I could see nothing of the Street in which Mrs. *Valentia* lived; and, while I was in this Consternation, the Coach suddenly entered a large Gate which belonged to a Convent. Oh! cried I, terribly alarmed, where have you brought me? Mrs. *Valentia* don't live here; you have deceived me! and immediately I heard the Gate shut upon me, and the Coach stopped in the Middle of the Court. My Conductress said not a Word, and I doubted no longer but I had been imposed upon. You Wretch! cried I to the Woman, where am I? What is your Design? No Noise! returned she, you won't be hurt, I shall leave you in a good Place. You are here
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by Virtue of a superior Authority, and might have been brought away in a Manner that would have made more noise, but it was thought proper to do it privately, and I was sent to deceive you as I have done.

WHILE she was talking, the Door of the Cloisters opened, and I saw two or three Nuns who waited for my coming out of the Coach to conduct me into the Convent. Come, my Dear, said they, don't disturb yourself, you won't be sorry for being amongst us. One of the Lay-sisters came to the Coach, where I was shedding a Torrent of Tears, Come, Miss, won't you step down, said she, presenting me her Hand; on which I got out. My Grief almost deprived me of Life, so they were obliged to support me, and immediately delivered me into the Hands of the Nuns, pale, stunned and weak, who conducted me to a neat Room, where they placed me in an easy Chair. There I remained silent, bathed in Tears. At last I lifted up my Head, and cast upon them a distracted Look, when one of the Nuns, taking hold of my Hand, and pressing it between hers, Come, Miss, endeavour to recover yourself, said she, don't suffer yourself to be alarmed with imaginary Evils; is it so great a Misfortune to be brought hither, where every Thing will conspire to make you easy and happy? We don't know the Subject of your Afflictions,

Afflictions, but whatever it is, it can give no sufficient Cause for you thus to depress your Mind, and sink under such extravagant Sorrow. You are not brought here to be deprived of Life, but to live in a House where you will find more sweet Repose and Consolation than you can imagine, and where every Thing will conspire to make Life desirable. You will, perhaps, one Day thank the supreme Disposer of all Things for what now appears so dreadful and insupportable to you.

MADAM, replied I, I return a thousand Thanks to you and these Ladies for the obliging Thoughts you entertain of me.

THEY then proposed my going to Dinner; I excused myself. However, it was presently determined that I should at least take a little Soup, which was brought me, with a light Dinner, and a handsome Desert of fruit. I at first refused to touch it, but the Nuns were so pressing, and their Behaviour so obliging, that I could not avoid eating a little, though I complied with some Reluctance.

At last they left me, and I grew a little more calm, and fell into a deep and painful Musing. From whence comes this unexpected Misfortune? said I to myself: What will my dear Benefactress think of it? What will she do to find me again? Is not that ill-looking Relation that came to see me in the Convent
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the Cause of every Thing? What Methods have they taken to ruin me! Will not *Valentia* be prevailed upon to lose me for ever? Will not they bring him over to their party, and draw him in to consent to abandon me? Has not Mrs. *Valentia* consented to it? Or will not she yield to the Force of their Reasons, and be prevailed upon to desert me, and withdraw her generous Protection? They will never see me more. Oh! there will be no more a *Valentia* for me, perhaps no more a Mother!

THUS did I entertain myself with my own melancholy Ideas. The Bell had called all the Nuns who received me to the Choir, and only one of the Lay-sisters staid to keep me Company, and was saying her Prayers, while I was making these painful Reflections, which I sometimes softened with comfortable Thoughts. Can my Benefactress, said I, whose Heart is so tender, who has hitherto been so immoveable, and has given me so many Instances of her Goodness, is it possible that she can ever change? And then *Valentia* has a Mind so sincere, so noble, so tender! Alas, to what Distress am I exposed!

THE Nuns returned. Well, how do you do, my Dear? said one of them; are you more composed and easy? Come, you have not seen our Garden, which is a very fine one;
the

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the Abbess desired us to shew it you. Will you take a Turn, Miss? Walking will divert your Mind; we have the finest Walks that can be imagined: Then we will go and see the Abbess, who is just up. As you please, Ladies, returned I, and then followed them. We walked about three Quarters of an Hour, after which we went to the Abbess's Apartment; but those Nuns staid hardly a Minute with me, they slipped out, one after another, 'till there was none left but the Abbess and I.

As soon as I was alone with this Lady, she desired me to sit down, and I took a Chair. They were much in the Right, added she smiling, who told me that at first Sight you prejudice every Body in your Favour, and there is the greatest Reason to believe that with so much Sweetness you have a Mind perfectly considerate. All my Nuns are charmed with you: Pray how do you like being here? I should like it very well, my Lady, replied I, had I been brought here by my own Consent; but I can't help being astonished at such unexpected Proceedings, and being very uneasy to know the Reason of it. Don't you guess the Reason? said she. No, Madam, said I, I never injured any Body. Well, I will then inform you, replied she, or at least what they told me was the Cause, and am charmed to let you know. There is a Gentleman,

pl. 202.



C. L. Smith Sculp.

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tleman, that is of one of the most considerable Families, who is desirous of marrying you. All his Relations are alarmed at it, and in order to prevent it, they have thought proper to remove you from his Sight; not because you want Virtue and Prudence, for in this they do you Justice: The only Thing alledged against you is your unknown Extraction, every dismal Particular whereof is but too well known to you. Consider, dear Daughter, that you have a Set of powerful Relations, who will never suffer a Marriage like this. Was Merit a sufficient Qualification, you would have Reason to hope you would be more agreeable to them than any other; but the People of this World are not satisfied with that. However worthy you are of a general Esteem, it would not prevent their being less ashamed at seeing you enter into their Alliance; they would never forgive his taking a Wife like you, and he would be in the Esteem of the publick intirely ruined. I must confess that it is a sad Thing that the World should think thus; but, if we consider, we shall find they are not so much to blame as we may at first imagine. The Difference of Conditions is a most necessary Thing in Life, and absolutely requisite to keep up that harmonious Irregularity which springs from the various Dependances of Mankind upon each other; and it could no longer
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subſiſt, and all Order would ceaſe, if ſuch unequal Marriages as yours, Child, were tolerated. For, between you and I, let me remind you, that you ought to reflect a little on the Condition in which Providence has placed you, and how very contemptible are your Circumſtances, and at the ſame Time conſider who it is that propoſes to marry you, and then pray put yourſelf in their Place. Theſe Reflections are all I aſk of you to make.

MADAM, I beg you would ſpare me here, ſaid I; I aſſure you it is a Subject on which I have no Humiliations to undergo. I know too well what I am; I have made no Secret of my Miſfortunes, I have mentioned them to every one that has known me. I told my Hiſtory to Mr. *Valentia*, who is the Gentleman you ſpeak of; I told it to his Mother; I have drawn before her the moſt dreadful Picture of my Circumſtances, and have not left the leaſt Particular thereof untold; the Diſaſter that was the fatal Cauſe of my being now deſtitute of every Relation, and unknown to my Family; the Compaſſion with which I inſpired the Hearts of ſome Strangers on a Road where both my Father and Mother lay murdered before them; the Compaſſion that excited them to take me with them; the Education that was given me by two pious Perſons, and the Indigence and Diſtreſs to which I was reduced

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at their Death; the Alms I received from a Gentleman, who is dead too: For it is thus I have represented it, the better to describe my Indigence, and make Mr. *Valentia* ashamed of his Passion. What could they have desired more? I have not spared myself. There is not a Person upon Earth who would have had the Cruelty to treat me so ill as I have done myself; and, after all I have so frankly acknowledged, it is not for me to search into the Reasons why Mrs. *Valentia* and her Son did not abandon me: It is sufficient to say that, so far from deceiving them, I have endeavoured to set myself in a Light more mean and distressed than can be imagined, consequently nothing can be objected to me on that Point, since I never could be degraded lower; and Repetitions of the same Things could only serve to make a Girl, so unhappy, so afflicted, and so much to be pitied, sink under the Excess of her Grief. If Men are puffed up with Pride, it is not for a Lady of your pious Disposition to flatter their Vanity; and if I have great Merit, as you are pleased to say, you must think I want no Accomplishment. Mr. *Valentia*, who is a Gentleman that knows the World, desires no more: His Mother, a Lady universally beloved, who has a Rank to keep up, is not ashamed to love me, nor less difficult to be pleased than her Son.

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Son. Ought I to refuse what they offer me, especially when I have given them my Heart, and when it is neither their Wealth, nor their superior Stations, but only their Tenderness I value, which is infinitely dearer to me than every Thing else. Be only so kind as to tell me now who are the Persons that brought me hither, what they mean by this extraordinary Step, and what Pretence they have for treating me To-day with so much Violence.

My Dear, said the Abbess, was I in Mrs. *Valentia's* Place, I believe I should think as she does. Upon this I took her Hand, and kissed it. She seemed, methought, to be pleased with this sudden Emotion, and said, I have been very far from having any Intention to increase your Uneasiness; I have only spoken thus, because I was desired to do it before you came hither. I did not imagine you to be what you are, you are far superior to the Ideas I before had formed of you. I expected to find you had Beauty, and perhaps some Wit, but I did not think of finding that Solidity of Judgment, which I begin to conceive an Opinion of. You are worthy of Mrs. *Valentia's* Tenderness, and her Complaisance for the Sentiments of her Son is indeed truly noble. I don't know that Lady, but her Conduct towards you gives me a high Opinion of her; for she can't but be a Lady of the greatest Merit.

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Maria. I beg you would not mention what I tell you. You are brought here by Virtue of a superior Authority, and what I am charged to propose to you is, to determine either to stay in our House, or to consent to another Marriage. I confess that I sincerely wish the first may be agreeable to you, for here you would dwell in perfect Security, happy yourself, and without any Danger of interrupting the Felicity of any Man. What greater Advantage can you ever derive from your Charms than to consecrate them to him that gave them you, from whom you will never meet with that Infidelity and Contempt which you have Reason to fear from Men, and even from your Husband himself? Beauty is often the Cause of the cruelest Misfortunes, the greatest Calamities that attend human Nature, and even the Destruction of Soul and Body. You think, perhaps, that I talk like a Nun, and that I am going to preach to you. Far from it: What I say is only the Voice of Reason, the Language of Truth, and which the daily Experience of Mankind in all Ages will justify. But this I only say out of my Zeal for your Happiness. Tell me then, Will you be a Nun, or had you rather be married?

ALAS! Madam, I can consent to neither, replied I. I am not in a State in which it can be my Duty to consecrate myself to the Service

Service of Heaven, in the Manner they propose, nor can you yourself advise me to offer a Heart, full of Tenderness, to the perpetual Contemplation of the Deity alone: As I am not happy enough to be able to give my Consent to it, with a pure Conscience, so I am not desperate enough to think, without Horror, of deliberately offending the Almighty by such an audacious Piece of Mockery, such an abominable Mixture of Impiety and Presumption. As for the Marriage they propose the same Reasons, I am persuaded, will hold good, and ever influence me so far as not to permit me to consent to it; however, let them give me Time to consider of it. They will give you none, interrupted the Abbess, this is an Affair that they are resolved to conclude with the utmost Haste: You must either consent to be married in a few Days, or submit to leave *Paris*, and be carried I don't know whither; and I would advise you to promise to marry the Man they propose to you, on Condition they will permit you to see him first, and be informed of his Extraction, Circumstances, and Character. You are in the Right, Madam, said I, but this is a very small Resource; however, I consent, provided they grant what you have just mentioned; perhaps some favourable Event may unravel their Design, and deliver me from the Persecutions I suffer.

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HERE a Nun entered and interrupted our Discourse, to tell the Abbess she was expected in the Parlour. May be it is on your Account, Daughter, said she, I suspect it is your Answer they are come for; but let it be what it will I shall soon return; pray, my Dear, believe I am very much your Friend, and I hope you don't doubt it. On this she left me, and I returned into the Room where I had dined, which I entered with my Heart dejected and oppressed with Grief. I was very near an Hour in this State of Mind, when the Door opened, and they came in; I looked to see who it was, and, stupid with pondering on my Misery, I remained silent; they spoke, but I heard them not. What! What would you have? was all they could draw from me; at last they repeated so often that the Abbess wanted me, that I arose up and went to her.

I was not deceived, said she, it was on your Account I was called, and I don't doubt but your Affairs will conclude very happily: I said, you had accepted of the Marriage, and To-morrow about Noon they will send a Coach to carry you to a House where you will see your intended Husband, and the Persons who propose him to you. I should freely have offered to inform Mrs. *Valentia* that you are here; but how agreeable soever it would be to me to oblige you, it is a Service I am not

permitted to render you, they having made me promise not to intermeddle with your Affairs: I have given my Word that I won't, and I am very sorry for it.

A Nun coming in interrupted our Discourse: I went into the Garden something less dejected than when I came in. I laid down some Rules for my Conduct in the House, to which I was to be carried the next Day: I meditated upon what I should say, and I found my Reasons so irresistible that I thought it impossible but they must acknowledge their Force, if they would but condescend to hear me. 'Tis true the little Schemes we draw beforehand in such Cases are often useless, since it is the various and almost infinite Turns which are given to Things that ought to direct what should be our Words, and what our Actions; but this Sort of Preparations are not altogether unuseful, they amuse and comfort us; we delude the Time that would otherwise be spent in anxious Inquietude, by flattering ourselves with the Thoughts of gaining our Cause while we are pleading it, and this is very natural to us: A Variety of other Thoughts crowded into my Mind. There is some Distance, said I to myself, from this Convent to the House whither they are to carry me. Oh Heaven! if thou would'st but permit *Valentia*, or his Mother

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ther to meet the Coach I shall be in, they would not fail to make the Coachman stop; and if those who conduct me will not suffer me to do it, I will cry out and struggle and make such a Noise that my Mother, or my Lover, may easily follow me and know whither I am carried. What wild Thoughts enter our Minds on such Occasions! There is no Chimera, however agreeable or dreadful, which will not find a Place in our Imaginations. But supposing I should meet my Mother, or her Son, thought I again, am I sure they would not shut their Eyes and seem not to know me? May not their Relations, by their Remonstrances, Entreaties, and Reproaches have prevailed upon them to retract their Word? The Maxims and Customs of the World are much against me: On this I renewed my Tears, and a Moment after flattered myself again: But I had like to have forgot one Article, which was, that at Night when I entered my Chamber, after having taken a Turn in the Garden, I saw my Box (for I had yet no other Furniture) in a Chair which they had brought from the other Convent; and it is not easily to be conceived with what new Trouble this unexpected Object struck me; I don't think my being carried away gave me so great a Consternation, or so perfectly shocked me: Well, cried I, are

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they then so much in Earnest! What! even my Cloaths are brought here? There is then, cried I, no Remedy. The frightful Box cleared up every Thing, sunk my Courage and made me lose all my Hopes.

I passed a very uneasy Night, and my Heart beat with the most violent Palpitation all the next Morning. The Coach, which the Abbess had mentioned, was in the Court exactly at the Time proposed: I was told it waited for me: I went down trembling, and the first Object that presented on opening the Door was the Woman who had seduced me from my own Convent; and brought me to this; I saluted her with an Air of Indifference, and stepped into the Coach. Good Morrow, Miss *Indiana*, said she, you don't much care for seeing me; I assure you, I am not to be blamed: However I don't think you have any Reason to be displeased at all this; I wish I was in your Place; indeed I am neither so young nor so handsome as you, and that is all the Difference between us. Do you know then any Thing of my Affairs, returned I? Ay, a little, said she, I have heard a Word dropped here and there; they say you have a Mind to marry a Man of great Family, and a swinging Fortune. An't it true? 'Tis something like it, said I. Well, continued she, unless you have taken a Fancy to the young

young Gentleman, I don't think you have any great Reason to complain: They say you have neither Father nor Mother, and that no Body knows who you are, nor where you come from; and between you and I, what can any Body come to in such Circumstances? I think one could only expect to be a Beggar about the Streets; a great many in your Case are so; however you are neither better nor worser for that: 'Tis true, they take from you a Sweetheart that is too great a Gentleman ever to be your Husband, but to make you Amends they give you another, a clever young Fellow on my Word, and such an one as any good Tradesman's Daughter might jump at; I am sure I shall never meet with such an one, though I have got a Father and Mother, and an Uncle and Aunt, and Cousins, and all the Relations in the *'versal* World: You are vastly lucky, and for certain must have been wrapped in your Mother's Smock. I'd have you to think I don't speak more than I know, for I have seen your Husband that is to be, and a proper, handsome young Man he is: I believe he is about seven or eight-and-twenty Years old. I don't know how rich he is, but he has great Folks for his Friends, and such as that; and if he has nothing now, he will certainly come to *Preferment*: I don't say but he may be happy

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with you, and be as well for you as if he had made you a Settlement. But don't you know, interrupted I, whither you are carrying me, and who I am to speak to? Yes, said she, they are very great Folks, you will be in good Hands, we are going to Mrs. —, she is a Relation of your first Lover.

THE Lady she mentioned was no less a Person than the prime Minister's Wife, and that I was to appear before him. The Reader will judge by this how powerful were the Enemies I had to deal with, and that the least Glimpse of Hope disappeared and left me nothing to enable me to support my Misfortunes.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

